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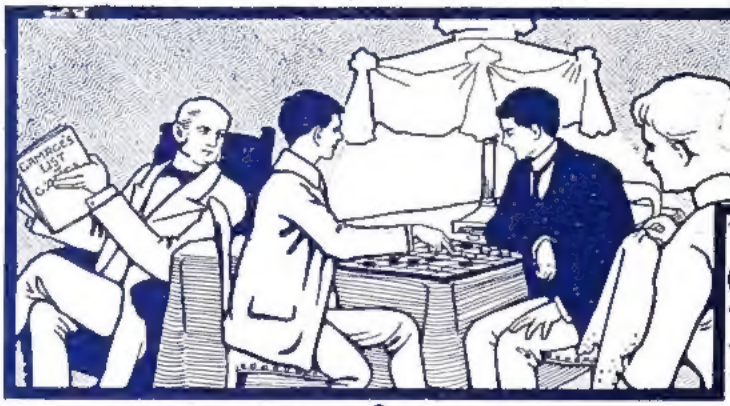

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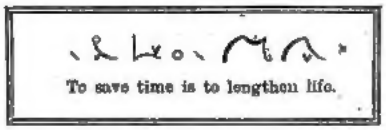

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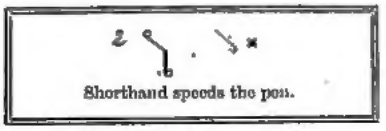

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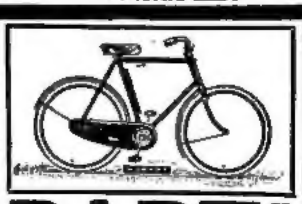

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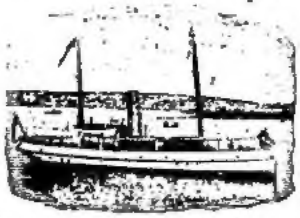

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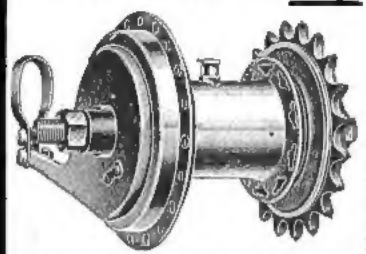

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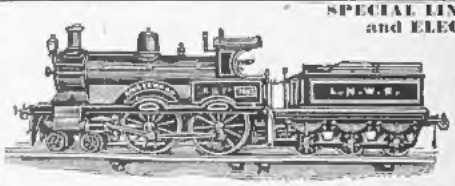

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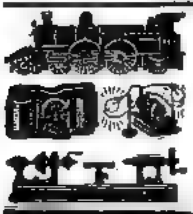

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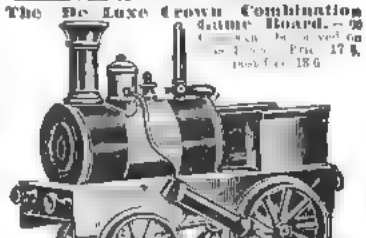

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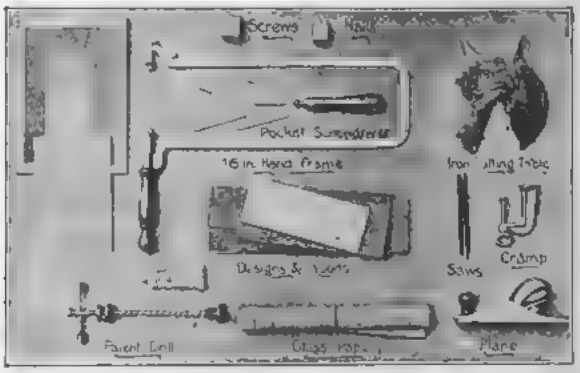

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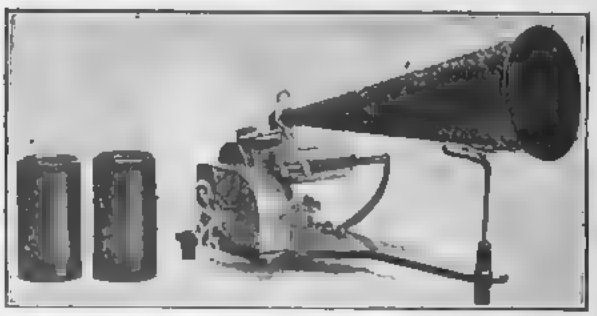

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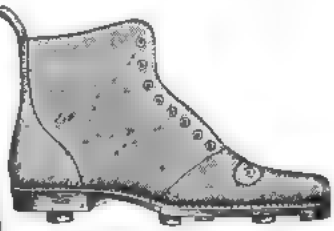

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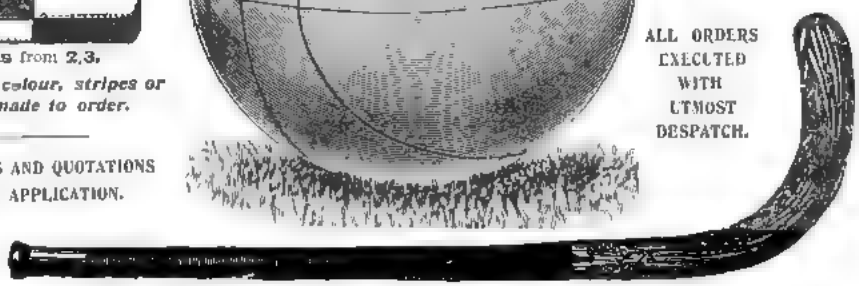

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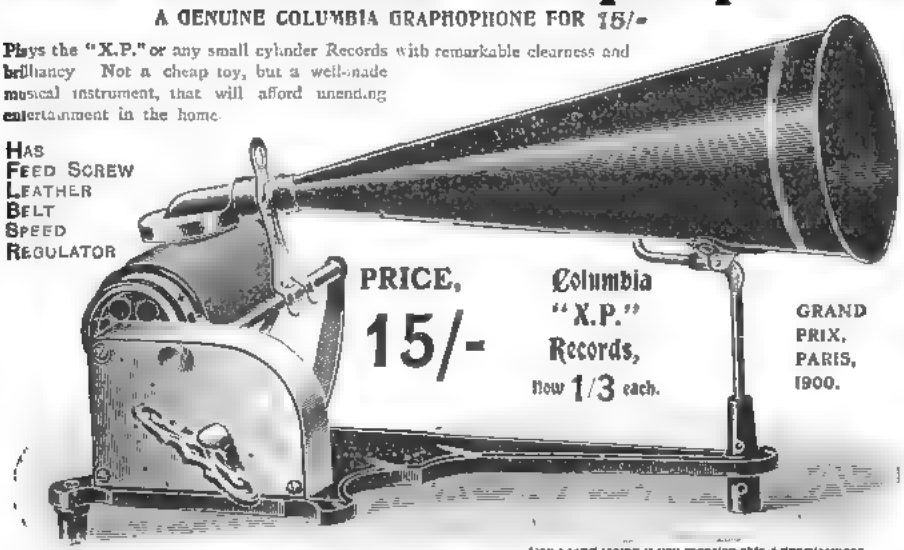

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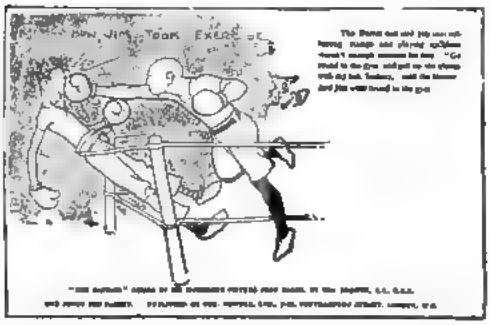

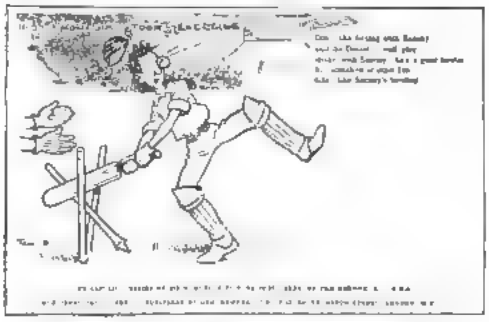

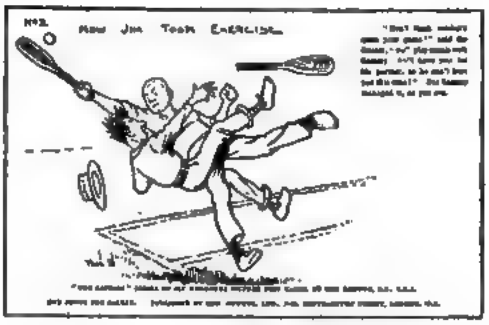

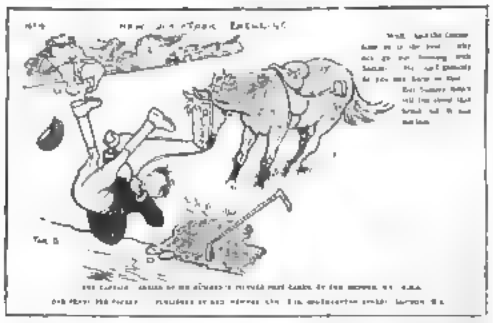

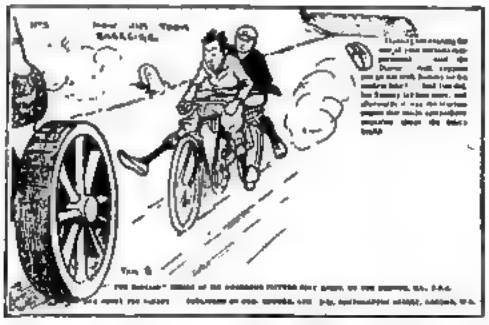

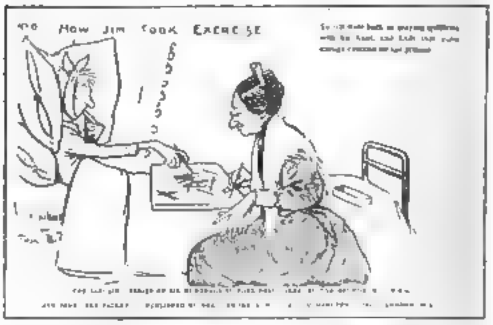

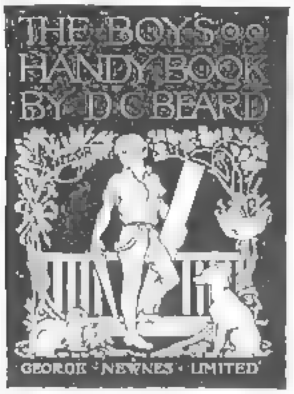

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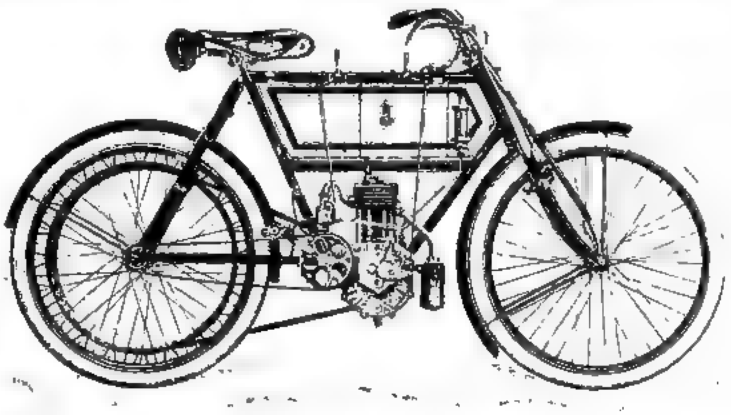

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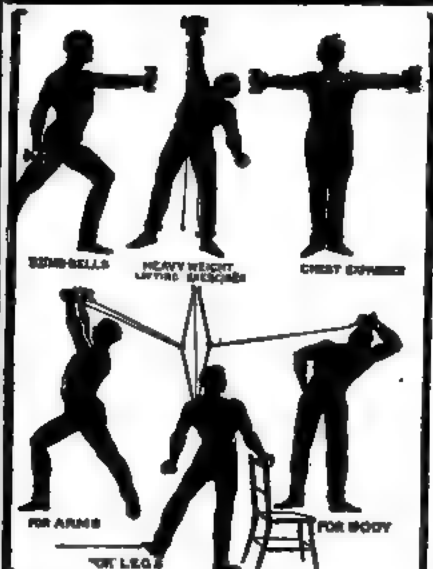

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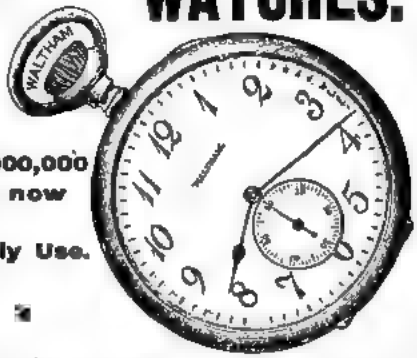

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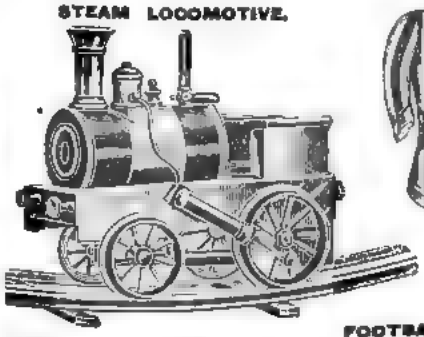

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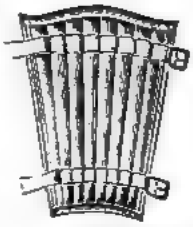

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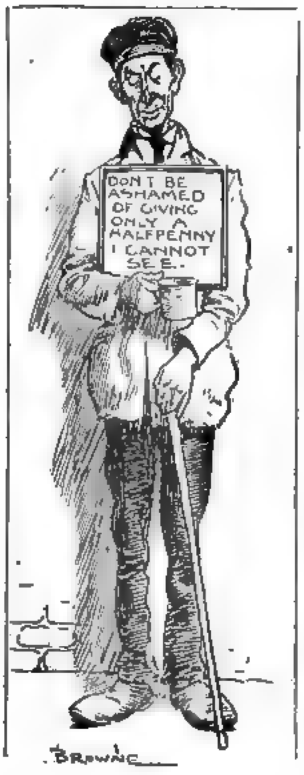
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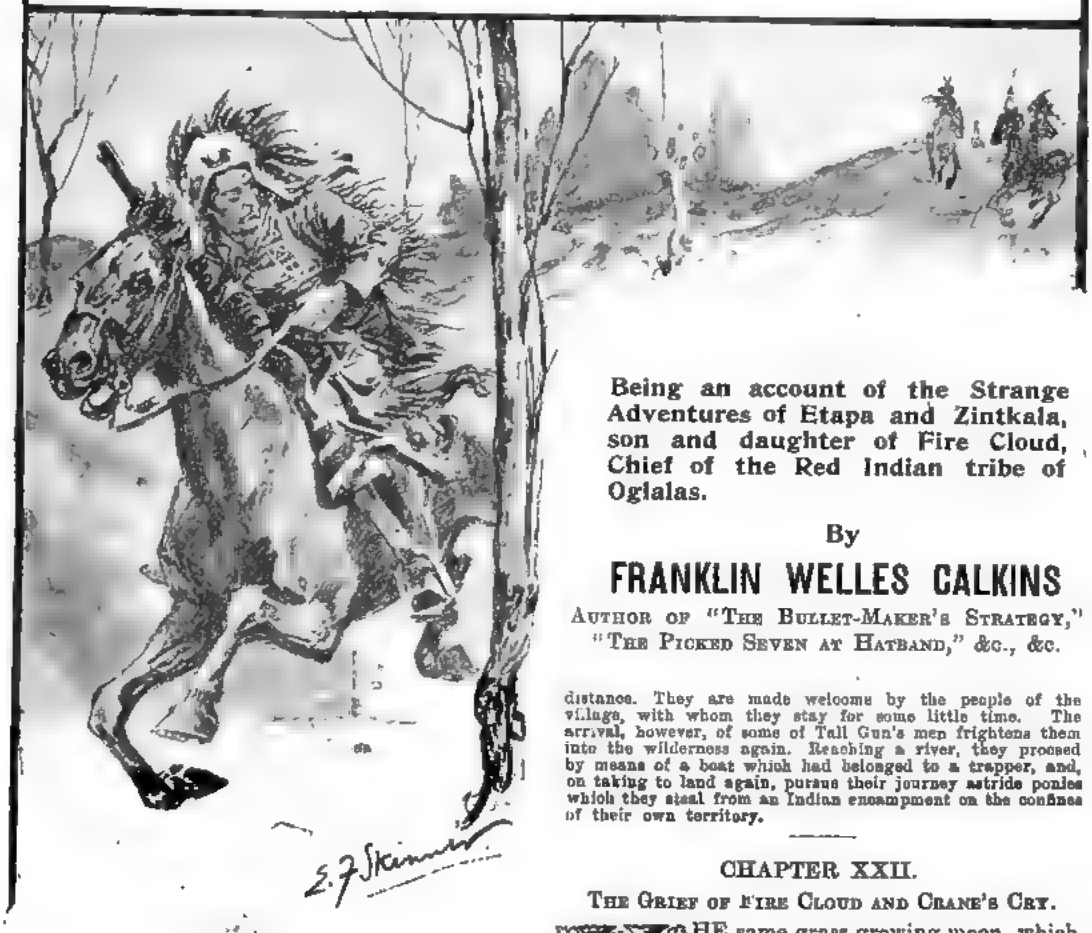

Being an account of the Strange Adventures of Etapa and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, Chief of the Red Indian tribe of Oglalas.

By

FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

AUTHOR OF "THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY," "THE PICKED SEVEN AT HATBAND," &c., &c.

ETAPA and Zintkala, son and daughter of Fire Cloud, an Oglala chief, are held in captivity by Tall Gun, an Ojibwa village headman. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, one spring day, the boy and girl make a desperate dash for liberty, and set off across the wilderness in the direction of their home, eight hundred miles distant. For a time they elude the pursuing Ojibwa, but at length they walk into a trap and find to their consternation that they are hemmed in by Tall Gun's trailers. By practising the most cunning Indian tactics, however, they are still uncaught at nightfall, when they wade out into a marsh. After a long period of terror and suffering they reach a pine wood on the opposite side of the marsh, and hurry on their way. So quick is their progress that they soon forget all about their enemies and little dream that the smoke from their camp fire has been sighted by an Ojibwa from his far-away perch in a lofty pine. On awakening from sleep, wilderness instinct rather than anything they can see or hear tells them that their pursuers are close upon them. Dashing away at a great speed, Etapa and his sister cover a distance of forty miles before they drop to the ground exhausted. Soon afterwards Etapa falls sick with fever, and Zintkala tends him with wonderful cleverness and most loving care. No human being comes near them during this period, so it is evident that the Ojibwa have relinquished the chase. As soon as Etapa is well enough to travel, brother and sister proceed to a village whose smoke Zintkala has descried in the distance. They are made welcome by the people of the village, with whom they stay for some little time. The arrival, however, of some of Tall Gun's men frightens them into the wilderness again. Reaching a river, they proceed by means of a boat which had belonged to a trapper, and, on taking to land again, pursue their journey astride ponies which they steal from an Indian encampment on the confines of their own territory.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRIEF OF FIRE CLOUD AND CRANE'S CRY.

THE same grass-growing moon, which saw the little voyagers launched upon the prairie country, brought the first news of their capture to Fire Cloud's village of Oglalas.

As the warm days had come on and the grass was making good feed, Fire Cloud had said to his wife, Pehan-ho-win or Crane's Cry, "After a little time now we shall pack the travois and go to your relatives at the Missouri River. There we shall visit until the buffalo-killing. I shall send for our children, and they shall remain with us during two moons."

Then Crane's Cry was glad. The heart of the mother sang within her. Two little sloe-eyed girls also were delighted. Although it seemed to them a great age since older sister and brother had been taken from home, the little ones ran off to some sand hills to chatter their joy and to play at "drag-the-travois" on a trail to the muddy river.

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And the happy Sioux mother immediately set to work to prepare for meeting her children. She had many things to do. She had wished to make clothing for her absent ones and not that the missionaries should clothe them. Now that she was to have them with her for a time, she would make them many garments. During the summer, too, she would make them beautifully beaded moccasins. Her dear little daughter should have a valuable dress of the finest fawn-skin, with shield and sleeves done in stained porcupine quills, and with many bright coloured fringes upon the skirt. And Etapa, her mimic, the story-teller, her stout-hearted little hunter, whose sturdy voice every day rang in her ears - how her heart laughed at thought of him! Well, he should have a war-bonnet, not a mimic head dress, but a real bonnet with feathers trailing to his heels

With deep interest and dancing heart the mother undid her bundles and parfléches of fine skins and ornamental work. And she joyfully called in a young married sister, who was deft at making designs and patterns, to assist her in planning the various garments. The sister was only too happy to be of use in her favourite pastime, and Crane's Cry's tepée was speedily converted into a workshop, which might be said to combine tailoring, dress-making and millinery with fancy work.

As the days went by her two little brown girls watched with delight the growth of gorgeous garments. And there was no envy in the hearts of these well-dressed mites, who dearly loved their tanké and sunkaku. Whatever the Sioux father may have thought of these things, he said nothing. He was apparently content that his wife should find happiness in working for her children.

Matters were thus in Fire Cloud's tepée when the day drew near that he began to think of taking the trail to eastward. He sat upon the ground at midday, and smoked and meditated. Quiet had settled upon his village. Men were lying about asleep or reclined upon the grass lazily playing at simple games of chance Women gossiped in low tones within their open tepées. Many children were wading or swimming in the shallow river, which ran over a gravel bed near at hand. Across the stream, upon a flat bottom and upon the hill slopes beyond, large herds of ponies dotted the surface. Some were grazing, a large number lay at full-fed ease. Upon a high point above these a man stood erect, a pigmy figure etched upon the deep blue of a June sky.

The eyes of this watcher were keen and far-seeing, and the scope of his vision the limit of their range upon the levels. Presently this man picked up a blanket at his feet and whirled it three times about his head with a peculiar circular motion. Then waved it up and down once, and once from east to west. Immediately a man in the village cried that the scout was signalling the approach of a single runner coming from the east and that the courier was on horseback with two led ponies.

This news put the people on the *qui vive*. Some of their own young men had gone among the pine coulées to hunt the deer that morning, but none of them had taken more than a single horse, so they knew that a stranger was coming A stranger with two pack animals must have come from a long distance, and thus might be the bearer of important tidings.

Presently the strange rider arrived. He was a man of middle age, with a keen sharp face, scarred cheek and thin figure, and several furtive pairs of eyes recognised him for a soldier of the Wapetonwan—Cut-Face, who had fought a duel with two Ojibwas, and who bore in consequence a number of knife scars.

In a very brief time this man discovered the tepée of Fire Cloud, and walked straight to where its chief was sitting upon a grass plat. He had news for which there could be no ceremonial delays. "How, my cousin," he greeted, "I have been glad to find you here. I am come to bring you bad news. Your children were taken by the Hohé. They went away from those white people, and were coming homeward, and thus the Hohé took them."

"My children are dead!" said the chief with conviction. He had not stirred as the messenger spoke, but his face had undergone a subtle change. It had suddenly become shrunken and thin, and his eyes were turned inward. Inside his tepée a little smothered exclamation, a sharp catching of breath, told that Crane's Cry had heard her husband speak.

Then the father bowed his head upon his breast, and the mother fell face downward in her tepée, and so lay as one dead, while the runner sat upon the ground and told his story.

The children of Fire Cloud had fled from the mission, he said, during the dry-grass moon. Men had been sent to trail them, and had come back after five suns, saying that the Assiniboins had carried the children northward. These men had been too few to follow and attack so large a party. The Indians at Traverse des Sioux were not agreed as to what should be done, but the missionaries had hired a young man to go to Fire Cloud's village with the news.

This runner had come as far as the Missouri, and there learning that the Pawnees were hunting to westward, had tarried at a Brulé town, not daring to go on. This young man had acted

very badly. He had stayed all winter among the Brulés, who told him that they did not see that anything could be done to recover captives taken to such a far country among enemies so powerful. This unfaithful runner had not come in at Traverse des Sioux until the grass had started, when he, Cut Face, who had been away from home in autumn, had packed his own ponies and travelled very fast to inform his cousin of the evil thing which had befallen.

"I am a broken man," said Fire Cloud at the close of this recital. "I have done wrong, and Waniyan Tanka has punished me. Etapa is no more. My daughter is dead—henceforth there is nothing."

"I have yet something to say," said the messenger. "The Dakotas of the agency will make war soon. They will destroy those who have taken our lands. Petit Corbeau of the Wapeku-ton-wan has sent to ask if the Oglalas will assist in this war. I will not talk further today." And the messenger arose abruptly and left the father to his grief.

Fire Cloud passed into his tepée. His wife yet lay as one dead with her face to the earth. She had heard all, and hope was gone out of her. His little ones were away at play. The man stood motionless inside his lodge for a time. Then, wishing to be alone, he blackened his face, drew his blanket around him, and passed out and walked far away from his village.

Quickly the news spread throughout the encampment. People did not speak to the chief as he went out from them. They did not go to his tepée, for they respected the grief of Fire Cloud and Crane's Cry. They said, "Lo, our friends are deeply affected. After a time we shall go mourn with them."

The sister of Crane's Cry took her brother-in-law's little girls into her own tepée. Gently she told them of their loss and that they must abide with her for a time. The broken-hearted wails of these little ones were the first sounds of grieving for the lost Zintkala and Etapa. The children's open grieving, however, was hushed, long ere that of the stunned mother began.

During three suns Fire Cloud stayed out alone upon the prairie. He sat under his blanket fasting and praying. At night he stood upon a high hill that the spirits of the upper world might see him, and thus consider as to whether his prayers should be answered. He desired to go against the enemy, and that, in fighting them, he should meet an honourable death.

When his period of fasting and prayer had expired by exhaustion, Fire Cloud returned to his tepée and ate meat.

On the following day he attended a council of the Oglalas, who were met to consider the message of Little Crow, chief of the Minnesota Sioux. Many Oglala soldiers spoke at this meeting which debated the matter for several days. Some talked in favour of going with their brethren in the war, others opposed the plan altogether. Fire Cloud, though nominally outranking any present, was one of the last to speak. His speech is preserved to this day in the traditional lore of his people. It ran as follows:

"Listen, my friends, my partisans, and ye old people. The white soldiers are as the gnats which sting at sunset. As fast as we shall kill some, others will come, bringing a greater company, to suck the blood from our veins. Already they have taken the best portion of our possessions. Now we shall lift our tomahawks, and by our folly ask them to come and finish despoiling us!

"Heretofore I have said it is foolish to fight the white people. I will not now go to seek them, but if they shall come after me whither I am going I shall fight them. I desire greatly to give my body to the enemy that when my arm is tired of striking he shall count coup upon it. But I will strike at the Hohé, who have despoiled me of my children. These fighters of their kind and eaters of their own offspring I wish to cut off from harassing my people. I will not take part in Little Crow's war. I will go to the Bad Lands and make a stronghold, and there I will fight any who come against me. I desire that my partisans and my soldiers and their people shall follow me. I have spoken my thoughts."

This speech was effective in causing the Oglalas to reject Little Crow's overtures. In the end a number of villages of the western Sioux packed the travois and followed Fire Cloud.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Strange Buffalo.

For nearly three days, and riding much at night, the little voyagers had travelled over a prairie country to the southwest. When they had secured ponies they had no further thought of going up the Red River to the agencies, where people might be fighting, and themselves again be taken by the enemy.

One by one, from sheer exhaustion, the ponies had dropped out of their captured band, until there only remained the two strongest and swiftest which they had finally selected to ride. There had probably been no pursuit, because there could be none, and the travellers had seen no person, white or red, to cause them alarm.

While they were unable to point out exactly the direction in which lay their own country,

they knew that they must travel south and west, and finally further west than south, and that, keeping to that general course, they must come to the Missouri River.

On the fourth day of riding, at probably more than two hundred miles from the starting point, ponies and riders were sadly in need of rest.

Their food had given out and the children had now to collect a fresh supply.

They stopped before midday among some coteaus, where there was a long marshy lake, and a breeding ground for geese, ducks, sand-hill cranes, curlews and other birds. Many young of the land birds were just feathering out, and could not fly.

When they had watered and picketed their horses and slept for a time, the brother and sister set out to chase these young birds. It was not easy to get them, for they began running at the instant of alarm, and it was well nigh impossible to hit them with bow and arrow. Catching them was simply a matter of the swifter pair of legs or the greater endurance. Now that the children had gained rest and sleep they enjoyed the sport. A couple of ungainly young cranes gave them a hot chase across a wide stretch of corn-stalk grass. The legs of the pursuers were frequently tangled, and they fell over unseen bogs whooping with laughter and shouting encouragement to each other. The cranes had nearly escaped by running out upon a miry piece of ground, and coming to a stand, when Etapa swam a bayou to a stony bank, and caused them to run into the grass again by throwing pebbles at them. In the end the children obtained a plentiful supply of game.

In chase of the cranes the voyagers found themselves at midday at a considerable distance from their camp. They were returning laden, when, in crossing a low ridge, at one end of the marsh lake, they saw what they supposed to be a buffalo approaching.

Etapa was first to see the humped creature shuffling along with head down, apparently much exhausted.

"Hoye, Tanké," he cried. "Look, yonder is a bull coming. I think he has come from a country where there is no water, for he is very poor and weak."

Zintkala looked at the ambling creature with interest. Her eyes were as keen and sometimes more observing than the boy's

"Younger brother," she said, "I do not think that is a buffalo. This one coming does not appear to have horns."

"Whi, Tanké, how foolish!" exclaimed the lad. "Look what a long distance he is coming."

"It appears, however, that I can see the legs," persisted the sister, and this answer won the point of inserting doubt into the brother's mind.

"Let us sit upon this high ground and wait," said Etapa. "At any rate I am tired." They deposited their long-legged birds, and squatted comfortably with crossed legs. As it appeared evident that the creature approaching was a four-foot, coming to the lake for water, they had no fear in sitting to let it pass near at hand.

Before they could decide as to whether it were a buffalo or a tall and hornless elk the object of their curiosity dropped out of sight upon lower ground. But it must pass—to reach water—over the ridge upon which they sat, and so they waited, talking and watching. When the plodding creature came within sight again it was mounting the ridge near at hand. A single glance showed a brown pony with a man upon its back and lying forward with an arm grasping its neck.

A moment of wild alarm followed this discovery, but native instinct saved the voyagers from taking to their heels. If a cunning manœuvre had been planned its success was already certain.

They arose with palpitating hearts and stood awaiting the man's approach. They were quickly relieved of any feeling of fear. As horse and rider drew near it was evident that the man was either sick or wounded, that his lying upon his pony's back was not a ruse but of necessity.

He raised his head feebly, showing an emaciated face, and waved a hand in token of amity. "How, how, cola," he managed to ejaculate, as his animal halted, fronting the little voyagers. They looked at the stranger, pityingly, quickly forgetting their fears. He was evidently a Dakota and in great distress.

Painfully the man raised himself upon his small flat saddle. He was half naked, having on only a pair of leggings and worn moccasins for clothing. His hollow cheeks, sunken eyes and prominent ribs spoke of great suffering from wounds or illness

"My children," said this man, "you see me about to die. I desire to be led to the tepées of your people."

The voyagers were appalled at the soldier's need, and they stood hesitating and abashed for a moment. They knew now that he had seen them from a distance, and that he had turned to them for help, supposing they could lead him to a camp of their people where there were doctors or medicine men. It is very embarrassing for an Indian, young or old, to lay bare his poverty of resources when appealed to for aid.

Etapa essayed to speak, but stammered painfully. Zintkala answered the stricken man at length, speaking simply and earnestly.

"It is very bad that we have no tepée. We are trying to go back to our country whence we were taken. We are taking meat to the place where we are stopping. I will cook some for you," she said.

"Lead ye thither," said the stranger. "I may yet go a little distance."

That they might not go before him, but follow, Zintkala pointed out the high knoll which stood above their camp. "It is there we have made our camp," she said. "The hill is very near.

"Good," said the stranger. "I wish to die at that place, and that ye shall cover my body with stones."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Warrior's Death.

WALKING behind the stricken rider, who again leaned forward upon his pony's neck, the little voyagers saw that this man was a warrior returning from the enemy's country. The man had three scalp-locks securely tied to his belt. Slung to his saddle were a short rifle, a large powder horn and bullet pouch, and his blanket roll, and he carried a long knife, with a deer's horn handle and iron guards, in a sheath. It appeared also that he

THE DAKOTA RAISED HIS HEAD FEEBLY, SHOWING AN EMACIATED FACE.

Google

was wounded badly in one thigh, which seemed to be much swollen.

When they had arrived at their camp by the willows the sick man asked for water, and Zintkala immediately ran to the lake and filled her basin. The man drank eagerly all she brought, and again she filled the dish for him. When he had quenched his burning thirst the stranger seemed a little revived. He still remained sitting on his pony, steadying himself by clinging to his saddle. His eyes wandered restlessly about. He seemed unwilling to dismount at that spot and the children stood waiting, much distressed in mind that their camp did not seem to please the sick warrior. He had appealed to them and thus established a claim upon them for all the aid they were able to render. He could have two blankets to lie upon, meat and soup to eat; they had, in their poverty, nothing else.

The man's eyes rested at last upon the stony knoll above their camp, and his face began to show animation.

"Ho, my children," he said, "assist ye me hitherward. It is good that I should die upon that hill."

Glad to render aid, even in such melancholy state, Etapa and Zintkala did as they were directed in helping to mount the butte. At the crest where there was a flat rim, like a cap to the hill, it was necessary for one to pull and one to push in order to enable the weakened pony to climb.

Upon the top of the hill were many boulders and broken stones: at one place and at the highest point there was a heap of loose stones, which appeared to have been anciently collected for a purpose, perhaps to serve as a sign in the Indian signal service. The warrior's hollow face lightened and his eyes shone as he looked upon this so fitting place to die

"How, my children, this is indeed very good. Build ye a heap of stones that I may sit looking upon my country."

Perfectly understanding his wishes, the children hastened to obey. They rolled a large boulder out upon the scattered pile and faced its square side to the east. Upon this they laid some flat stones and piled others behind for support. They then arranged a ridge of stones on either side the heap, parallel with the boulder's flat surface, and thus made a resting place and laid a foundation for the warrior's tomb. Inside this niche they spread his two blankets, one folded over the boulder, that he might rest his back and head.

"Waste!" exclaimed the sick one, evidently well content with their labours. They now assisted him to dismount, and saw that he could not use one leg or stand without help. It must, indeed, have been a long time since he had been off his horse. It was with great difficulty that he was put into position upon his blankets, and for some time he sat gasping for breath and sternly repressing any other expression of pain.

Children as they were, Zintkala and Etapa saw that this man's time was drawing near. Presently he again asked for water, and Zintkala ran to fetch it. She knew now that the man was too near to death to require food, and so did not offer to prepare any for him.

After he had drunk again and was somewhat revived, the warrior began to talk. He wished to tell the story of his exploits. It was for this he had ridden, with no hope of life and in desperate straits, many days' journeys. Death would have been very bitter to him had it come at a time when all record of his recent deeds must have perished with him. Now, with respite enough to tell his story, he welcomed its approach. Here were those who would carry his trophies, and eagerly repeat his narrative, to their people. His name and fame were thus secured among Dakotas.

"How, my children," he began, "sit ye here by me and look upon the face of a warrior. Behold, we went forth from the Leaf People six strong soldiers. We went against the Crees to do them injury, and lo, I only have returned thus far. You see me Maza Akicita, Iron Soldier of the Sisséton-wan. I am about to die, and I speak the truth. Left Hand, Smoke Maker, Husan, Bear Robe, Sees the Day, these were soldiers of the Sisséton-wan, and they are dead There is none left, only me, to speak to our people of these men

"Listen, my children. Last year the Crees attacked us at the buffalo killing. They came against us a large company and overcame our soldiers. They slew some of the Sisséton-wan: shooting at them with very long-shot guns. They had also many strong, swift horses; therefore, they killed our men

"These people live in a country where there is much snow (in the far north), and thus we wished to strike at them when their horses were weak. Therefore, when the grass came with us the chief of the Sisséton-wan spoke to his men. Cloud Man spoke to his partisan Left Hand. He said, 'How, my chief soldier, choose ye five men, tried in war, and strike the Crees at Souris River. Do so if you will and take their horses from them. Be very cunning, and very secret, and when their horses are poor inflict an injury upon them.'

"Thus we went against the Crees, these men, as I have said. As the grass grew we travelled northward. We rode slowly, hunting as we went. After a time we passed a number of lakes and creeks. One day we arrived at the

great bend of the Souris River. We approached the river to look for signs of the enemy. It appeared that there were no people at that place. Thus we went northward, keeping among the hills. Every day some scout went to the top of a high hill to look for the enemy.

"We moved slowly, and as we were going there were some mountains which met the rising sun. Here we saw many elk. We stopped to kill some. We were chasing these elk and so came to the Souris River, in a valley where there was much good grass.

"It seems that we were very careless this one time. We stayed at this place two suns, cooking meat and making a feast. We danced the knife dance and ate much good meat. Suddenly some Crees came upon us. They were riding war ponies, and they were more than the fingers of two hands. We ran to get our ponies, which were picketed. When we were putting on our saddles the Crees rode about us in a circle, shooting. One rode nearer than the others, singing. This one inquired if a Dakota could be found who would come out to fight him. He made this apparent by signs to us.

"'Ho, my soldiers!' thus said Left Hand. 'Stand ye here and I will go out to fight this man. Do not shoot anyone so long as this one man comes against me.'

"Left Hand mounted his horse and rode forward to fight the Cree soldier. They hastened to meet each other. They came shooting at each other. It appeared that they escaped, and thus they rushed to attack, swinging the war-club. They came very near together, and because they made strokes at each other their horses became frightened. So they pitched about, dodging continually. The Crees did not come on to attack. They ceased shooting at us. They sat upon their horses looking at these men fight.

"The men continued to fight. They sought each to take an advantage. Left Hand fought very cunningly. He continued to ride in a circle, seeking to strike the Cree as he passed. The Cree repeatedly rode straight forward, wishing to force his pony upon the other. He was very brave, but he was not wise. He rushed his pony, using the quirt, and so came very close. Left Hand struck the Cree's pony upon the head, crushing the skull, and thus the man and his horse fell together. Left Hand leaped from the saddle and counted a coup upon the living body. Then he killed the Cree with his war-club.

"He was taking the man's scalp, and those Crees which were nearer began shooting at him. Left Hand held the scalp aloft and the Crees shot him.

"I said to our soldiers, 'Let us go against these dogs and slay some of them. Come, I will lead you!' Four Crees were together in one place. They were separated. We rode very swiftly toward these men. Seeing us making ready to shoot they rode away, each one man by himself Thus they sought to bring us immediately into fighting the Crees, who were pursuing. Our horses were very swift. We came upon two Crees very quickly. Husan shot one of them. I shot one with my gun touching his body. One of the Crees shot Bear Robe's horse, and the pursuers came up and killed this soldier. We were presently surrounded, and were loading and firing very rapidly. All the Dakotas which were left had buffalo guns, which made a great noise, and the Crees were afraid to come close. They rode around us and continued to shoot at us.

"When I saw that the Crees feared to come close to us, I said, 'Ho, my soldiers, when ye shall see the enemy ride somewhat apart, going around us, mount very quickly and attack some that are on one side.' We wished to make the Crees think that we were afraid. Thus we began withdrawing toward a hill. Some of the enemy ran their horses very fast to intercept us. When they were near to the hill I said to my warriors, 'Now let us mount and attack them in that place very quickly.' We leaped upon our horses and rode swiftly to overtake the enemy. These endeavoured to escape our attack We killed three of them. Sees the Day was killed at this time.

"We were now three, and seven Crees were pursuing us. We wished to kill more of them. Thus we stopped in a coulée to fight. We wished the Crees to surround us that we might attack some apart. This they did not do, but continued going to a high point, where they sat upon their horses. They supposed we wished to escape, and waited to pursue us when we should come out. We saw that they did not wish to fight in that place, and we rode forward upon the prairie. We dismounted and waited for the Crees to attack.

"The Crees came slowly toward us, singing One of them rode in advance

"This one shook his war-bonnet, riding his horse to and fro before us. He was shouting. We understood that he wished to fight one of us. We refused to fight in this manner. Taking good aim at the boastful one, I shot him. He fell off his horse and was dead.

"I raised the war-club. 'Come,' I cried, 'let us count coup upon this man's body.' We rushed very quickly upon this man and took his scalp. When we counted coup, I struck first. Husan was second to strike. But the Crees had shot Smoke Maker. He was holding to his saddle. He was very badly hit. Husan now shot one of

the Crees, who had approached near to fire at us. They shot Husan's horse. He was now on foot. We stood together to fight them. They came very close shooting at us and shouting scornful words. They shot Smoke Maker's horse, which fell upon him. Smoke Maker was dead.

"Husan spoke to me. He said: 'Hoye, chief warrior, you have a swift horse; ride very fast and escape, so that one shall live to tell the Sisséton-wan of this battle. Behold, I am wounded and cannot escape.' He had fallen. Seeing yet four Crees I aimed very carefully at one and killed the man. Having a good horse I fled toward the river. The Crees pursued me, shooting for a time. I rode to the river and crossed. Having gone faster, I was further from the Crees, and these stopped at the river's bank. They fired some shots and I shot at them. Then the Crees returned to their dead.

"I rode a distance, crossing the river, and, seeing some high hills, I rode among them. I picketed my pony and ascended the topmost of these hills, going carefully. I lay upon this high ground and watched the Crees. These men put circles of stones around the dead bodies of their warriors. They wished to keep off the wolves, and thus doing they rode homeward to fetch a company to bury them.

"It was now nearly night, and seeing the Crees go down to the river, I followed them. As soon as it was dark I rode after them. I could not see the Crees, but I went along the stream looking for their village. It seems that these people lived a long way off, for I came suddenly upon the camp of the three Crees. These men had become tired and hungry. They had taken meat of the horses they had killed, and so they were cooking and eating. They had a very bright fire, which I saw a long way off.

"I wished to kill these men, so I approached, having picketed

"I ATTACKED THE OTHER TWO WITH MY WAR CLUB."

my horse. I walked very softly in the grass. I came near the river and approached, keeping behind some willows. When I had come near to their camp the Crees were eating meat.

"As they were sitting there I rushed suddenly upon them. One I shot immediately. I attacked the other two with my war-club. One contended with me strongly. While I was fighting this one, the other Cree placed his gun against my thigh and shot me, wounding my flesh. I struck the man with my war-club, and so killed him. The other one, who had shot me, ran away. He mounted his horse and escaped. Doubtless this man was a coward.

"I took the scalp trophies. I was very tired, contending so long. Therefore I ate some meat and slept for a time. When I awoke it was day and I made haste to go homeward. My wound was troublesome in walking so I was glad when I came to my horse. I would have stopped to scalp those Crees we had slain yesterday, but I saw horsemen approaching upon some hills; therefore, I made haste to come homeward. I have ridden for six suns and have eaten no meat for three suns. Now, my children, my wound is very bad, and I must die. Go ye, therefore, among the Dakotas and tell them where my bones lie and speak to them about the death of those soldiers who went with me."

The warrior's last sentences were spoken with a great effort, and his gestures, which his summoned strength had rendered animated at first, had become feebly inexpressive. Thus, however, was finished and told to retentive ears the story of one of the most stubbornly contested fights of which the Sioux annals give account. Heroic six, they were indeed "tried soldiers," and according to their lights were true patriots, serving reprisal upon the enemies of their country.

Eagerly the Sioux children had listened to this story of brave deeds, and Etapa, the mimic story-teller, trained to remember and repeat, to him this story meant a great opportunity. The dying soldier had, indeed, met with good fortune in being able to tell his story to this lad. Yet there was a reasonable doubt whether the boy might live to reach a Dakota village.

When the warrior had been again revived with water and the voyagers had told their story in turn, the man became eager to direct their course.

"Listen, my children," he said, speaking feebly, but earnestly; "since there is to be war against the white people it is best you should go to a Yanktonais village. The lower villages of your people will be involved in this war more quickly, for they are nearer to the big towns of the whites. Go, therefore, straight in this direction," indicating the west, "until you come to the Big Yellow River. Go down the river before crossing, and you shall find the Yanktonais villages. If these villages are removed, because of the war, you can easily follow and overtake them in the country where they are gone. These people will not take their women and children through an enemy's country, therefore you can safely follow them. Ho, my children, do thus as I have told you."

These were not the last words of Iron Soldier, but he speedily grew weaker, and his breath now and then came in gasps. He spoke occasionally to give some further directions, and to ask for water. Until sunset he sat with a rapt expression, looking out over a vast expanse of prairie to eastward. When the world of night fell he aroused and chanted his death song. The children brought up wood and made a fire that the man's spirit might not go out in darkness. In the night the soldier ceased to breathe, and they saw that he was dead. In the place of relatives who should mourn for him Zintkala blackened her face with earth, and drew her blanket close about her head. She went out upon the hillside and cried, wailing piteously for the death of a great warrior.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Deserted Village.

WHEN morning came, Etapa and Zintkala raised a heap of stones over the body of Iron Soldier. Thus they gave him the monument which his warrior's heart had craved. His war-club, his knife and his pipe they placed at his hands

His short "buffalo gun," the trophies he had taken in evidence of his prowess, his powder horn and bullet pouch, were made fast to his saddle, which Etapa put upon his own horse, in order that this property of the soldier's might be sent to his relatives.

The children would gladly have taken the warrior's pony, but the animal was too poor and weak for continued and fast travel.

They now changed their camp to the far end of the marsh lake, where they stayed for another two suns, gathering and curing meat. Upon the rich grasses of the upland their ponies recovered heart and strength, and they departed

for the Missouri River, well provided for a long journey.

Two days of uneventful travel across flat prairies and the river hills brought them to the bluffs of the Missouri. There was no mistaking the deep valley, with its broad winding ribbon of yellow water and grey sands. The children chattered delightedly at sight of this river which ran through their own country, that broad belt which still belonged to their nation. They camped upon its banks, feeling that, at last, they were near to the towns of their own people, and secure from the attack of foes.

They then went down the stream, following its eastern bank, for on that side lived the Yanktonais. They travelled in the valley, except where bluffs came to the river's brink. Much of the way they followed ancient beaten trails, which had been used from time immemorial by Indians, travelling up and down the river. Here and there they passed the sites of villages long since abandoned. The beaten earth, the buffalo skulls, decayed antlers of deer and elk, and old, charred tepée stakes were additional and welcome evidences of a Sioux country. Even tumbledown scaffoldings, from which the remains of the dead had been removed, were cheerful sights to these returning voyagers.

So they rode joyously and carelessly. On the second day after crossing the mouth of a stream they came upon the site of a newly vacated village, where there was every evidence that a large number of people had lived for a long time, and that their removal had been undertaken and accomplished in haste. Very few of the tepée stakes had been pulled. These stood just as the covers had been stripped from them. Lying about were old pieces of skins, rope, articles of household furniture, odds and ends, which ordinarily Indian families would not have left behind.

Evidently these people had moved their village in a hurry, and were intending to go a long distance, and to travel fast. They had crossed the river right there, too, swimming their horses to a dry sand-bar, upon which a trail could be distinguished from a high bank near the abandoned town. This was doubtless one of those Yanktonais towns of which Iron Soldier had spoken.

This evidence of a hasty leaving gave the children some uneasiness. Yet it was getting on toward the buffalo killing season, and if people heard that there were plenty of buffaloes a long way off they would, of course, make haste to go to that country, for sometimes the people had to travel many suns before they could find the buffalo, and they must start early.

This was Zintkala's reasoning. But, after careful examination of the ground, Etapa came to another conclusion.

"I think, older sister," he said, "that these Yanktonais folk have heard about the war people are talking of and that they were afraid the white soldiers would come to attack their women and children. Therefore, they are moving rapidly to take them a long way off."

"Then let us go across the river, too, younger brother," urged the sister. "I fear to stay on this side lest the enemy come."

"No, let us not do so yet," replied the boy. "We can at any time swim across the river with our horses. I do not see that any one has been here since these people went away. They have been gone five suns, I think."

They passed on from this point another day's journey upon the east side of the river. They saw nothing to alarm them, but on the second day came upon another abandoned village, bearing the same evidence that people had moved across the river and gone off in haste. Without doubt runners had come to these villages recently, bearing news of great importance.

The children had again only the choice of two conclusions. Either the soldiers of the Great Father were coming to destroy these towns or there were a great many buffaloes a long journey to the westward, and the herds perhaps moving farther away.

They were filled with alarm and uneasiness. As the country directly west was unknown to them they felt that they had need to travel on to the Yankton village where their mother's people lived, in order to find their way homeward. They now feared that they would find that town also abandoned—and their anxiety was very great.

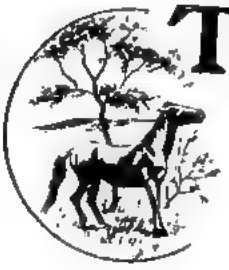
On the third day, at near noon, they found themselves upon a high bluff looking down upon a country which they suddenly recognised as familiar. This was the country of the Yanktons, and, in a strip of timber, not far down the river, the tepées of their mother's people should be found if these had not, like the Yanktonais, suddenly removed.

Instinctively the little voyagers scanned the flats and hill slopes, on both sides the river, for the pony herds or at least some scattered animals which should be grazing. There were none to be seen. Nor was there any smoke curling above the trees, nor any person or living object on all the stretch of river bars and open valley.

"They are gone," said Etapa. "They are gone," echoed Zintkala, and they turned their faces away from each other.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Boat Which Was Not Straight Tongue's.



THE little voyagers had told each other that perhaps they should find the Yanktons and Santees gone from their village. Nevertheless, each felt an overwhelming sense of disappointment when the fact of removal was made apparent. They rode down the bluffs, along the valley, and into the timber without speaking. Doubtless the lump of homesickness and desolation which each of these children was trying to swallow was quite as big and ached quite as hard as though they had been German, French, or English.

When they reached the deserted village grounds they sat for a time upon their ponies, looking at the skeleton tepées, the empty pony corrals, the familiar trees, the well trodden grass plats and shady places, where they had played with their young relatives. They neither spoke to nor looked at each other. They rode slowly and silently down the river to an old swimming ford, where their trail showed that the Yanktons had crossed some days since.

Here the voyagers stripped to the breech-clout, tied all their clothing and effects securely on top of their blanket saddles, and drove their ponies into the current. They swam behind, holding to the animals' tails, and thus guided their course. After they had swum and floated with the current for half a mile or so, they reached shallow water and waded out upon a bar of dry sand which extended in a pointed neck into the current.

Upon this bar, near the point, Etapa and Zintkala stopped to dry and rub their clothes, which, as their saddles were low, had been wetted more or less. Their ponies, with dragging picket ropes, stood in the sand and lazily switched at occasional flies. It takes a long time to dry buckskins properly. They need to be rubbed vigorously to keep the skins from shrinking and becoming rough and uncomfortable to wear. The children had been engaged in this work for some time when they heard a noise which suddenly filled them with excitement. Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! It was the hoarse, grumbling cough of a river steamer! These sounds came from up the river, and Zintkala and Etapa leaped to their feet and clapped their hands joyfully.

"Straight Tongue's boat! Straight Tongue's boat!" shouted the delighted little Sioux. They made haste to put on their clothes. The only steamer they had ever seen had stopped the spring before to leave at the Yankton village a man whom all the Dakotas, who knew him, loved. The bands whom he had visited had given him the name of Straight Tongue,* because they had found that his words were true, and that he kept his promises. This man was indeed the true friend of Indians, and a missionary who did everything within his power to assist these poor people in their struggles to obtain justice. Something he was able to do—though but little—here and there to stay the tide of ruthless and lawless invasion which overwhelmed them.

Zintkala and Etapa knew this man, and, better still, he knew them as the children of Fire Cloud of the Oglalas. Once, when they had been visiting the Yanktons, Straight Tongue had stayed among these Indians a number of suns. His boat had brought him up the river and had come down to take him away. He had talked much with the people, and they had been very sorry to see the good man go. They would gladly have kept him with them.

While the brother and sister were at the mission school, also, Straight Tongue had visited that place. He had spoken kindly to them, Zintkala and Etapa. He had remembered their names and had taken each by the hand.

As these children had seen but the one steamboat—which was very mysterious and wonderful—they had supposed there was but one such, and that that was Straight Tongue's.

They stood out upon the bar near to the water's edge, that they might easily be seen when the boat should pass. They hoped that it would come near enough so that Straight Tongue would see them, and that he would wish to inquire whither the Dakotas of the village were gone. Or, they thought, it might be that Straight Tongue knew this, even that he had sent these people away, and could tell where they were. This good man spoke their language, and they wished very much that he would land his boat there. He could, no doubt, tell them whether the Great Father's soldiers were coming. Thus they reasoned with hope and joy.

"Brother, I think Straight Tongue will surely see us," said Zintkala. "Do you think he will be in the boat tepée? He will surely remember the Yanktons and come out to see them?"

"Straight Tongue's boat is coming very fast—I do not see him—see what a great smoke he is making," answered Etapa, with excitement.

* This man was Bishop H. P. Whipple.

Absorbed in the wonder of this coughing, churning, smoking vessel the little voyagers stood, all eyes and ears, until suddenly the ranks of wood upon its fore-deck swarmed with men, having guns in their hands, as they could see by the glint of the sun upon the barrels. These men immediately began to shoot and yell.

Not until they saw the water spattering in their front and heard the whining yeun !—yeun ! —yeun ! of bullets passing overhead did the astonished children realise that the men upon that boat—Straight Tongue's boat !—were shooting at them. When convinced, they were terribly frightened, but certain there had been some dreadful mistake. They looked wildly about for some avenue of escape. There was none, for the flat sand-bar was raised scarcely a foot above the water's edge. Seeing their hopeless situation the voyagers waved their arms in frantic appeal. They shouted their names—the name of their father. They called to Straight Tongue, "Do not shoot at us !"

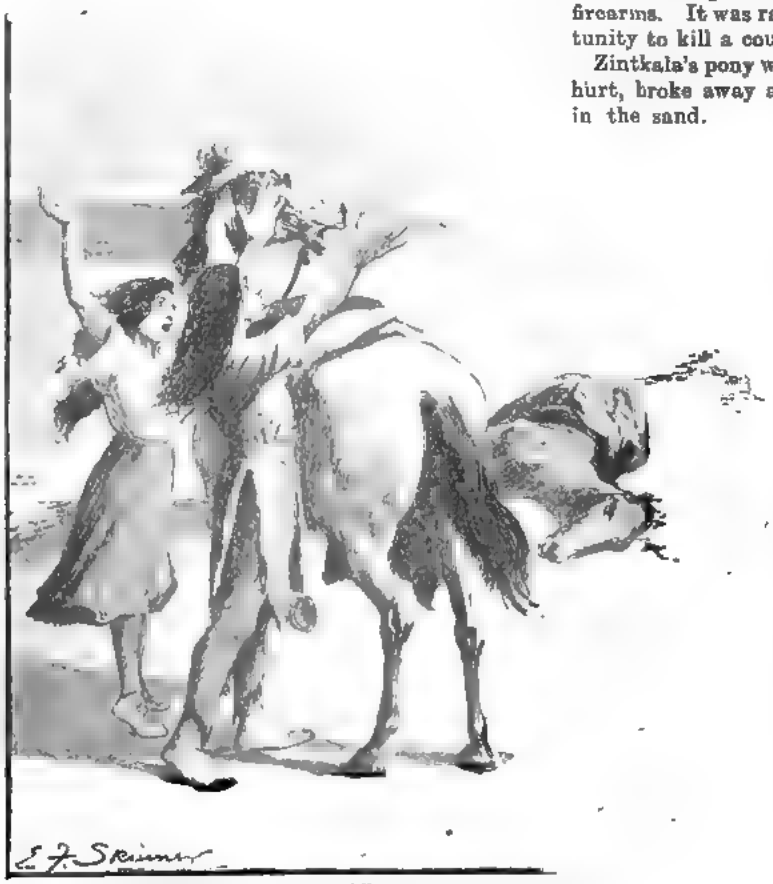
Their appeals were answered by a storm of shots. Hoping against hope, that when the boat came nearer, their signals and cries would reach friendly or pitying ears, the little Sioux took refuge behind their ponies.

Still thinking Straight Tongue's men were shooting by mistake, they continued to wave their arms above their heads. They shouted piteous appeals. "No shoot ! No shoot !" they cried in English. "Ho ! cola ! cola !" (friends ! friends !).

The boat had come now within more accurate range. Etapa's pony was stricken dead and dropped at his feet. He ran behind his sister's horse, and the two redoubled their frantic hand-wavings and shouted appeals for pity.

But more men—a packed crowd—had climbed upon the wood ranks. In wild excitement these were shooting with rifles, revolvers, all sorts of firearms. It was rare sport for them, this opportunity to kill a couple of hated redskins.

Zintkala's pony was struck twice, and, mortally hurt, broke away and plunged erratically about in the sand.



"NO SHOOT ! NO SHOOT !" THEY CRIED IN ENGLISH.

The little voyagers now ran, still holding up their hands in vain appeal. Half way across the bar, Zintkala fell. Etapa reached the shallow water a few rods from where they had stood and flung himself face downward.

Wild and savage whoops and cheers greeted the little girl's fall, and these were repeated when the boy dropped; but, seeing his black head move upon the surface as he attempted to swim or crawl to deeper water, the boat's pitiless crew assailed him with a fresh storm of bullets. Then either the nature of the channel demanded retreat from the bar, or the boat's pilot was not void of heart, for the steamer drew rapidly away toward the opposite bank of the river and passed beyond bullet range.

Etapa, in sudden fear

lest the boat should round the bar—and the shooters thus be enabled to attack him from that side—retreated to the sand. He looked fearfully after the steamer until it had passed around a bend and out of sight. He had supposed his sister was dead having seen her fall, but, upon turning to the bar again, he saw her sitting upon the sand with her hands clasping her head. With a joyful cry the boy ran toward her.

"Hoye, Tanké," he shouted. "It appears the wasécunpi have not killed you!" The little girl lifted a blood-streaked face and gazed at him dazedly for a moment. A bullet had grazed her head, cutting the skin upon her temple, and joyfully the boy saw that her hurt was neither mortal nor very dangerous.

He ran to her dead pony, secured her tin basin and fetched it to her filled with water. She had now begun to realise what had happened. She bathed her bloody face and hands and so collected her senses and came fully to herself.

Her eyes turned toward her fallen pony. "Why did Straight Tongue's men kill our horses?" she wailed, beginning to cry.

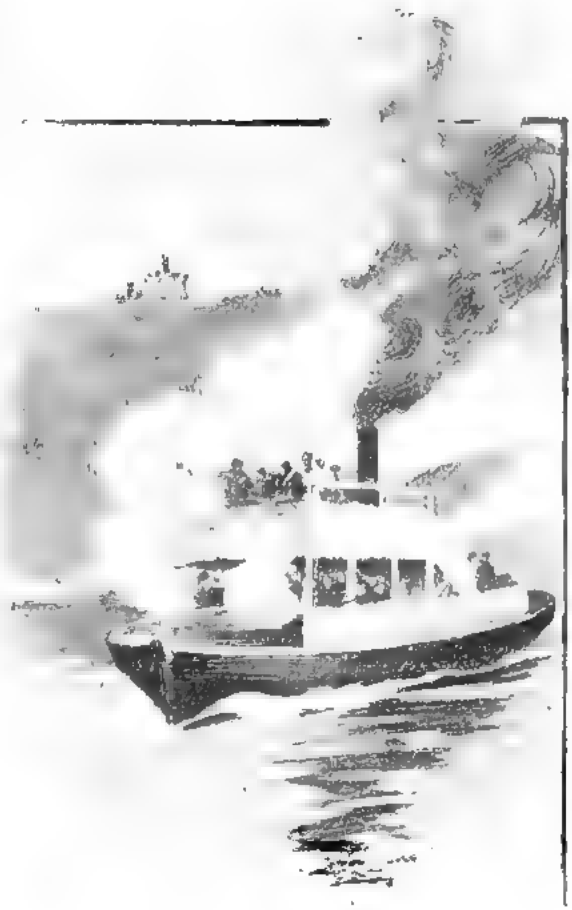
The boy's eyes followed hers to the dead ponies, and he struggled with his desolate feeling of loss. But he answered with that sense of justice and acceptance of the inevitable which characterises individuals of the American race.

"Older sister," he said, "it was not Straight Tongue did thus to us. It was the white soldiers. They have taken his boat from him and are going up and down the river killing our people. So it is that we find them all fled from their villages."

This seemed a very reasonable solution of the calamity which had befallen them. The little girl visibly brightened. At least there was comfort in the thought that Straight Tongue could not have so betrayed and ill-treated his friends.

"How, I think that is true," she said, ceasing to cry. "It was the war soldiers who came. It seems that we were very careless to stand thus near."

After a little time her wound ceased to bleed, and the two went to their ponies and unpacked such things as they wished to carry with them. They took what cured meat they had left, their blankets, the gun, powder horn, bullet pouch, and scalp trophies of Iron Soldier, the basin and such pieces of buckskin as they had used for packing purposes. They left behind Etapa's hatchet and all cumbersome articles. Thus lightly equipped they took up their march again on foot.



CHAPTER XXVII.

In Sight of Home.

THE story of the little voyagers must have ended at the Yankton village had not war made for them, of their own country, a wilderness more bewildering and more dangerous than even the vast woods of the northland. They might have followed the Yanktons but for the loss of

their ponies. On foot, however, there could be but little chance of overtaking these people before the rains or the trampling herds of buffalo should obliterate their trail. There was no certainty in the minds of these Sioux children that they would find the Oglalas at their town, but, child-like, they tried each to hide this fear from the other.

They were at least on familiar ground upon the Smoky River trail, and this they followed day after day with plodding but untired feet, and they chattered joyously whenever they could point out the exact spot where their own tepée had been pitched in their eastward journey of the year before. Once even they found the forked stakes, with a willow pole resting in one of the crotches, where their kettle had hung to boil, standing exactly as their mother had left them when she had slipped the bail of her pot from the cross-piece.

Although it was not yet night they stopped to make camp at this place. They had not felt so much at home for a year, and, after they had eaten a meal of roasted ground-squirrels and wild turnips, they were very happy

The little voyagers did not leave this camp until long after sunrise in the morning. It was with difficulty they could tear themselves away, and, while they were still within range, they turned more than once to look back at the fringe of willows which marked the spot where a mother's kettle had hung.

Day after day they followed the river's course across the prairie country a prairie of rich grasses and flowers, abounding in small life. There was no lack of food, edible roots, ground-squirrels, young grouse, curlews, and river birds and wild currants in abundance. A native boy with bow and arrow, and a string for snare, must indeed have been a shiftless lad to have gone hungry in this country in the summer time.

As they travelled westward the voyagers gradually left the rich green of the fertile prairies behind them, and climbed the plateau of the arid plains, into the country of sagebush, cactus and buffalo grass; but they were still traversing a land of plenty; the ground-squirrels were yet abundant, and there were sage hens, grouse, and marmots in great numbers. Now and then, too, a fat badger, wandering away from its burrow, was overtaken and pierced with an arrow. These furnished juicy meat, and the oil ran down the brown chins of the voyagers as they stuffed themselves to repletion.

Having outworn their moccasins, and with no buckskins to replace them, the children were now forced to go with bare feet. Though their soles were toughened by long travel, they were not impervious to the keen spines of the cactus and their way was sometimes difficult and painful.

One morning the little voyagers came suddenly upon the mouth of a creek, which was a favourite resort of the Oglalas in the seasons of small fruits and of plums. The children, on account of extreme heat, had been travelling of nights for two days, and had not realised, having kept within the monotonous river valley, how far they had advanced into the heart of their country. Etapa was first to discover familiar ground.

"Hoye, Tanké!" he shouted explosively. "Here are the plum trees of the Wakpala where we indeed used to gather plums. Ya-la! Ya-la!" and he ran whooping to the crest of a low bluff. Zintkala followed, unbelieving, but in a whirl of excitement.

Once upon the highlands there burst upon them, in the clear atmosphere, familiar sights on every hand.

Joy convulsed the little voyagers. They stretched out their arms to this beloved land and, with streaming eyes, cried to their people that they, Zintkala and Etapa, were indeed coming back to them.

"Ina! Ina! Até! Até! We are coming! We are coming! Etapa—Zintkala—your son—your daughter!" they cried, with the joy of home arrival already in their hearts. It seemed to them that the beloved mother and father whose names they shouted must surely hear their voices, and that these anxious ones would hasten to meet them.

Only one long day's march with the travois lay between them and the tepées of their people. After the first transports of discovery, in which their eyes drank in every detail of the familiar land, the fierce home hunger gripped their hearts and they were instantly impatient of everything which could impede their progress.

With one accord they ran back to the plum thicket, and there, in a secure place of hiding, deposited their blankets, the carcajou skin, the gun and accoutrements of Iron Soldier, and every article they had carried save the light bow and arrows of the boy. They divided these, Zintkala carrying the five arrows, Etapa the bow, in hand. These light weapons, as they held them, were rather a help than a hindrance in running.

Thus equipped for speed they set out, going at a swift trot across the open plain. They had a perfect guide in a certain bold prominence of the Smoky River breaks. This cloud-touching bluff was but a half-hour's walk from the Oglala village, and its crest was the lookout point of scouts who watched for the appearance of buffa-

loes, of enemies or strangers, or of parties returning from the chase.

Ardently the little voyagers hoped that keen eyes upon that bluff, toward night, would discern their own approach and at a great distance, and that some one with ponies would come out to meet them. In all their long durance they had never so burned with impatience.

On and on they ran. With eight hundred miles of successful journeying behind them, with perfect health and unconquerable wills, their muscles had grown to a hardihood of endurance which was nothing less than astonishing.

Simple children in mind and heart, innocent as the birds and animals of their wilderness, they had, with these, attained the supreme command of those forces of body and brain which make for the "survival of the fittest." Truth compels the admission, however, that they were not, at this time, as enticing in appearance as most of the wild things of their wilderness. They had lost 'Lizbet's comb in crossing the Missouri, and their hair hung in tangled, unkempt braids. Their buckskins were worn, torn, and dirty, their leggings in tatters. But they had kept their bodies clean, as healthy Indian children always do where there is water to swim in.

The soles of their feet had become toughened by barefoot travel, until only the keener spines of the cactus would penetrate them. Bristling patches of these needle points they avoided with a sub-conscious dexterity, as they ran. They had eyes for the ground, although their gaze was fixed with intent and passionate longing upon a certain sharp projection against the south-western horizon.

Noon came and found them still going at a swinging trot.. They had stopped but once to drink sparingly—they knew better than to fill themselves with water—at a small stream. They were again burning with thirst when they came upon a little creek which marked the longer half of their run. Joyously they halted here to drink water—a few swallows at a time—to rest, and finally to eat some hard and tasteless strips of dried meat which they had saved with the providence (I say it advisedly) of their kind for an emergency.

This rest and refreshment revived them. Like a pair of tireless foxes they were up and off again. And now as they came upon the highlands, their goal, in a shimmer of heat radiation, loomed large and spectre-like against the sky line. Two hours more of running and they could plainly see the pine trees upon the breaks opposite the Oglala town.

Home—home—home! Their rapidly pounding hearts beat to this rhythm, and their muscles grew more pliant, their feet lighter, as they sped. Their eyes sought the crest of the hill of lookout for the figure of a lone watcher. Surely there was no scout posted, else they would have seen him making signals. But they did not pause to consider or to ask each other questions. They were too near home. In their eager, drumming hearts there was no room for doubts or fears.

Not until they had rushed over the crest of a rise which commanded a wide view of the river valley did they realise to what vain purpose they had run so far though so tirelessly.

Upon all the river's reach which lay before them there were to be seen no tepées, no grazing ponies, no signs of life. The Oglalas were gone, and above their deserted village site black vultures soared, casting ominous eyes of inquiry upon the bleaching, shredded bones of their abandoned camp.

Who shall describe the desolation of those young souls! My pen cannot attempt the task. With a wild home hunger in their faces, with black despair in their hearts, they ran forward with arms outstretched in piteous yearning. "Ina! Ina! Até! Até!" They fell upon the sacred ground, once sheltered by a mother's tepée, and buried their faces in the earth.

Thus they lay, with heartbroken cries and bitter wailings, mingling their tears with the dust. And thus night found them, exhausted with weeping, and merciful sleep descended and clothed them with unconsciousness

Naturally there came reaction to their healthy natures in the morning. Zintkala was first to awake, opening her eyes at the touch of the sun's rays upon their lids. She looked about her in bewilderment. She had been dreaming, and was playing within her mother's tepée with all the cheerful sounds of an Oglala camp in her ears. The rude call to reality, to the drear prospect of the deserted valley, like the stroke of a whip, wrenched a cry of pain from her lips Etapa leaped to his feet in alarm, and stared about him for an instant in bewilderment. Then he, too, realised where he was. But his stomach was empty and hunger instantly asserted a claim paramount to that of grief.

"Hoye, Tanké," he cried, "let us at once go back to the village of the pispiza, that we may have good meat to eat. Also we must get our blankets and the gun of Iron Soldier. I think that we should stay at this place until the Oglalas return from the buffalo killing."

They only stopped to examine the trail of the departed villagers, and, when they had learned that their people had surely gone to the northwest, they were certain—seeing that women and children had been taken—that all had gone in

pursuit of the buffaloes which they had discovered were a long way off at this season.

So they turned their faces toward the creek of the plums again. Upon the highland this trail soon brought them to the "village of the pispiza," a prairie dog town, of wide extent and numerous population. The cunning hunter approached the outskirts of this community with great caution, creeping for a long distance behind sage bushes. A brace of fat marmots were his reward, and these, roasted over a fire of buffalo chips, made a savoury breakfast for the famished ones.

They reached the creek of the plums at noon the next day, secured their cached effects, and returned as leisurely to the abandoned camp of their people.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Chase Through the Cañon.

AMONG the breaks at the mouth of a walled cañon where a small brook trickled through a deeply worn slash in the sand-rock, opposite the site of their deserted village, the little Sioux made their camp. There was shelter from storms under a jutting rock, and their retreat was hidden by a dense fringe of low scrub pine.

There was only one open way of ingress or egress, and from their elevated niche they could, if awake, hear or see the approach of any unwary creatures. At their rear there was a precipitous crevasse which led, in a tortuous and somewhat perilous ascent, to the heights above. Thus, with the judgment of wild things, they chose a lair for their hiding. They did not build fires in this place. When they wished to cook meat they crossed the river valley, and used the stone-covered fire-hole of their mother's tepée.

Every morning they took the precaution of mounting to the crest of the butte upon the tableland, where they could scan lengues of surrounding country for signs of friends or foes. Often they lingered for an hour or two upon this elevation, breathing with delight its buoyant, rarefied atmosphere, and enjoying the keen sense of exhilaration which a great height inspires. The prospect from this outlook was indeed magnificent. To the north there lay, at a depression of more than one thousand feet, sixty miles of undulating plains, stretching to black elevations of pine-clad hills. Looking down upon this country, the eye could trace, for many leagues, the winding courses of timber-fringed creeks. In that marvellous atmosphere single trees stood, clearly defined, at the limit of a day's journey. To south and west of the butte, closely touching its elevations at points, a high tableland extended to the valley of the Running Water It would have been a shrewd enemy indeed who could have crossed this country unobserved, when they were on the butte.

From this point of vantage the little voyagers watched, with vivid interest, the now gathering herds of antelope, the bands of elk, and the movements of black-tail deer going in and out of the coulée below. All these creatures seemed to realise fully that the country was cleared of its hunters. Their movements were leisurely, natural and restful. Their plentiful numbers and their unsuspicious attitudes fired Etapa with a desire to kill one of those big elks, or at least a fine black-tail buck.

One morning, just as they had mounted to the crest of the highlands, the children came face to face with an antlered bull about to descend into the cañon. As this big fat elk, at a few paces distant, wheeled to trot away, Etapa drew his bow. The excited lad would surely have launched an arrow into the animal's flank, and so have lost it, but for the wise action of the sister. Zintkala leaped forward, caught the shooter's arm, and so deflected the shaft from its aim. She ran quickly after the arrow that Etapa might not scold her.

Seeing that, after all, he was not displeased, she spoke her mind freely on returning the weapon.

"That was very bad indeed, brother, to shoot at hehaka, when you could only wound him," she chided. "It is not thus that a hunter should do, needlessly making pain and losing his arrows."

"Ho!" cried the boy, in pretended surprise, "do you not think my arrow would have gone through hehaka's two skins?"

"That is foolish talk," replied the sister flatly

"But see, look, look!" He fitted an arrow and swiftly drew his bow-string until the head of the shaft touched his fingers. He aimed straight overhead, and let fly the arrow. It passed nearly out of sight, but was deflected by a stiff breeze, fell into the cañon behind, and was splintered upon a rock.

"Now that was indeed careless," grieved the boy, when he had recovered the useless shaft, and, seeing him thus repentant, Zintkala said nothing. "I will save the tooth," said Etapa. "See, sister, only the wood is broken. I have

only four of the Cree arrows left," he added, sorrowfully. "I must now be very careful lest they be lost."

"Why do you not use the gun of Iron Soldier, seeing that you wish to kill some large animal?" Zintkala asked. "I do not see that there are any people in this country who will hear you shoot."

"Whi! Tanké! That is what I will do," cried the boy. "It was very silly that I did not bring that gun this morning. Only think, I could have sent a bullet—z-z-z-z-zan! straight through that bull."

"Then," admitted the sister, "we could have some buckskin for moccasins."

"Always after this I will carry the gun," Etapa declared, never doubting that he would meet another bull at that same place.

Upon returning to their camp, Etapa examined the buffalo gun for the hundredth time—very carefully. There was no ramrod attached, as these guns were usually loaded in the saddle while the hunter's horse was in motion, and a rammer could not be used.

The horseman carried his powder in a graduated horn or flask, the mouth of which would fit the muzzle of his weapon. When the powder was in he took a wet bullet from his mouth, slipped it into the smooth-bore opening, and chucked his gun-stock heavily upon his saddle pommel. Then he put a percussion cap upon its tube as best he could and was ready for action.

Etapa, however, whittled a short ramrod from a piece of iron-wood. Then, as Iron Soldier's powder horn had no charger attached, he guessed at a proper amount of powder, pouring it out in the hollow of his hand. He knew the gun was not loaded, for he had tested it, as he had seen Indian hunters do, by raising the hammer and blowing through barrel and tube. There was a box of caps in Iron Soldier's bullet pouch, and so—for an Indian boy has not the self-assurance of his paleface brothers—Etapa found the loading of a "sacred-iron" not so formidable a task as he had supposed. He was, in fact, very proud of the feat, and made no little parade of his exploit.

"Sister, I have put a great charge in the gun of Iron Soldier," he bragged. "Now let us see if mato osansan (grizzly bear) will dare to show himself at these pines. Huh! I think he does not care to have a hole made in his head, therefore he does not appear."

The sister, who was mending a fresh rent in her skirts, smiled as the lad paraded his gun with the swaggering airs of a young hunter.

The next morning he carried the weapon on their trip to the butte, but they met no bull elk at the head of the cañon trail. On their way down, however, and near the foot of the cañon, a half grown bear cub suddenly reared itself, with a grunt of surprise, among some low bushes close beside their path.

In frantic haste the plucky young hunter cocked and levelled his weapon. The gun exploded with a roar which echoed like a clap of thunder through all the gulches. The boy turned a back somersault and the gun flew far over his head. The bear rushed away, grunting in great affright, and Zintkala screamed in terror, supposing for the instant that Etapa had been killed. With a hand upon his face the lad lay dazed for the moment. Then he arose with a bruised and bleeding cheek.

"Alas, older sister," he said ruefully, "I have put too much strong fire-dust into the barrel and now the gun of Iron Soldier has gone upward and escaped. I do not know where the sacred-iron has gone."

But Zintkala had seen the gun fall among the bushes a few yards distant, and now, having recovered from her fright, she ran and picked it up. Etapa forgot his hurt in his delight at finding the weapon uninjured. He had merely discovered one of the peculiarities of the stout and doubly effective buffalo gun.

"Waste! Waste!" he cried joyfully, when he had examined lock, stock and barrel. "Now I will load this gun more carefully." This he did upon returning to camp, not charging with more than half the powder he had used before.

For several days he carried the gun to and from the butte, but saw no more big game on the trail. During this time the children subsisted upon marmots and grouse, killed with bow and arrow, and upon such berries and edible roots as they could find. They longed for some fat venison, but Etapa yet lacked confidence in his ability to handle the buffalo gun. He went several times after elk or antelope which strayed into the river valley, but somehow, while he was getting ready to shoot, each time the animal saw him and ran away.

Zintkala said nothing about these failures; but the young hunter, in losing confidence, lost something also of self-respect, and so began to be cross and disagreeable. He fretted because the Oglalas were so long gone on a buffalo hunt. He wished to change their camp. He did not like the place. The mosquitoes were very bad—they had scarcely felt a bite among their pines—and he thought there were some very poisonous snakes in a hole which ran under the ledge.

"Younger brother, it appears that you are very tiresome," Zintkala said one morning. "I know where there are some very fine red raspberries. They are a long way off, but I think we should go to-day and camp in that place, where we can

gather a very large quantity. I can dry some also on the stones. There are many small deer there, very tame, and perhaps we can take skins to make us parfléches."

Immediately the boy became all animation. He was filled with delight at the prospect of change and the taste of red raspberries was already in his mouth.

"Ho, I will kill some of those deer, surely," he boasted. "I will shoot them with the gun of Iron Soldier."

So they decamped, carrying their effects twenty miles or more up the Smoky River valley to a deep slash in the mountain tableland, which has since become known, to freighters and ranchmen, as "Salt Pork Cañon." This deep cañon furnishes the only pass for many miles by which the breaks can be surmounted except by an expert climber.

Several miles in length, many hundreds of feet deep at its mouth, the steep slopes of this wedge-like gap are thickly clothed with pine and are cut with intricate mazes of deep ditches, cañons and ravines.

There is no water in this cañon save in a wet season, but the river runs under the rock ledges at its mouth, and its own dry run, having a sand bed at the bottom, furnishes an easy trail for nearly the whole length of the gap.

Upon a little bench, sheltered by a cluster of bullberry bushes, the children made their camp, and in the morning went afield in search of berries. Zintkala had timed the appearance of ripe fruit very well indeed. They were just in season to find raspberries in the first sugary stages of perfection, and they returned from the heights, where the best bushes grow, with faces and hands stained a carmine pink, painted in fact in such delicate hues as no art of their own could have equalled.

They were very happy at this place. They made baskets of willow splints to use in gathering the berries, and Zintkala cured a large quantity of them, which the dry heat of midsummer enabled her to do perfectly. When Etapa actually killed a fine young doe with the buffalo gun their cup of happiness was well filled They now had juicy venison in plenty, and the tanned skin—a feat of leather-making which they accomplished in a few days—made an excellent parfléche in which to store and carry the dried fruit.

Doubtless they would have stayed in this cañon contentedly as long as the berries lasted, but, when the ripening of these was at its height, some other people, who knew of the Oglalas' absence, came also to gather fruit.

The brother and sister had one morning mounted nearly to the head of the big cañon, and were picking berries under a rock-ledge, within view of the trail above, when a number of people, on horseback, suddenly rounded a point and came jogging down toward them. There were men, women and children among the riders, and at first view the brother and sister shouted with delight, believing that the Oglalas were returning. They even started toward the newcomers, when an Indian, wearing a strange head-dress, appeared upon the trail directly below. This man's approach, because of the sand in which his pony had travelled, they had not heard. He was sitting his horse, gun in hand, looking directly up at them, a scowl of suspicious inquiry upon his painted face.

"Scili! Scili!" This cry of terror was wrung from Zintkala, and instantly the little Sioux turned and fled along the steep slope.

A shot followed by a shrill war-whoop stirred the deep cañon's echoes, but the shooter's bullet aimed at a pair of flying squirrels would have been about as certain of hitting its mark. With every nerve thrilling with a just horror of those Pawnee enemies, the little voyagers sped, scudding like hunted rabbits among the rocks and trees. Zintkala had dropped her basket of berries, but Etapa clung to his gun and so fell behind at the start.

As they ran they heard the rider below yelling fierce instructions to those in his rear, and then, casting a scared backward glance, Etapa saw him disappear in a flurry of sand dust as he dashed down the cañon. Instantly the Sioux boy understood. While his followers divided their forces, scaling the level heights to watch the race and give signals to those below, and others followed directly upon the heels of the pursued, this painted one would ride into the mouth of the first deep cross-cañon to intercept or shoot the runners as they passed. It seemed that only a miracle could prevent the Pawnees from surrounding and capturing himself and sister. The boy's mind acted with that quick instinct or intuition which is the gift of the child of nature and which was his in large measure.

Yet the ruse he adopted was simple—too simple to have been conceived by a yelling horde, even of Indians, in hot pursuit. The boy exerted himself to the utmost in a sudden burst of speed, and in spite of his impediments overtook and passed the swift Zintkala.

"Tanké!" he gasped, "do not run ahead!"

The sister heard and heeded, and so followed close at his heels. At a turn they descended the steep slope of a gulch, leaping from rock to rock, among a sheltering growth of scrub pine. Half-way down the scarp the boy turned sharply to his right and ran directly toward the cañon

trail below. With reckless leaps, which Zintkala followed with the temerity of a mountain goat, Etapa led their flight, quartering the precipitous steep until they had nearly reached the bottom of the ravine. Here, in the shelter of a cluster of pines, he halted, and the two dropped to earth like hunted foxes.

They suppressed their hard breathings and listened. Upon the sand bed of the cañon, they heard the muffled thumping of hoofs; upon the slopes above, the sounds of footmen in pursuit. Only for a minute dared they wait. As they heard the lunging ponies go by below they slid to the bottom of the ravine, shot across the cañon trail and into the opening of an opposing gulch.

Thus for the moment they had dodged the whole pack of pursuers before any even had time to reach the tableland heights, and thus to mark their progress. All would be thrown from the scent until some keen searcher for their trail should discover their tracks across the sand bed. This the fleeing ones feared must soon happen, for their only hope of escape lay in keeping out of sight, in covering their trail and securing a hiding place until night should fall upon the mazes of the big cañon. They could not pass out at its mouth, nor over the heights above, without instant discovery and certain capture.

Worse than death, they dreaded capture. Among all their enemies they knew of none so wicked and terrible in torture as the Pawnee Scili! The very name, quickly spoken, had always tingled their nerves to the finger tips. It had been their tepée bug-a-boo, and so great was their horror of the Pawnee, these children would have welcomed death in any form, would have met it in a leap from some precipitous height, sooner than be taken alive.

Thus with wild and frantic energy they fled, keeping to the rough bottoms of ravines, scrambling over boulders, through dense thickets of green bush, under sheltering rock-ledges, and over pine-clad scarps. They knew that their trail could and would be followed, that their only hope was to make it long and difficult, and to dodge their enemies until the coming on of darkness. Upon the middle heights of the cañon the pines grew thickly wherever there was footing of soil. To reach these, without being seen by their enemies upon the opposite slopes, was the cunning problem they had to solve before they could even hope for surety of escape. With the eyes of running partridges they kept to that cover which would hide them from the hunter's line of vision. In this winding course they passed into a cross-ravine and so mounted and descended into another

This feat they performed three times with no yells from the opposing bluffs to announce discovery of their manœuvre. They had just reached the bottom of the third gulch, which, like the main cañon, had a dry channel of sand at the bottom, and they were hesitating to make tracks across this when a yell greeted their astonished ears, and from above a horseman spurred at them in a furious rush and flourishing a war-club.

Zintkala turned to run, but Etapa, seeing the uselessness of flight, raised his buffalo gun as the enemy was almost upon him, and fired. Horse and man pitched forward and rolled in the sand. The pony, which had a bullet in its head, landed upon its side and on top of the rider. The Sioux boy uttered a whoop of triumph, and, as the Indian struggled to get out from under his horse, sprang forward and dealt the Pawnee a crushing blow with his gun-stock. Again and again he struck until the man ceased struggling and lay as the dead. Then the shrill clear note of the victor rang through all the cañon and was repeated by the rocks.

"I have struck a Scili! I, even I, have struck a Scili! E-e-e-yih! Yi-hiii-yuh!" For the moment he was wild with excitement, and his barbaric little soul was lifted to the clouds in triumph. Then his sister descended upon him, seized him by the arm, and fairly dragged him away from the fallen Pawnee.

"Let us fly quickly!" she urged in frantic undertone. "All the Pawnees will come and we are lost!"

Thus brought to his senses, but with bursting pride in his breast, the lad followed Zintkala. "I am a soldier—I am a soldier," his heart sang, and his brain whirled, while his ears were humming as to the rhythm of a hundred war drums. His throat became dry and hot from choking his desire to shout his own name and proclaim his deeds to the enemy. All that prevented him whooping thus rashly was the swiftly speeding figure in his front, a reminder of the peril behind and of the horror of capture.

Zintkala led the way, dodging the sand bed, upward to the first cross-cañon, which had a rock bottom. Into this she darted, Etapa following. Though her ears were open to all sounds she heard no yells on the other slope of the wide gap, and hope took possession of her.

Intuitively her mind grasped the situation. The man whom Etapa had killed—if indeed he had killed him—was a hunter who had travelled much ahead of his fellows, and so knew nothing of the chase they were making. Etapa's war-shout had sounded so strangely that the Pawnees might well have thought some one of their number was hallooing, nor might they know

from what direction such strangely repeated cries had come.

So with increased confidence she sped on, following the tactics they had already used in taking their line of flight. The lay of the cañons and cross-ravines now favoured them, and they were able to make their way into the pine belt without further danger of exposure. They now breathed more freely. They would be shrewd trailers indeed who could catch them within these wide copses of evergreen. Here was the hard silent ground, and they threaded the pine-clad ravines, walking swiftly, but with great caution, until, at last, in joyful surprise, they found themselves looking down upon the ledge which sheltered their little camp.

"Waste! Waste!" they breathed to each other. "Stay, Tanké," said Etapa, speaking in a low, dry voice, "I myself will go secretly to get our blankets, and the bow and arrows, and some meat. I will truly leave no trail."

The sister nodded her assent, then she whispered, "There is good water in the basin and I am so thirsty."

"I will not drink it all, surely," the lad assured her. "I will fetch you some."

Etapa then slipped down the slope, keeping among the pines, dropping in light leaps from rock to rock. He was obliged to go in a round-about way, but at the end of an hour or so he returned, bringing all their camp effects and perhaps a half-pint of water in the basin.

"Waste, younger brother, you have indeed done well," murmured Zintkala, and she swallowed the water like a famished creature.

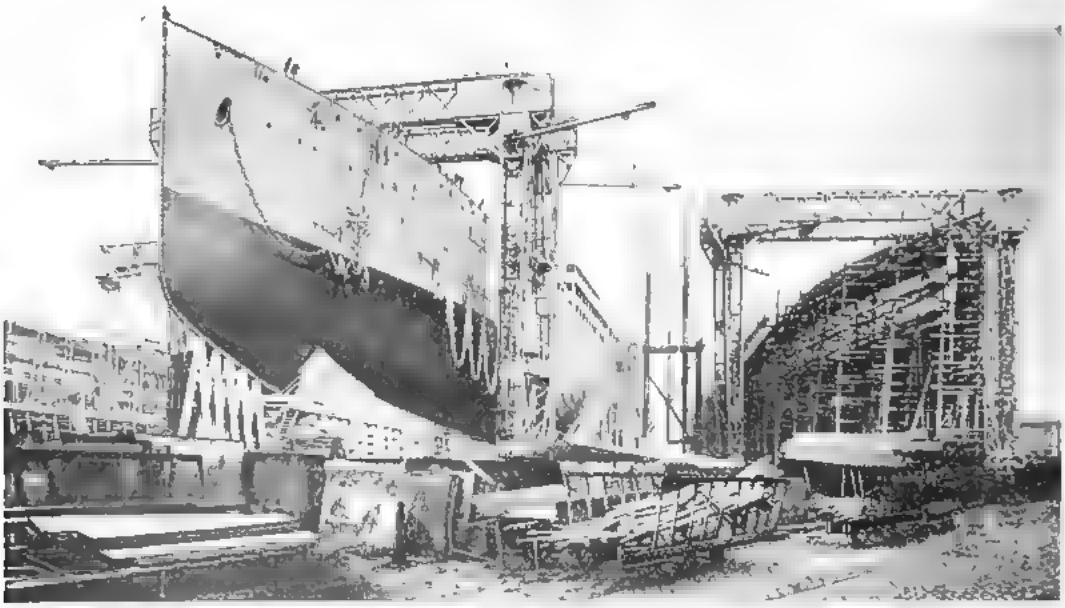
In all this time they had heard nothing of the enemy. Doubtless the Pawnees were still in pursuit, but the young Sioux felt security in their hiding place. No creature could approach them without being seen or heard, and they would soon be refreshed by rest and ready for instant and silent flight among the dense pine copses. With excellent reason they trusted much to the speed of their well tried legs

So they reclined upon the pine needles with ears and eyes keenly alert. They dared not talk, but the boy leaned against a rock and fondled his buffalo gun. He felt sure that he would now be allowed to retain the weapon. His cheeks were aglow and his eyes snapping with the recollection of his deed, which he lived over again and again in imagination.

Overhead, the pines, rustling in a stiff cañon breeze, sang to him, and the burden of their soughing was, "Akicita—soldier—soldier of the Oglalas."

(To be concluded.)

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT.



The *Baltic*, which was recently launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard, at Belfast, is the biggest ship afloat. She has been built for the White Star Line, and is 725ft. 9in. in length, and 49ft. in breadth. Her gross tonnage when completed will be 23,000, thus exceeding her immediate predecessor, the *Celtic*, by some 3,000 tons. The *Baltic* will probably make her first voyage across the Atlantic this spring.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL

Photo by Fry, London.

Photo by W. Mudford.

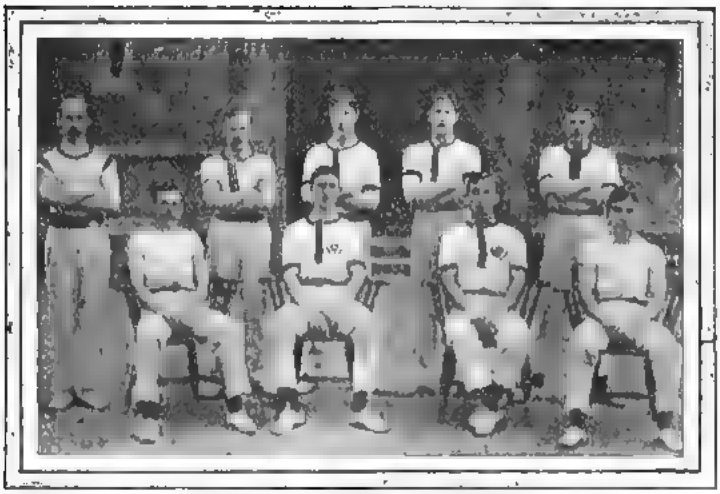
SIXTEEN miles from Exeter, and almost in the north-east corner of the fair county of Devon, at the junction of two rivers, the Exe and the Lowman, stands Tiverton. Now, from that pleasant country town, about the middle of the sixteenth century, a lad named Peter Blundell set out to push his fortunes in London. He traded in woollen goods—kerseys—and, like Dick Whittington a century earlier, became a merchant prince. Later on, being minded to benefit his native town, he left directions in his will, dated 1599, two years before his death, for the building and endowment of "a free grammar school." The first "Schollers" were soon nominated to the Universities, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Balliol College, Oxford; the picturesque buildings, known as "Old Blundell's," were finished in 1604, and thus it comes about that the school will this year celebrate the tercentenary of its foundation.

All readers of *Lorna Doone* will remember the opening chapter in which Jan Ridd describes his school life at Tiverton; and this is no fancy picture, for the author, R. D. Blackmore, was himself at Blundell's seventy years ago, and the scenes he described so faithfully were drawn from memory.

Many an old custom, worthy and otherwise, at Old Blundell's has passed away, but two, "winkeys" and "P. B.," are worth recording, if only to illustrate the difference between the undisciplined past and the orderly school life of to-day.

"This is the manner of a 'winkey,' a mischievous but cheerful device in which we took

A. L. FRANCIS, ESQ.
Head Master of Blundell's School.
Photo by C. Vandyk.



BLUNDELL'S GYMNASIUM EIGHT, 1903.

great pleasure." A hole was scooped in a desk and filled with saltpetre, and as the boy sat in the early grey of the morning, reading his lesson by the light of a tallow candle, or "rat's tail," the flame, in due course, reached the saltpetre.

"Then should the pupil seize his pen, and, regardless of the nib, stir bravely, and he will see a glow as of burning mountains, and a rich smoke and sparks going merrily, nor will it cease, if he stirs wisely, and there be good store of petre, until the wood is devoured through, like the sinking of a well shaft."

At the very front of the old school gates, just without the archway, there was a great P. B of white pebbles done in the ground. In flood time the Lowman rises rapidly, and it was the custom and law the instant the rising waters reached but a single pebble of the founder's letters, for any boy to rush into the great school and scream at the top of his voice, "P. B."

"Then, with a yell, the boys leap up, or break away from their standing. They toss their caps to the black-beamed roof, and haply the very books after them; and the great boys vex no more the small ones, and the small boys stick up to the great ones. Then the masters look at one another, having no class to look to, then, in a manner, they put their mouths up. With a spirited bang, they close their books, and make invitation the one to the other for pipes and foreign cordials, recommending the chance of the time, and the comfort away from cold waters."

The old "P. B." pebbles are now at the gate of the present school, far beyond reach of the highest flood, unless, indeed, a waterspout burst, as happened on Whit Sunday, 1890, when two adventurous masters launched their baths and floated in them down the main road.

Life at Old Blundell's was rough and hard; fights were the order of the day, the recognised lists being a triangular patch of grass in front of the school, known as the "ironing-box." When the late Archbishop of Canterbury visited his old school three years ago, he gave to a personally conducted crowd of boys spirited details of his first encounter on that classic spot. But if the life was hard it made for manliness and independence of spirit, qualities which are alive in the school to-day, a priceless heritage from the past.

In 1875, Mr. A. L. Francis was appointed headmaster—the youngest in England, it was said and largely through his energy and enthusiasm, the present school was built and opened in 1882.

The wisdom of this great change was quickly justified in the increase of numbers; boarding-houses were built and a new era of prosperity began. But the old spirit and traditions were transferred, not lost, and Mr. Francis was just the man to foster all that was worthiest in them.

A very few words will serve to describe Blundell's. The photograph taken from the lodge

BLUNDELL'S HOCKEY XI., 1903

represents but poorly the beauty of the situation on a high table-land, with valleys rolling away to the south and north, backed by woody heights. The school stands a mile out of the town, which is itself three miles away from the main G.W.R. line to the West; and this fact, though by no means a gain to Tiverton, has probably helped to preserve Blundell's from outside influences and to further development on lines of its own.

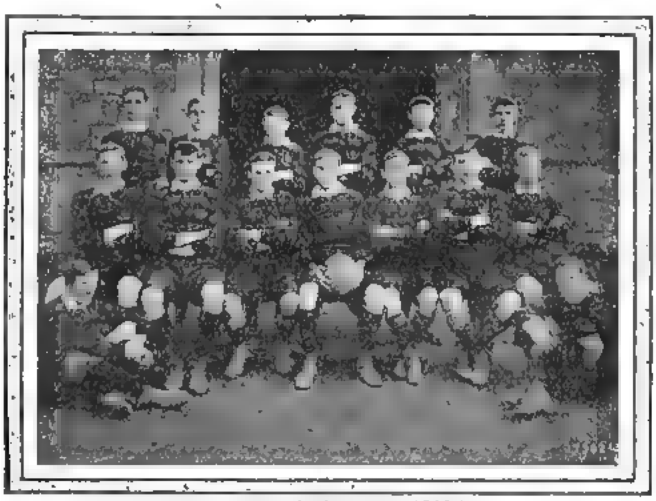
The country then is lovely and peaceful, but inside the school gates the impression of repose soon disappears. The day's work begins in summer with early "prep" for the boarders. Chapel is at 8.48 a.m., and after the boys have filed out it is worth while to linger in admiration of the graceful lines of the roof, the stained glass windows—the latest is to the memory of the thirteen O.B.'s who fell in South Africa—and the oak panelling which softens the whole interior effect. From the class-room comes a hum, the same all the world over, and at 10.50 an electric bell signals an interval of ten minutes. This is a busy time for the tuck shop, a valuable institution run on business lines by an enthusiastic master with a genius for finance. All the profits, about £100 a year, go to the Games Club; some day, perhaps, the school will eat itself, so to say, into a racquet court, just as the nation is going to drink itself out of the national debt. Work is resumed from eleven until noon, and special classes until 12.45. In the first and third terms of the year, the voice of the drill sergeant is usually to be heard after twelve and four o'clock, but in the summer, unless you are playing at a cricket net, you hurry off to the baths, there to stay, probably, till the bath-sergeant hails you out. Dinner is at 1.15 in summer, and afternoon school from two to four, rather an ordeal after a hearty meal or on a hot day—and it may be added, *experto crede*, that the old starvation days at Blundell's, as elsewhere, are gone for ever.

But four o'clock has struck, and till 6.15 the cricket field is all life and movement. Games, alternating with net practice, fill up the four whole school days, and there is no fear of the burden of too much cricket; indeed, what with house matches, school matches, and wet days, the problem is rather to give the juniors as much as they want. The matches for the Senior Cup are played in May on the knock-out system; those for the Junior Cup on the league system in July.

Tea is at 6.30, preparation 7 to 8.30, then follow prayers, supper, and bed at 10 for all, unless special leave be given to work in studies.

But this simple outline of a day at Blundell's, from "réveille to lights-out," needs a good deal of filling in. Each term, indeed, seems to bring with it some fresh demands on a boy's time, and in order to "loaf" he has to be very expert in the gentle art of "cutting" work or play. Now, whether "loafing" be a vice or a virtue depends altogether on the way you look at it; perhaps, in view of the many devices to keep fellows "on the move" the philosopher would regard it only as a wise adaptation of means to ends.

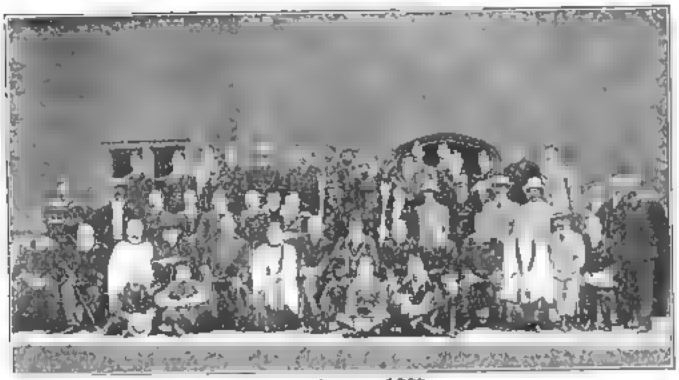
First of all, there is a Cadet Corps, attached to the 3rd Devon V.R.; it was revived three years ago, and is now about 100 strong. In



BLUNDELL'S 1ST XV., 1902-3.
Photo by H. S. Cotterill.

1902 the shooting "eight" won the shield open to Devon schools, and that same summer had their first experience of Bisley. Not long ago a new range was opened, and a regular "fixture card" of simultaneous matches arranged with schools as far distant as Scotland. At present there is plenty of keenness, and drilling goes on at all sorts of odd moments, but it will require a good deal of sustained effort to keep the corps up to its present strength.

Some years ago a generous O.B. presented the building, work and tuckshop combined under one roof, which, flanked by the chapel and fives courts, forms, with the main buildings, an irregular quadrangle. The workshop is a great boon, especially on wet days, while the engineering department will turn you out anything from a nail to a motor car. Once somebody made a



OLD BOYS' DAY, 1903.
Photo by H. S. Cotterill.

bunch of skeleton keys, but as burglary is not included in the school "curriculum," his efforts in that direction were not accepted in a very sympathetic spirit.

The summer term is, mercifully, almost a close season for the gymnasium, but during the rest of the year it is, literally, in full swing.

Gym or, as a dull alternative, drill is compulsory for all except the VI. form, while the extra classes are called "voluntary gym," which, as a wag neatly expressed it, is voluntary—but you have to attend. A "display" is given in December, and a house cup competed for just before the choosing of the pair for Aldershot, at which, by the way, Blundell's has for the last two years been placed third, H. Mainprice, the Cambridge half-back, winning the silver medal. The football team is encouraged to improve physique by joining the "gym," indeed, the attendance for all is sharply enforced. Probably, this does not add to the popularity of "gym," and it is a pity that some means cannot be devised —especially in view of the claims of the cadet corps—for making it a really voluntary exercise.

Speaking of football, Devon is, of course, a great stronghold of Rugby Union, and Blundell's has furnished not a few members of the county XV. For some unaccountable reason, football is more popular than cricket, and the team can generally hold its own with the best that can be brought against it. The game is compulsory on two afternoons each week; you may play in the "Field," the "Green," the "Block," the "Nursery," or, if you are very small, the "Cradle," though perhaps the scratch inter-house games are the most enjoyable. House feeling then gives a point to the play and there is none of the responsibility attaching to a real cup-tie.

H. C. BROOKS,
Captain of Blundell's School.
Photo by Walter Mudford.

Hockey made its way slowly and in the face of a good deal of opposition, being, indeed, an institution only three years old. But it caught on at once and the games committee was called upon to legislate and secure for it a definite place among the school sports. Fortunate from the outset in possessing skilled players, the success of the eleven has been almost unbroken; it is due, moreover, in no small degree to the energy and tact of the late captain, H. Archer. The game has been put within the reach of the smallest, and the enthusiasm of the Junior

INTERIOR OF THE TUCK-SHOP, BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL.

Google

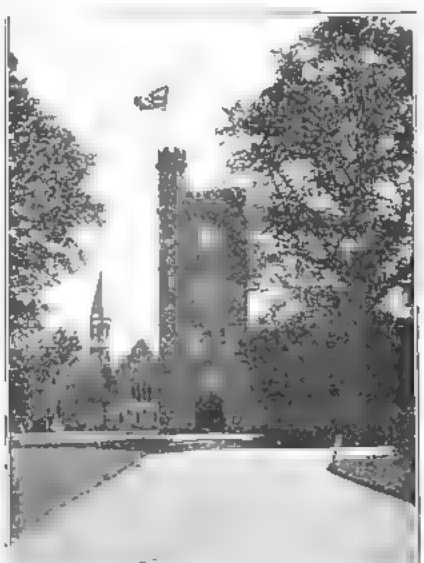
"OLD BLUNDELL'S," TIVERTON.

House is only equalled by its frank disregard of rules. Hockey, in the West of England, is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and whereas a few years ago it was a scrambling and unscientific display—the writer himself played left-handed, a sort of Ishmaelite, with every man's hand against him—it is now a game that calls for the utmost science, precision, and combination. A few more years may see it played instead of football in the spring term.

There are not many "runs," partly because that form of sport is not very popular among the neighbouring farmers; but the "Russell" steeplechase for a cup presented in 1877, and so named in honour of that famous sportsman, "Parson Jack," is a highly coveted trophy. Russell, it may be remarked, incidentally, was at Old Blundell's about a hundred years ago, and it is not forgotten how he was very nearly expelled for the crime of keeping a scratch pack of harriers, and hunting with it on half-holidays.

At the first stroke of three o'clock the race starts, across the Lowman, over some six miles of rough country and ploughed fields, heavy with the rains of late winter, and finishes at the school gates, with a straight run in. All the runners have been previously "passed" by the school medical officer, and almost the only untoward incident on record was caused by a misguided dog springing at the leader as he passed a farmhouse. Now, pain is said to be a healthy stimulus to exertion: at any rate, not until he had reached the school gates, a winner, in the excellent time of 35 min. 12 sec., was it discovered that the dog had helped himself to a large piece of this particular runner's raiment and of his flesh as well.

Music is by no means a neglected art, and though the ever increasing claims of gym and cadet corps have crowded out the school orchestra, yet the Glee Cup competition in October is always keenly interesting. Each of the six houses is allowed a coach—a master, it may be, or a professional, or both; twelve is the limit number of a choir, and on the fateful night the unaccompanied four part glee is sung before an audience quick to mark the various points. For the last two years, School House, self-trained, except for a brilliant "polishing" at the hands of the headmaster, himself a fine musician, have carried off the cup, only to lose it last term to North Close.



BLUNDELL'S TOWER, FRONT OF SCHOOL.

The school magazine, *The Blundellian*, published twice a term, is not merely a record of "shop," but finds room for literary effort. "The Editor's Box," "Voces Blundellianæ," and "Blundell's Worthies," have lately been regular features, and

have given to the *Blundellian* plenty of local colour while the "Review of School Reviews" criticises in a lighter vein other school journals.

Scant space is left for any mention of the Natural History Society, the handsome and widely used library, the Camera Club, or even the VI. Form Debating Society, the last session of which was very successful and very stormy—if the terms be compatible. The opposition was strong and mischievous, the government—no master ever holds an office—to put it mildly, not conciliatory. Luckily, just at the moment when the prospects of the D.S. dinner, over which the dispute was raging, looked darkest, graceful concessions were made, and the session ended happily.

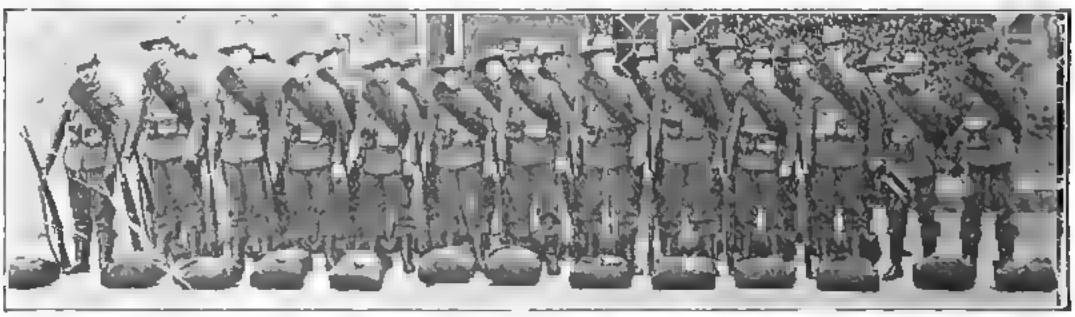
The Fire Brigade, formed several years ago in the face of ridicule which it has now lived down, has borne testimony to smartness and efficiency, not only in alarms, but in cases of real emergency. Last winter, for instance, a rick fire, a mile away, was got under long before the arrival of the town engine, and handsome salvage was paid over to the school brigade. Nothing, it is needless to add, could have made it more popular. The school supports a mission in a poor district in Exeter, and keeps in touch with it by sending and welcoming football and cricket teams.

To sum up these scrappy and fragmentary impressions, it has always appeared to the writer that "the strenuous life" is very visibly in existence at Blundell's. The boarders are just under 200, and the day boys seldom more than 50; and yet, as any one who has read this article can see, there is a many-sided and tireless activity that shows no signs of flagging. One reason for this is, perhaps, that all pull together. The discipline is strict in school, but, once out of it, there is much good fellowship between masters and boys. There has been handed on from Old Blundell's something of that old Devon fearlessness and independence of character which, translated into terms of modern school life, means the existence of a healthy spirit. If a fellow gets into any row that involves the honour of the school, he has to own up, forced thereto, it may be, by the pressure of public opinion.

House rivalry is keen without being unduly bitter; at any rate, it is years since there was a suspicion of favouritism in the choice of teams, or a situation resembling that in a certain great school, when three of the four three-quarter backs were not on speaking, still less on "passing," terms.

Selection committees are unknown; it rests with the captain to act "on his own," and even if he seek counsel from a master there is no obligation on his part to follow it.

There is, at the present day, a tendency in public schools towards excess of machinery and organisation, alike in work and play. The Blundellian spirit is all against this, and so long as the school holds true to herself, there will, assuredly, never be found wanting a succession of sons worthy to carry forward her great traditions.



BLUNDELL'S CADETS LEAVING FOR CAMP, AUGUST, 1903.
Photo by Walter Mudford, Tiverton

"VENGEANCE AND PERROTT."

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

By STUART WISHING.

ICKIE and I—Dickie Vaughan's my chum, you know — had rather a quaint experience the other day. If you'd like to hear about it, I don't mind telling you, as the holidays have begun, and things are a bit slack generally. The pater's a queer old bird, by the way—believes in boys doing an hour or two's work a day in the vac., after the first week, and tells you that you enjoy the holidays so much more if you're occupied part of the day. Personally, I don't hold with that sort of rot, and I've told him so more than once, but it doesn't make much difference. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't be so bad if one knew exactly how long the holiday work would last. But the pater's "hour or so" a day is a jolly elastic sort of term, I can tell you; and he always insists on my finishing up to the last dregs whatever work I've got in hand—which I call mean. The consequence is—that I have to toil hard for "an hour or so" and really *work*; and I'm beginning to agree with the fellows who write that bilge in the newspapers during the summer, headed "Is Life Worth Living?" or "Is our Nation Degenerate?"

But this is a digression, or *hiatus*, as old Virgil calls it. *Hiatus* means "a gap," you know. But I must get to the point at issue—which is rather a hot-stuff phrase in my opinion—as soon as I can.

The trouble began when Perrott came to our school. Perrott is a hulking great chap of fifteen, and as thick as they make them. Not that I mind a fellow who's a bit slow at books—as the pater terms it—for I'm not particularly brilliant at verses or prose myself. Besides, I don't see much use in swotting hard. However, Perrott is a fearful thick-head, and he's a lout as well. If he was good at footer or cricket, I shouldn't complain; but I do hate to see a chap who's simply no use at anything.

Wait a minute, though: he *is* good at one thing, which I forgot for the moment. He is—or rather was, to use the imperfect of frequentative action (a rule I had to write out lately for an impot.)—a first-class bully. Give him his due, he's a most original chap in that line; and if I'd thought out half the tortures he knows and used to invent, I should consider myself rather clever. Really, he has some awfully good dodges to make chaps confess things they don't want to, and, to do him justice, he made good use of his knowledge. For myself, I don't see much point in bullying, especially if you happen to be the sufferer. I don't mind booting a kid who's impertinent, or giving the Hair Torment (I invented this) to a skunk. But when it comes to regular bullying, lamming fellows half your size, and that sort of thing—well, I draw the line.

Perrott started bullying his first term, as soon as he got well settled. He used to find out kids much smaller than himself, and when they were alone he would pepper them pretty severely.

The poor asses couldn't hit him back, and they didn't dare combine to crush the tyrant; so, taking things all round, they had a pretty thin time. Perrott was a cunning beast, and though lots of fellows (monitors and masters included) had a pretty good idea of his doings, they couldn't bring home the charge, as they had no evidence. You must have evidence, I'm told, if you want a conviction; and this seems a silly system to me. If you think a chap's a brute, why not lam into him at once?

Matters came to a head one day: the head in question was Dickie's. This is how it fell out. Dickie and I were going round to the fives-court—for it was the Christmas term, and too much snow for footer—when we suddenly came on a group of two. The two were Perrott and a kid called Sharp. Perrott was bullying the kid rather badly, and was using some of his own particular tortures. Now, Sharp was no pal of mine, but I hate seeing big chaps lam little ones without reason. Besides, Perrott had no right to fag any one, and I knew that he was bullying for the sheer love of the thing. Some chaps are made that way—thank goodness *I'm* not.

Dickie and I stopped. "What are you doing?" I asked.

Perrott cursed us a bit—he's an awful bargee at times—and finally said it was none of our business.

"It's not your business to bully, anyhow," said Dickie; "you're not a monitor to fag."

That made Perrott sick, I can tell you. A good home-truth (which sounds cosy, but is usually uncomfortable) always tickles those chaps up. I thought I'd better chip in again, and let him know the house was unanimous.

"You're a beastly blackguard, Perrott," I said. "Why can't you leave the kid alone?"

You see, I didn't mind telling him my opinions (and backing them with my fists if necessary), but I wasn't particularly keen on fighting in cold blood a chap twice as big as me—or nearly. I didn't mean to force a battle on a Lower kid's account, if the business could be worked with honour. This I fancy is called strategy, or something military.

Perrott's reply was a drive at the nearest head. It happened to be Dickie's, and I could see by my chum's face that he was in a rage, as soon as the blow was struck.

"Let's rush at him together," I said, "and lam him well."

"No, thanks, old chap," Dickie answered quickly, "I want a go at him by myself."

When Dickie said that, I knew it was hopeless to argue. He's very obstinate, though not a bad chap on the whole. "I suppose you'll fight?" Dickie asked, as a matter of form.

Perrott blustered a bit, for he didn't much like a fair battle. Some fellows are of that kidney. If I knew the Classical Dictionary by heart, I daresay I could give you an example. The Head said once, "Quotations and examples are the oases of many a dull book." I don't quite know what he meant, but I always stick as many in now as I can think of.

Perrott had to agree to fight at last, though he would have got out of it if he could. We adjourned to a neighbouring field, and the encounter took place. Now, I know in books the hero always wins and makes mincemeat of the villain. This seems to me a very sound arrangement, but, as far as I know, it often works out the other way. It was so in this case. Dickie was distinctly the hero, and Perrott the villain; but in spite of that, Perrott won. He hadn't an easy victory by any means. I kept the time—it was jolly cold watching a fight in the snow—and the battle lasted for nine rounds. It reminded me of some rather funny poetry by a chap called Calverley, which Stretton (our form master) read to us the other day. One verse stuck in my mind.

IT WAS JOLLY COLD WATCHING A FIGHT IN THE SNOW.

"We met: we planted blows on blows;
We fought as long as we were able;
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking-eyes were sable."

I don't know what a speaking eye may be. I've never heard an eye speak myself. Anyhow, the verse applies to the case in point; Dickie was beaten, and was in rather a mess; but he'd left his mark on Perrott. Two teeth were gone, and the blood on the snow was as much Perrott's as Dickie's. It wasn't a cheap win for the villain, for he hadn't strength enough to really enjoy his victory, but went off moaning like a dog in the moonlight.

I helped Dickie home, and bathed his wounds a bit for him. He'd made a jolly good fight, and we both knew that Perrott would think twice before he touched either of us again. I wanted to follow him, and have a turn-up then and there, but Dickie forbade it; and as he was in such a mess I thought it best to see him back again to our study. I couldn't understand at the time why my chum wouldn't let me have it out with Perrott, but afterwards it was quite clear, as we scored in the end.

Dickie sat cleaning his wounds for some time, while I made tea. We were both pretty flush just then, so we had an excellent feed of muffins and anchovy paste. The grub-shop supplies rather good food, if you happen to have any tin—and if you haven't, they'll give you tick, which I think is rather an excellent wheeze, though the pater is always jawing about getting into debt, and saying the practice is demoralising. But if no one ever got into debt, what would be the use of having County Courts and things like that? They would be a needless burden on the rates—as I heard a stump-orator say once.

Well, Dickie was pretty cheerful, considering he'd been beaten; and when I brought the muffins in, you'd have said he'd been starved for a week at least, instead of being on the sick-list. He was so beastly greedy that he dropped some blood into the teapot in his haste, and, of course, I had to make some fresh. Dickie wanted to drink it as it was, and said there'd be some flavour in the tea; but as I'm neither a tiger nor a vampire (beasts that suck your blood, you know), I put my foot down, and we drank tea *au naturel*. (You see that on *Menus*—it means "just plain.") If it had been *my* blood in the tea it wouldn't have mattered so much.

Dickie is a quick thinker when it's a question of scoring off a fellow, and, by the time we'd finished our spread, he'd got a plan all thought out and ready for taking the change out of Perrott. It wasn't with the idea of making him afraid of us—for he'd been hammered pretty well already—but Dickie wanted to show him up in his true colours as an arrant funk before the kids.

Most chaps when they write a tale keep the mystery to the end, I believe. Personally, I think that's an awful bore; for just when you're beginning to enjoy the fun, and the detective is nosing the scent, so to speak, the story shuts up abruptly. Now if the people who invent all those yarns could start with the mystery and let you into the know, you'd enjoy it ever so much more. At least, that's my idea. So I won't keep you waiting and wondering what the dickens we were going to do, but just tell you plainly. Our plan was this:—to play the ghost on Perrott, and put him in an abject funk; then to call out hordes of kids, and they could hoot at the wretch grovelling on the floor. Even now I don't think it was a bad idea at all, though Stretton said some time afterwards that it was mean to play on a fellow's nerves. Why, we weren't *playing* at all; we were in dead earnest: and as for Perrott, nothing was farther from his thoughts than play, I can assure you. However, I anticipate.

The plot was this: I was to play the ghost, and Dickie was to be on the alert to summon the hordes I've told you about to come and jeer. Dickie was awfully keen to do the ghost, but as he'd had the fun of the fight, I thought it was quite time the deal came round to me. Dickie agreed after a hot discussion, in which I bagged the last muffin.

Luckily, Dickie knew a kid who is on the Stinks side of the Third Form. As Dickie had this Stinkite pal, he could get into the school Lab. This, of course, meant that he could borrow a little phosphorus, without which no ghost can be complete. For the rest, we thought that a white sheet draped around me would be enough to scare a lout like Perrott; so our expenses in the way of "properties" were *nil*. Dick undertook to get the sheet, but when I pointed out that we should have to do the ghost at night and could use our own sheets in the dormitory, he gave in—with the amendment that I should use my sheet and not his. Of course I agreed; but when the time came, it struck me that Carter *Minor* looked too snug in bed, so I hustled him a bit, and then he lent me the necessary article quite eagerly.

I now skip a day, and go right on to the eventful evening. Picture to yourselves—

this is rather a fine descriptive touch, I fancy: I cribbed it out of another book—picture to yourselves a long dormitory with a dozen beds in it. The moon is shining fitfully, and the snow driving in great flakes under the pressure of Boreas—the North Wind. Most of our dormitory are asleep, you know, as it's somewhere near eleven; but Dickie and I are each broad awake—intent on Vengeance and Perrott. ("Vengeance and Perrott" sounds rather like a table-sauce, but I can't help the sound of words.) I had nearly fallen asleep several times, but Dickie always came to the rescue with a cold sponge; and when you remember that it was Christmas term and snow was falling outside, you can imagine that I'd have been glad to swop backbones with anybody—even Perrott.

Eleven o'clock struck, and Dickie and I got cautiously out of bed. Eleven was the time we'd fixed on. We didn't talk—we weren't a bit gossipy just then—but Dickie helped me to arrange Carter's sheet, and gave me the phosphorus. I waved it about, and I must have looked quite ghostly, for young Carter hid under all the bedding I'd left him, and fairly cowered.

Well, that was all right for a dress rehearsal, and we stepped noiselessly into the corridor. At least we would have stepped noiselessly if Dickie hadn't trodden on my bare toes, and I hadn't landed on a splinter at the same time. I nearly yelled, but instead gave a sort of smothered groan. It must have sounded awfully weird, for I was all white and spooky; and Dickie turned pale. He said afterwards that I looked like a walking corpse, doing penance for my sins on earth. How he thought all that sentence out while I groaned, I don't know—I merely tell you what he said.

We walked a little way down the corridor, and then I hid in a dark recess, while Dickie went on to Perrott's dormitory to draw the badger. You'll wonder how he did this—but really it was quite simple. This was his dodge. He went along to the dormitory—it's some distance from ours—and just told Perrott that the members of Dormitory C would like him to come along and share in a midnight feed. Of course, that was a lie, and we were blamed afterwards. I call it a "ruse of war" (that's the translation) justified by the necessities of the case. Hang it all! Generals don't stick at a whopper or two to lure their enemy, and it was precisely the same with us. Anyhow, the thing's done now, and it's no use crying over spilt milk.

HE STOPPED DEAD, THEN TURNED AND SCOOTED WITHOUT A SOUND.

As we expected, Perrott simply jumped at the bait. He didn't stop to think that Dickie was the last person in the world who'd be ready to feed with him—he is too greedy for that. Instead, he popped on his dressing gown and slippers and went off without waiting for Dickie. The latter (*hic*, you know,

as Kennedy says) stopped behind to rouse up Perrott's dormitory and lead them on to the scene of action.

The corridor is a long one, and I could hear the steps coming down some time before my prey appeared. I tell you it was a bit scary even for me, waiting there in the cold, watching the snow beat up against the windows, and remembering all the ghost-stories I heard as a kid and didn't want to lay hands on just then. If it was this way with me, you can imagine what Perrott must have felt like when I leapt out and confronted him.

I simply leapt out and raised my arms. He stopped dead, gazed wildly in my direction (more beyond me than *at* me, seemingly), then turned and scooted without a sound—scooted like the wind.

Then I gave an appalling screech just to hurry him up a bit. "And now," I thought, "the other chaps will see him bolting, and they'll know what a funk he is."

But I couldn't hear a sound. All was silence. Thinking Perrott had possibly got behind some pillar or something, and was there trying to regain his breath and nerve before returning to his dorm., I thought I would touch him up a bit more, and so I gave another uncanny yell, and performed a sort of mild war-dance.

"If he's anywhere about," I thought, "that'll fetch him."

At that moment I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. I jumped as if I'd been shot—you know how beastly it is if a fellow drops on you unexpectedly. For a moment I thought a ghost had turned up to see if I was conducting a really first-class show, but I was soon undeceived. I turned round—and there was the house master! *He had been standing behind me*, and, of course, it was *him* Perrott had seen, not me, which explained why Perrott scooted without a word. The worst of it was, Perrott warned Dickie and the other chaps that the house master was on the trail, and so nobody was caught but me. It was a bit of a come-down, when you think of it.

I got a whacking next day, too, that stung up no end, and now I beguile my waking hours (that's a good phrase!) scheming out a fresh plan of vengeance on Perrott. I'm reading "Ninety-Three," by Victor Hugo, and there are any amount of good old blood-thirsty episodes in it (about three to the page), one of which may suggest something suitably Perrottian. I'll let you know my plan when I fix on it.

REALISTIC.

"WELL, I THINK THIS IS ABOUT THE BEST PIECE OF ICE I'VE EVER——

STRUCK!!!"

By A. T. Smith

"THE CAPTAIN"

Photographic Gallery.

Being a selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions

THE CONDOR
By Percy W. Owen, Forest Hill S.E.

MOLLY'S PRINCE
A. H. Close, Northam

A BOULOGNE FISHERMAID.
By Reginald C. Kershaw, Southport.

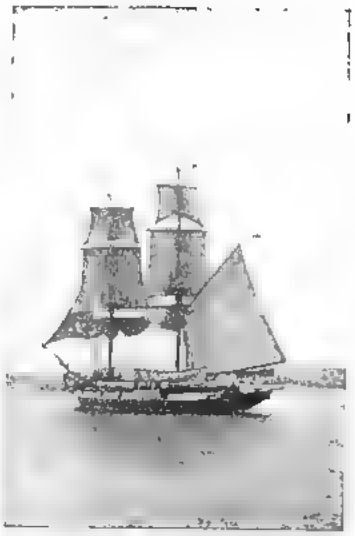
OWEN'S AMWELL FOOTBALL CLUB
By H. Mansfield, Highgate Hill, N.

DOBBIN AND "THE BARON."
By T. Hughes, Cheltenham

THIS CHURCH WAS BUILT SEVERAL YARDS AWAY FROM THE MAIN BODY OF THE CHURCH. JOHN BUNYAN LIVED IN THE VILLAGE OF ELSTOW.
By H. Taylor, Bedford

A STUDY IN BARE LEGS.

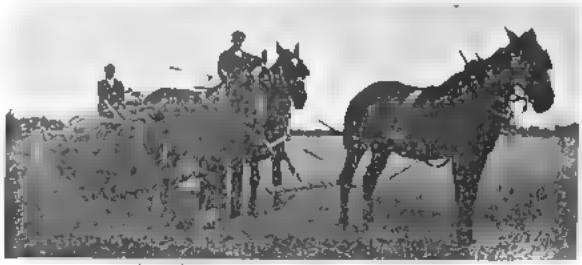
A UNIQUE VIEW OF BLACKPOOL, TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF BLACKPOOL TOWER, AT A HEIGHT OF 528 FEET
By Frank W. Wright, Sheffield.



"BARQUE, AHOY!"
By Alan Thornan, Leamington Spa.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
By R. Hindle Kay, Oswestry.

A POPULAR PASTIME AT VICTORIA COLLEGE, JERSEY.
By W. F Radcliffe.



STANDING FOR THEIR PICTURE.
By C. C. Harland, Winchester

MAMMA AND CO.
By E. B. Holmes, Bolton.

WORKERS OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE.
By G. W. Bailey, Sheffield.

A RED, RED ROSE.

A HUNTING STORY.

BY M. HARVEY. Sketches by Rex Osborne.

ONLY one more day of the Christmas holidays! Tony sighed as he thought of it. Only one more day, and then work, work, and the daily routine of school life. The holidays had flown faster than he had ever known them to do before; but then he was having such a glorious time, for was he not staying at the Hall with his uncle, Sir Everard, acknowledged to be the best host in the county? Of course, they had had the house full the whole time, and what can be jollier than a Christmas house-party? There had been big shoots, in which Tony had participated, for although only fourteen, he was a capital shot. There had been dances, theatricals, and skating parties; now this delightful time was almost over, and Tony sighed again.

However, to-morrow there would be a meet on the lawn, and he meant to finish his holidays with one last gallop on Dame Fortune, his uncle's polo pony, which had been reserved for his particular use. The elders were all going to the hunt ball to-morrow evening, and he would be the only one left behind, for Tony was the youngest member of the party, and, indeed, he was in a fair way of being spoilt by the ladies of the household, he was always so ready to run their errands, or pump up their cycle tyres, and, in fact, make himself generally useful. But, of all the ladies staying at the Hall, Miss Beresford was Tony's particular favourite. She did not pet him or tease him like the rest, but treated him as a manly boy likes to be treated, namely, as a companion and a comrade. In his opinion she was quite the prettiest and nicest girl of them all. Most of the men thought so too, therefore Tony took a special delight in walking her off by himself from under their very noses, knowing all the time that any of them would give their ears to be in his place.

Of the men staying at the Hall, there was only one he could not get on with, and that was Sir George Darfield; the rest were, as he phrased it, "jolly decent chaps"; but Sir George he could not stand at any price. Darfield was rich, very rich, and being distinctly good-looking, considered himself very much a lady-killer, and Tony knew well, for he was a sharp young thing, that Sir George was trying to establish himself in Miss Beresford's good graces. "But I'm quite sure," he thought to himself, "that she likes that jolly Captain Carr heaps better, even though he hasn't nearly so much money, and isn't so tall, or so good looking."

But this was not his only reason for disliking Darfield; the real reason was that Darfield had made great fun of him for calling Dame Fortune "my hunter"; and, by way of adding insult to injury, had brought up the subject at a big dinner-party and twitted poor Tony most unmercifully about it.

"Never mind, Tony," his aunt had said, noticing his hurt feelings, "Sir George doesn't know what the Dame is capable of; perhaps he will change his mind one of these days."

Yes, Tony meant to show him to-morrow, if he got the chance, that his mount was not

the lumbering fat carriage pony Sir George had made out that she was.

At breakfast next morning the men turned up in their gay pink coats, and spotless white cords, whilst the ladies came down in their plain and sombre habits. Miss Beresford was late, and so was Sir Everard; when they came in all the rest were seated. Sir Everard was in pink like the other men, but Miss Beresford was wearing a white serge frock, and one dark red rose.

There came a chorus from the table: "Where did you get that rose, Miss Beresford?"

"Ah," said she, looking at her host, "this was the reward of early rising. I was down long before any of you, and have been round the houses with Sir Everard."

"You are not coming out this morning, I see," remarked Carr, considerably disappointed.

"No," she answered, "I am reserving all my energies for to-night; but I hope you will have a good day, and one of you must bring me the brush."

"And what is to be the reward of the knight who succeeds in this quest?" asked little Castleton, a subaltern in Carr's regiment.

"Mercenary boy," laughed Miss Beresford.

"Tell you what," said Darfield, in his drawling voice, "your rose shall be the prize, Miss Beresford."

"Yes, yes," cried the rest, and Miss Beresford was compelled to agree.

"If I get the brush, you will give it to me, won't you?" asked Tony.

At this there was a general laugh. But Miss Beresford answered kindly: "Of course I will, Tony, for I think you stand as good a chance as any one."

The conversation then turned on the ball. They arranged who should drive in with whom; dances were asked for and given. Said little Castleton to Miss Beresford:

"You have not decided yet who is to have the supper-dance."

"How can I decide," she answered, "when you all ask for it at once. I think I shall have to make up my mind to go without supper altogether."

"Oh, come, that would never do," said her host. "Why not let the champion who wins the rose have the supper dance, too? That would suit all parties, eh?"

So the matter was finally settled, and as it was by that time nearly eleven o'clock, breakfast at the Hall being a moveable feast, they all left to complete their attire for the day's sport. Tony alone remained at the breakfast table to finish his repast.

"That Darfield is a beast," he muttered, to himself; "I know he is 'specing' on getting that rose, because he is riding his five-hundred-guinea hunter to-day, and he thinks it's a sure thing."

The meet being a very popular one, friends and neighbours had turned out in force; moreover, the day was perfect—no wind, dull and cloudy; there had been a heavy fall of rain in the night, and every one expected good sport.

Tony's mount was brought round to the door with the rest. She was a beautiful little mare, standing thirteen three, dark brown in colour, with fine straight legs, grand shoulders, and powerful quarters. He patted her sleek neck, and asked of the young groom who held her:

"Is she pretty fit to-day, Jim?"

"Fust class, sir, never was better," answered the groom, who loved this pony as if she were his own. "Ride her gently at fust, sir; if there is to be a run, 'twill be in the afternoon, an' I reckon she'll be equal to any o' their 'unters, if you lets her take it easy at fust."

"Thanks, Jim, I will remember," said Tony, as he swung himself into the saddle.

No sooner was he up than the hounds moved off to draw the home coverts. Tony rode beside Castleton at first, but soon left him, for Castleton had arrived at that age when he thought it *infra dig* to talk to a

young schoolboy, so Tony sought out Carr instead. Carr and he were good friends, and they often had long chats together, though the funny part of it was, whatever they talked about, the conversation was certain to turn before long to Miss Beresford; then Carr would listen whilst Tony discoursed on her merits, and what she had told him of this, or what she thought about that. They had plenty of time to talk, for the first covert was drawn blank; but in the next a fox was found and hallooed away, after ten minutes' chase through the undergrowth. Then away they went, helter skelter, across the park, through the village, and eventually they lost him in Wilton's Wood.

About two o'clock they set out to find their second fox. Wychberry Wood was drawn blank, so hounds were called out and they set off for Bramble Wood. Scarcely were they put in when the music in covert proclaimed a fox was at home. Tony gathered up his reins, and waited anxiously for the huntsman's halloa. They had not many minutes to wait before a ringing "tally-ho" announced that Reynard was in full flight.

Away sprang the horses, Tony well to the fore, down the ride and out the other side. Dame Fortune was as hard as nails, and fit as a racehorse, and Tony felt her quiver under him with the excitement of the chase.

"We're in for a buster this time," shouted Carr, as he passed. And there was no doubt about this, for the fox was a game old dog-fox, who had given them more than one gallop that season, and so far had managed to save his skin every time. The country here was open, and the fences small, so Tony was able to keep well ahead of the ruck. The rest of his party were ahead of him, their steeds out-striding Dame Fortune with every step. He caught a glimpse of Darfield right in the front.

"He means to get that rose," thought Tony, and he set his teeth, and, taking a firm grip with his knees, put the Dame at a stiffish fence, which she cleared with ease. On and on flew the fox; the field was thinning out now, but Tony was still in it; so also were Darfield and Castleton. Carr was out of it; his horse had come down over a nasty stake-and-bound, and Tony felt a pang of pity as he saw his friend disconsolately leading his lamed horse homewards, and knew that he at least was out of the contest.

Suddenly the fox, which had been heading for the coverts of Stapleton, turned abruptly and set his mask for the Randan Woods, and Tony found himself again in the first flight. Dame Fortune had never gone better in her life; she was taking each fence in her stride, and, as the hunt people knew, there was no better jumper in the field.

"If only her pace matched her jumping," thought Tony, "I should get the brush."

On they went. Castleton and he were now riding side by side, taking their fences almost together. All at once there was a commotion among the horsemen in front; they were seen dispersing on each side, and frantically rushing up and down a bull-finch.

"What's up?" yelled Castleton.

"Locked gate!" came the answer.

"Now, then, youngster," cried Castleton, "hop down and lift it off its hinges. You shall have a fiver if you're sharp."

Tony laughed scornfully. He would show Castleton a thing or two. Putting the Dame at the gate, he cleared it without so much as touching it. Then he looked round at the enraged subaltern and called: "Follow my lead, old man."

Castleton tried, and tried again, his horse persistently refusing each time; and that was the last thing Tony saw of him during the run.

And still the Dame was going as well as ever; her flanks were cool, for Tony was a light weight; besides, she had been working hard for months, and this gallop was nothing to some of the tough work she had had to do. So she flew on, out-distancing many a larger steed that was exhausted with the stiff going.

"Looks as if I have a chance for the brush, after all," said Tony to himself, as he settled himself for a final burst.

The hounds were gradually overhauling their fox; there was only the length of a field between them now. The wind was whistling past Tony's ears: never had he ridden so hard in his life before. Once more he was in luck, for the fox, finding his chance of getting safely to the Randans growing less and less, turned again for the willow garth, and Tony was now leading, alone in his glory, the first of the field, and the fox nearly dead-beat.

His heart thumped with excitement. He looked round, just once, and saw, to his intense disgust, Darfield coming on behind him like lightning, his big thoroughbred simply bounding over the turf. Tony looked ahead—and for the moment his heart stood still! for, like a thread of silver, right in front of him, ran a little river. "Beecher's Brook" the hunt people had nick-named it, for here many a good man and hard rider

had come a nasty cropper. Yet the fox was making straight for it, and follow he must, though he knew very well the Dame was better at fences than broad-jumping; besides, she must be getting spent by now, and would she have strength enough left to clear it? Nearer and nearer they flew. The fox was heard and understood. Gathering herself together, she raced to the edge of the stream and sprang far into the air. Tony could see the gleaming water beneath; it seemed to him that they were in the air for ages. He could see the bank in front, and knew that her spring would never carry her so far. He

"FOLLOW MY LEAD, OLD MAN," TONY CALLED.

on the other side, and the hounds were but a hundred yards behind him. Tony could hear the thunder of Darfield's horse growing louder and louder.

"Oh! 'Fortune,' my beauty," he cried, "don't fail me now."

The pretty mare cocked her ears. She felt all was up and was wondering how long it would be before the crash came, when suddenly he felt the mare give a spring under him. They shot forward and landed straight and true on the opposite bank. At the same instant, a yell from the hounds announced that they had bowled over their fox.

Tony turned to see where Darfield was. He was still behind; *his horse had refused.* A minute later Tony had flung himself to the ground and was whipping off the noisy pack, whilst Dame Fortune stood beside him with heaving flanks.

"Well done, young 'un," cried the Master, who was the next to arrive. "You shall have the brush, and 'pon my word you deserve it, for you rode like a man, and an Englishman at that."

"Capital run! capital run!" cried old Squire Thornton, arriving on the scene, accompanied by the huntsman.

"Forty-nine minutes without a check, sir," proclaimed the latter; "best run we've had this season."

Tony could hardly breathe for his excitement when the whip presented him with the brush. With trembling hands he fastened it in his saddle, then flung his arms round Dame Fortune's neck and kissed her soundly. Very gently he walked her home, for the gallant little mare was somewhat exhausted; luckily they had not many miles to go. He saw her safely stalled before he rushed into the drawing-room where the ladies were having tea, and gave Miss Beresford a full account of his adventures.

That evening Tony had the pleasure of taking Miss Beresford in to dinner, and in his buttonhole he proudly sported "a red, red rose." Even Darfield had acknowledged "the little beggar rode very gamely," and Tony's cup of joy was full. This was not all. Most of the men had offered him fabulous prices for that rose; but it was Carr's comparatively modest offer of a golden sovereign that he had accepted.

"You see," Carr had told him, "she has promised the supper-dance to the wearer of the rose; now, as you are not going, I'm afraid she will have to do without supper, for she won't go back on her word."

This had fetched Tony, and he promised that Carr should wear it at the ball, on condition he had it back in the morning. Carr readily agreed to this. By the morning he would have no need of the rose, for either Miss Beresford would be his altogether, or else——. But he did not like to think of the alternative.

* * * * *

And now the holidays had come to an end. Tony's luggage had already gone, and he was saying "good-bye" in the hall.

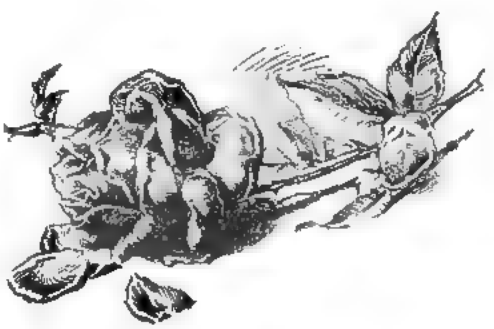
"Good-bye, Tony, dear," said Miss Beresford; "you must come and stay with us some day."

"Then it's all right?" asked Tony of Carr, in a stage whisper.

"Very much all right, old man," answered Carr, wringing Tony's hand hard as he spoke.

So Tony departed with a feeling of great self-satisfaction, for, he thought, was it not due to him that two people in the world were extremely happy? He leaned back in the carriage and reviewed his recent doings. The brush had been sent to a taxidermist, for Miss Beresford had insisted he should keep it, to adorn his study wall. He wondered what Banks minor would say when he proudly displayed it to him, and what all the other fellows would say!

Such were his thoughts. True, he turned a little gloomy when he reflected that the usual round would begin again on the morrow, but brightened up as his memory reverted to that glorious gallop on the gallant little Dame, the winning of the brush, and also, above all, of the red, red rose!



MODELS & MODEL-MAKING.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

Author of "*The Romance of Modern Invention*," &c., &c.

Illustrated with diagrams by the Author.

(Continued from the January Number.)

II.

IN this article, as proposed at the conclusion of my last, I shall deal with a model horizontal engine, of which sketches are appended to illustrate the text.

The model may be briefly described as of the slide-valve, single high-pressure cylinder variety; the cylinder having a stroke of 2¼ inches, and a 1½ inch bore. The whole is carried on a bedplate 6½ by 16 inches.

Before commenting on the various parts of the structure, let us examine the sketches (pp. 428, 429), and trace the effect of the steam after it leaves the boiler. Passing through the steam pipe AF into the steam chest, or slide box, B, it is admitted by the slide-valve (operated by the eccentric X and rod W), into the west and east ends of the cylinder alternately. The piston, operating the rod F, thrusts and pulls the crosshead J backwards and forwards along the guide bars KK, and the main connecting rod, H, transforms the longitudinal into rotary movement at the crank pin L, which turns the shaft M and the flywheel attached thereto. This information will, of course, be old news to many of my readers; but I arranged to begin at the beginning. And I shall therefore point out that, simple as the general idea of this engine is, the planning of it has required as much calculation on it and forethought as the making of it needs care and accuracy.

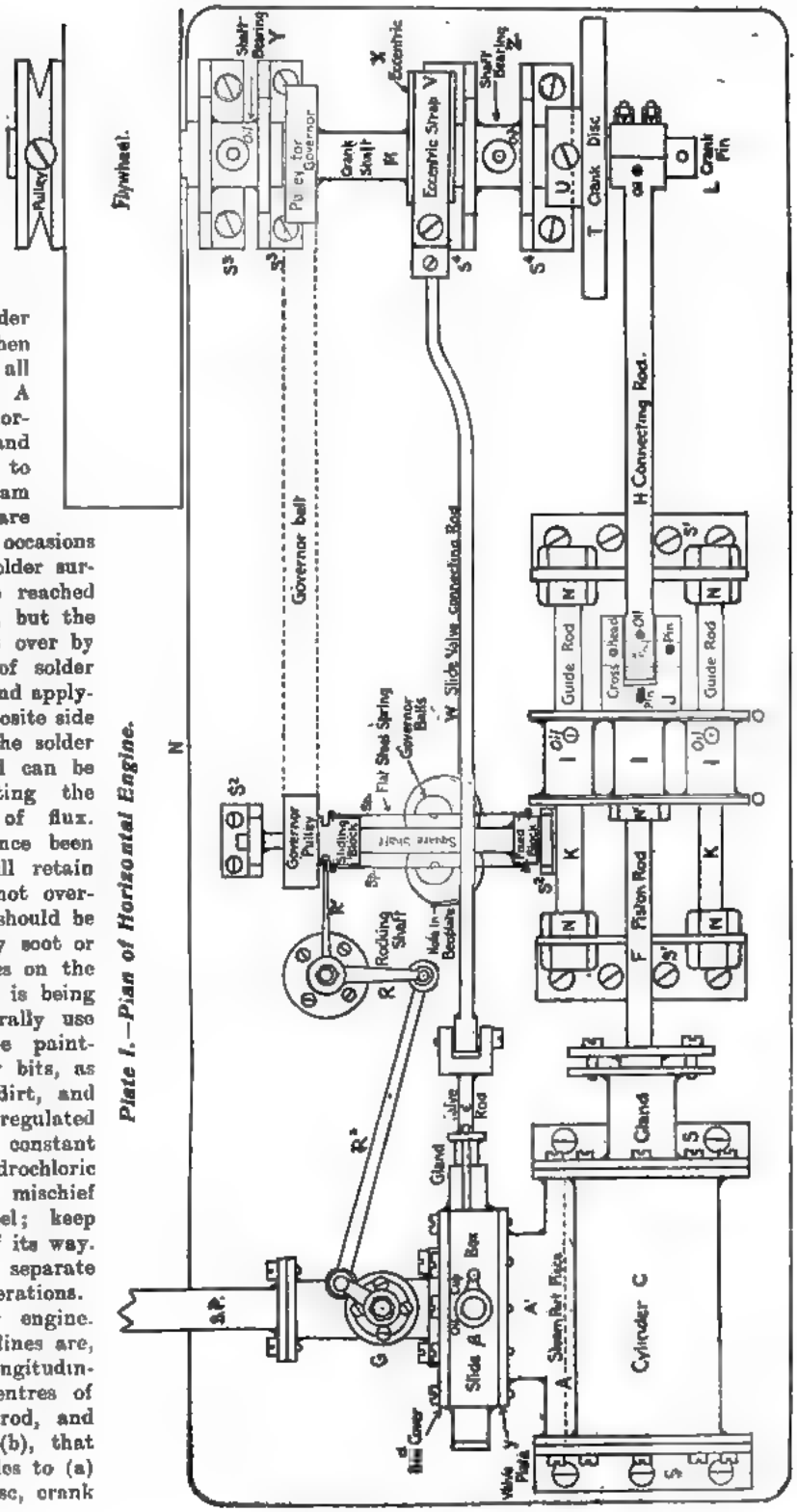
To the novice, the sketches may suggest something outside his capacity. I was once advised by an old carpenter to "measure twice and cut once," *i.e.*, to be quite sure of what I wanted to do before I started to do it. I think that if my readers apply his advice to all the many measurements that will be needful before the engine is ready for steam, they will have no difficulty in arriving at the blissful moment when the flywheel first revolves under the pressure of the piston. But the compasses and graduated rule must not be spared, nor contempt shown for the fiddling little operations which apparently consume much time with little result. It is great carefulness in seemingly trifling details which makes all the difference between a smoothly-running and efficient model, and a weak, steam-wasting assemblage of metal scraps. High-pressure steam is a very unwilling prisoner, and friction is ready to take every mean advantage of you if you give it half a chance. Careful measurement and unhurried work are the best weapons to fight them with.

Now, supposing I were seized with the destructive impulse to put my model on the fire, what would become of it? In a very few minutes solder would run out of its joints, and its limbs fall to pieces. This is because, in the interests of those of my readers who do not possess a lathe, I have built up the engine with the aid of the soldering iron to compound all parts that cannot be made out of the solid in the absence of the "king of machines."

I will therefore say a few introductory words about soldering. The requisites are few; a couple of good-sized copper bits (the larger the better, so long as they do not tire the wrists), half a pint of commercial hydrochloric acid, "killed" by dissolving in it as much zinc scrap as it will take till all gassing is over, a coarse file for cleaning up the bits, and a quarter of a pound of strip solder. Usage alone will tell you the maximum heat to which a bit should be brought; but don't let it get even dully red. If it does, let it cool down to black before using. The tip should be filed bright and dipped into a jam pot containing some of the "flux," as the killed acid is called. Applying it to a solder strip, it speedily becomes coated, or "tinned," and is then ready for work. All metal surfaces to be soldered must be scrupulously cleaned and moistened with flux from a separate utensil. It is sheer waste of time trying to solder dirty surfaces, or endeavouring to coax solder about with a half-cold bit. If things are properly in order the solder will follow the bit most obediently, diving into every crack and cranny it

encounters. If not, it shrinks into exasperating little balls, refuses to have anything to say to the bit, or covers the surfaces with a formation suggesting a small ploughed field of metal. I find it pay sometimes to make a rough joint first, putting on solder pretty thickly, and then to reheat and remove all superfluous metal. A correct joint is enormously tenacious, and may be relied upon to withstand any steam pressure that you are likely to give it. On occasions you will have to solder surfaces that cannot be reached with the bit directly, but the difficulty is easily got over by putting a fragment of solder in the desired place, and applying the bit to the opposite side of the metal, when the solder will soon liquefy, and can be run about by tilting the article. Use plenty of flux. When the bit has once been properly tinned it will retain the solder veneer if not overheated. An old rag should be handy to wipe off any soot or dust that accumulates on the tinning while the bit is being heated. I now generally use a painter's benzoline paint-burning lamp for my bits, as they don't deposit dirt, and their flame can be regulated to keep the bits at a constant heat. N.B.—Hydrochloric acid plays the very mischief among iron and steel; keep your tools well out of its way. If possible, have a separate table for soldering operations.

To return to our engine. Its most important lines are, (a), that passing longitudinally through the centres of the cylinder, piston rod, and connecting rod; and (b), that running at right angles to (a) through the crank disc, crank



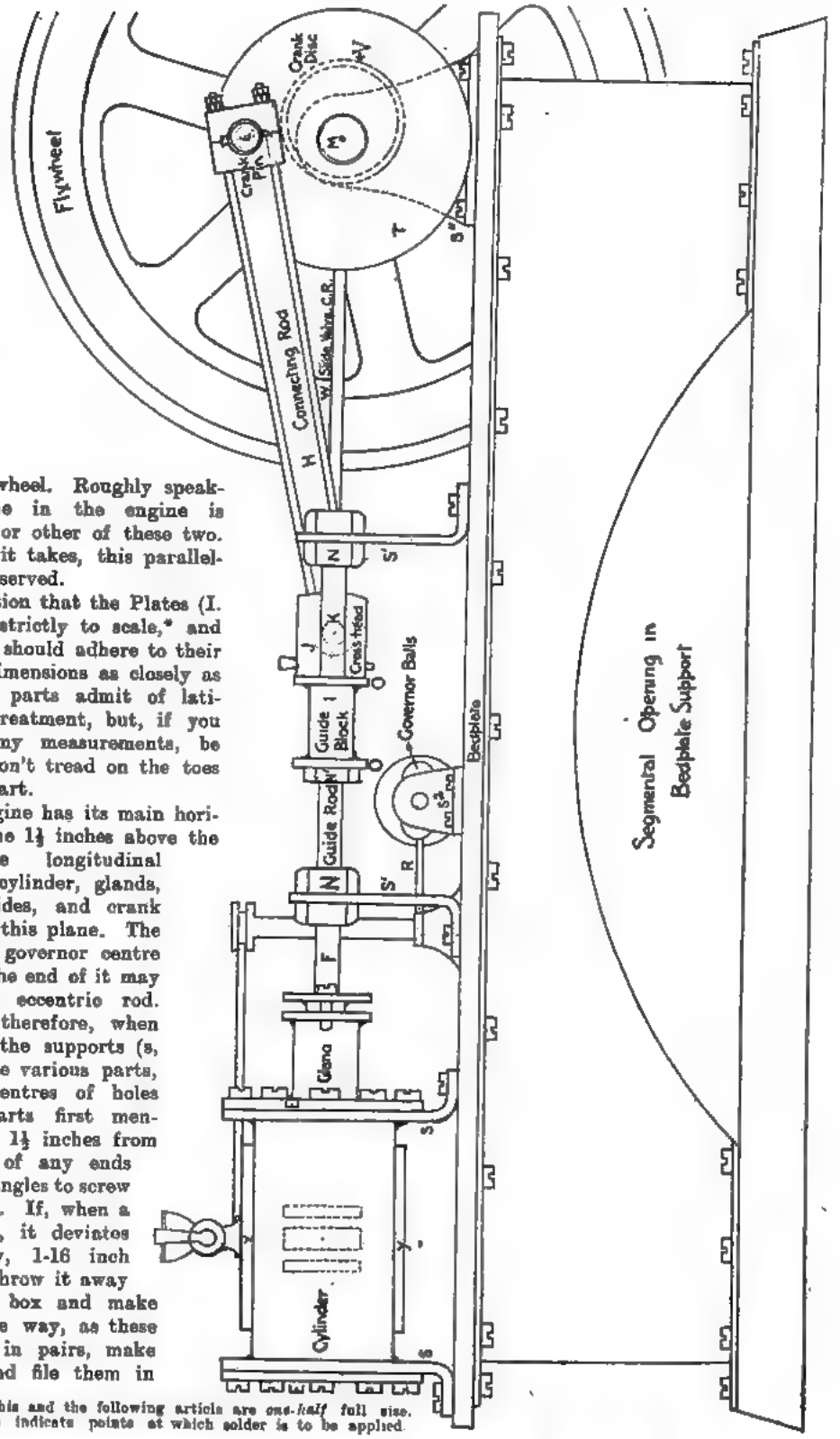


Plate II.—Elevation of Horizontal Engine.

shaft, and fly-wheel. Roughly speaking, every line in the engine is parallel to one or other of these two. Whatever time it takes, this parallelism must be observed.

I should mention that the Plates (I. and II.) are strictly to scale,* and that the reader should adhere to their proportionate dimensions as closely as possible. Some parts admit of latitude in their treatment, but, if you deviate from my measurements, be sure that you don't tread on the toes of some other part.

The whole engine has its main horizontal centre line 1½ inches above the bedplate. The longitudinal centres of the cylinder, glands, piston rod, guides, and crank shaft are all in this plane. The height of the governor centre is less, so that the end of it may get under the eccentric rod. Keep in mind, therefore, when cutting out all the supports (s, s^1, s^3, s^4), of the various parts, that all the centres of holes carrying the parts first mentioned, must be 1½ inches from the lower face of any ends turned at right angles to screw on the bedplate. If, when a part is finished, it deviates more than, say, 1-16 inch from accuracy, throw it away into the scrap box and make another. By the way, as these supports come in pairs, make them in pairs and file them in

* All diagrams in this and the following articles are *one-half* full size. The darkened angles indicate points at which solder is to be applied.

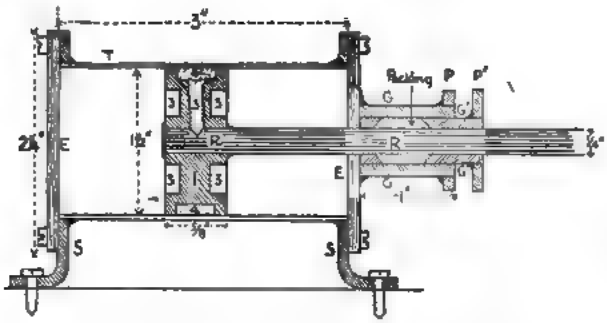


FIG. 1.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF CYLINDER

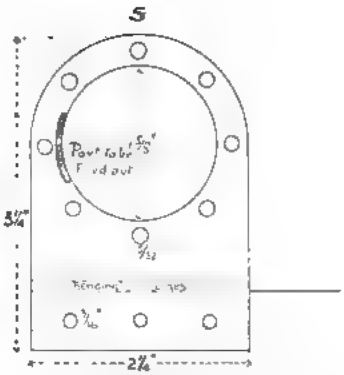


FIG. 2—ELEVATION OF CYLINDER SUPPORTS

pairs, so that all errors may be symmetrical, taking care to turn the surfaces that will have to face one another towards the inside. So, supposing you are going to cut out the plates S, S, for the cylinder: take your brass plate, with a centre punch make two fairly deep dents at a sufficient distance apart and from the edge. Carefully adjust your compasses to a radius of 13-16 inch, and describe a circle from *each* centre, and so go on duplicating every measurement. It will save lots of time. Take your fret-saw, and cut out the parts from the plate, allowing a slight margin. Then file very carefully to the lines, clamp the two pieces together in the vice, and so finish them off. As soon as the edges are as they should be, adjust the pieces in the vice with the bending lines exactly parallel to the top edges of the jaws, and split them apart at the top, and beat on them till a right-angle bend is formed. In this way any "cant," or tilt, will be the same in both, and not so serious as if the parts had been made separately.

Materials.—The materials needed for our engine are mainly :—

1. A Plate of Brass or Zinc, 16 × 6½, for Bed Plate.
2. ,, ,, 3/32 inch thick, 6 × 12 inches.
3. ,, ,, 1/16 ,, ,, 6 × 6 ,,
4. ,, ,, 1/32 ,, ,, 6 × 6 ,,
5. ,, Iron 1/16 ,, ,, 12 × 24 ,,
6. Steel Rod, ¼ inch diameter, 2 feet long.
7. ,, ,, 1/16 ,, ,, 2 ,, ,,
8. ,, ,, ⅛ ,, ,, 1 foot ,,
9. Iron Wire ¼ ,, ,, 3 feet ,,
10. Brass Rod, ⅝ × ¼ ,, 7 inches ,,
11. Brass Disc 3 ,, ,, ¼ inch thick.
12. ,, ,, 1½ ,, ,, ⅜ ,, ,,
13. 1 foot Steel or Brass Tubing to fit outside ⅛ inch Steel Rod.
14. 1 foot Brass Tubing (A) fit outside ¼ in. Steel Rod.
15. ,, ,, ,, (B) ,, ,, Tube A.
16. ¼, 5/32, 1/16 inch Screws and Nuts.
17. A few ¼ inch Nuts.
18. Some Brass Plate 1/16 inch thick.

For my bedplate I chose a ¼ inch zinc plate, rather larger than the ultimate dimensions, so as to allow of room for squaring properly. After measuring carefully, and being sure of my right angles, I cut off superfluous margins to within 1-32 inch of the lines, and brought everything up true with the file. I found it useful to clamp a flat file in the vice and to rub the plate edges on it. Having rounded off the corners slightly, I polished up the surface with very fine emery

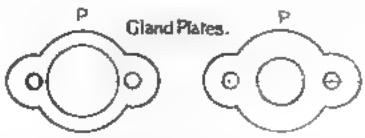


FIG. 3.

powder, rubbed on with a flat piece of wood. As the metal was so thick I had already had the plate planished, or flattened, in the shop whence it came.

The bedplate supports are cut out of 3-64 inch iron plate. For bending over 5-8 inch should be allowed top and bottom, and at each end of the side plates. The end plates have a segmental opening of the same height as the sides, but described with a circle of much smaller radius. Cut out the curves with a cold chisel, sharpening it as soon as it shows signs of bluntness. A very little practice will enable you to cut very close to the line.

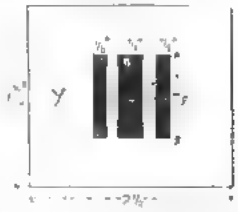


FIG. 4.—PLAN OF VALVE PLATE

When the plates are cut out and filed carefully down, scratch bending marks top and bottom, and space out the screw holes about ¼ inch from outside edges of turnovers. Drill these 5-32 inch in diameter. Then procure two bits of flat and straight iron bar, ½ by 2 inches (they may often be found in a blacksmith's

scrap-heap), and about 18 inches long. Between them place the side plates, inside faces inwards, and see that they are level at their ends, and a trifle below the bending-line. If possible, clamp the ends of the bars too with screw spanners, to reinforce the vice. Then split the turnovers apart with some triangular section body, such as an old skate blade, and beat them over till they appear at right angles, and are fairly flush with a straight-edge laid along them. Take them out of the vice and stand them back to back on a level surface to see that they are truly square. If not, mark defects, and return to the vice. The long turnovers should be done first, then the short ones at the foot of the supports; lastly those at the ends of the side plates to lap over the end plates. When all turnovers are finished, the plates should be 3 inches high, and respectively 14½ and 5 inches long, in pairs. The end plates have, of course, no lap at their ends, as the side plates come round and cover part of their outside faces. Turn the bedplate upside down, and fix the two side plates in their proper positions, with a screw at each extremity; then drop in end plates, and attach them to lap of the sides by screws and nuts, but not before all rust has been removed, so that soldered joints may be made. I should not recommend soldering bedplate to supports, as the former is thick enough to take screws of good holding power. When ends have been soldered to sides, finish putting in the bedplate screws.

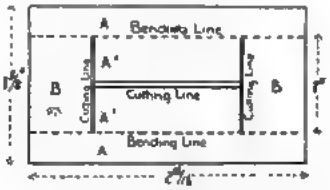


FIG. 6.—PLAN OF 1-32IN. BRASS PLATE TO BE CUT FOR STEAM WAYS.

We now turn our attention to the cylinder, which is the heart of our metal organism, and must be most carefully made. Its construction will take a considerable time, but at the end the engine will be well on its way to completion. By the aid of several diagrams, I have tried to make matters easy for my readers. Fig. 1 shows the cylinder in section. T is a piece of 1 5-8 inches outside, and 1½ inside, brass tube, perfectly cylindrical. ss are supports (see Fig. 2) of 3-32 brass plate. I is the piston, secured to 2, the piston rod, which works through

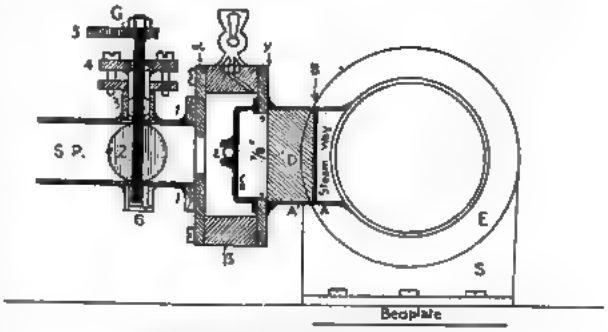


FIG. 5.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CYLINDER, VALVE BOX, AND GOVERNOR VALVE.

6, a "gland," rendered steam-tight by fibrous packing. EE are the removable end-plates, attached by eight screws to ss. Fig. 5 is a cross-section of the cylinder. AA BB are the walls of the steam-ways, through ports in γ (see Fig. 4), to ports at ends of the cylinder. The steam-chest is made up of the three parts, α, the cover, β, the walls and γ, the valve plate, which are kept together by 14 screws, passing through the first two, and bedding in the last. Into the top side of β a small oil cock is let with a slanting conduit to lead oil on to the valve faces. The slide valve, δ, is traversed over the ports by the rod, ε, moving parallel to the direction of the piston rod. The governor disc (2) is attached to a shaft rocked by the lever (5), passing through a stuffing box (4 and 3), and a cover (6). Fig. 4 is a plan of the valve plate, with three parallel apertures 7-8 in. long, and 1-8, ¼, and 1-8 wide, separated by two "bridges" 1-8 in. wide.

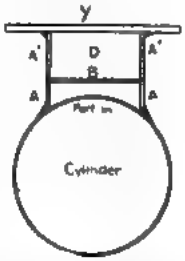


FIG. 7.—CROSS SECTION OF STEAM WAY PLATE AFTER BENDING AND FIXING.

The first thing to be done in making the cylinder is to cut a piece of tubing to the exact length of 3 in., with its ends perfectly parallel. One end of the tube from which it is taken should be constantly applied to a carpenter's square, the "high" side of several diameters being filed down until the arm of the square rests on both sides. This operation will not take long, and when it is finished you can easily get the other end marked true by straddling your compasses to three inches, and turning the tube, keeping one leg just over the extremity and the other on the tube. Then cut off with a file or hacksaw, allowing a small margin for filing up. The ends of the cylinder barrel are

then polished by rubbing on emery paper stretched over an anvil or piece of plate glass.

Next cut two ports 1-8 in. into the ends of the barrel, for 7-8 inch of the circumference, taking care that their centres are on the same longitudinal line. Then gently round off the inner edges of the barrel so that there may be no difficulty in getting the piston packing past them.

Now take your 3-32 in. brass plate and mark

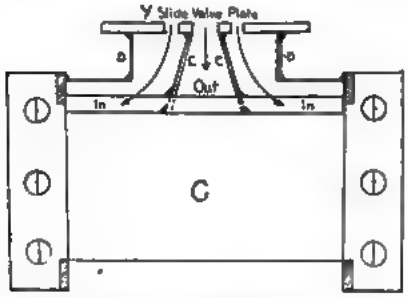


FIG. 8.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF STEAM WAYS AND PORTS.

out the two supports ss (Fig. 2), and treat them as already described. Then cut out the cylinder covers EE, mark the screw holes very carefully, and bore 5-32 holes. Lay them on their supports, centring as well as you can, and with the drill very gently mark the centres of two opposite holes in ss. Bore these 1-8 in. and tap to 5-32; screw on covers and finish the remaining screw holes. Then file up covers and supports, polish their edges on emery paper, and detach covers again, and in ss file two slots in the parts where they cover the cylinder ports.

The supports and barrel may now be cleaned up to brightness, and prepared for soldering. While your copper bit is heating, lay the one support on an anvil or other flat surface, with the flange over one edge, and press one end of the barrel into it with port opposite slot in support. Then tack the two parts together in a few places and inspect to see that everything is flush. If so, get your bit nicely hot, and draw the tacking solder right round slowly, so that it may sweat into the crack. If it shows right through all round you may be sure a perfect joint has been made. Now fit on the second support, and work it round till both flanges are in the same plane, and show no disposition to "rock." Then gently tack again and solder up. By the bye, if solder gets into the screw holes it may cause trouble later on, so I advise you, before soldering, to hold each hole over a candle till a deposit of soot is formed in it. Then clean the flat surface carefully. Or you may plug the holes up with a little asbestos string or fireclay.

The steam chest should now be taken in hand. The wall piece, B, I cut out of a solid plate 9-16 thick, with a fretsaw. It was tedious work clearing the central space, but it proved a good job. The walls are 5-16 inch thick.

Now cut out the cover and valve plates, a little larger than their finished size. Clean them well, and tin the faces that touch the wall all round, treating the latter in the same way. Place them on one another and grip them tightly with a screw spanner or pincers, and hold in a spirit flame till the solder melts. Let the whole cool before loosing hold.

The file now plays an important part. Take your square and mark two lines across the sides of each end as near the margin as possible. Then draw two each on the cover and valve plate to join the pairs already drawn. Place the piece in the vice, and work down the two sides to the lines, using your square constantly. When a good square surface is made, put the file in the vice and rub the piece on it, to remove any excrescences, and finish up on emery cloth. The ends are then treated in like manner; after which the valve plate is loosened by heat, the cover to be kept on.

With your compasses mark a line all round

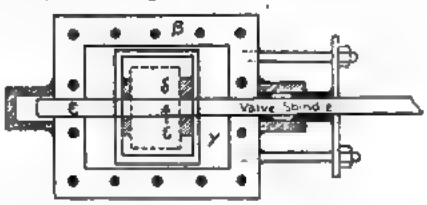


FIG. 9.—PLAN OF STEAM CHEST, SIDE VALVE, AND ROD.

the cover, 5-32 in. from the edge. Drill a 1-8 in. hole at each corner, three intermediate holes on the sides, and two at the ends. Great care is needed to keep the drill from cutting through the sides of the wall piece. It will help you to clamp the metal to the edge of a table while this operation is performed, and to have a second person to watch the drill while you turn it.

Now detach the cover, and on the valve plate mark out the ports as accurately as you possibly can. Then drill rows of 3-32 in. holes down the centres of the 1-8 in. ports, and two rows in the ¼ in. port. Clear out the ports with a jeweller's flat file exactly up to the boundary lines. Flatten out the two plates on your anvil, and rub them and the wall-piece on emery cloth till they touch at all points when assembled. You can then clamp them in the vice, and pass a drill

through all the holes in turn, to slightly mark the valve plate, which is bored with 3-32 in. holes, and tapped to take the 1-8 in. screws.

The nicest operation of all is now needed, viz., to bore a 3-16 hole through both ends of the wall-piece on its centre line ¼ inch from cover edge. Though an error can be rectified by an extra long stuffing-box, it will be most satisfactory to have the holes as parallel to the valve plate as possible. I was lucky enough to make a very good shot, the drill point coming out at the exact spot on the further end.

The steam ways are made mainly out of the piece of 1-32 inch brass shown in Fig. 6 and Fig. 7; the first indicating how to cut the plate, the second how it looks when bent to shape. The putting together of the steam ways is the most complicated bit of soldering in the model; but if you keep to the following directions there will be little difficulty.

1. After bending the plate, solder it to the cylinder barrel and supports, so that it covers the ports.

2. Cut out two plates cc, the bottom edge of the same curvature as the cylinder barrel.

3. Solder cc athwart the steam ways, to sides and cylinder.

4. File tops of cc $A'A'$ perfectly level, and solder on the valve-plate γ along sides.

5. Solder cc to bridges between central and outside ports. This is easily done by laying a bit of solder in each angle and applying the bit to the upper face of the valve plate. Use plenty of flux.

6. Cut out plates DD and solder them in.

We now should have three divisions, quite separated from one another; the central for outgoing or exhaust steam, and the outer for the "live" or ingoing.

The slide valve is a box made of two parts, the rubbing face and the cover. The former is a piece of 1-16 plate, 1¼ inch long and 7-8 wide, in which a hole 7-8 × ½ inch has been cut. The hole is just sufficient in width to span the central port and the two bridges when the valve is in its central position. The long edges cover the two outside ports, and also extend 1-16 inch on to the plate beyond, so that the valve must be moved that distance to right or left before either outside port begins to show. This margin is called the "lap" of the valve. Its use will be explained later.

The cover of the valve is merely a cross with very short arms, 3-16 inch long. When these are bent over and soldered they form a shallow box which is soldered on to the rubbing face Attach to the top a pair of small lugs, of which the valve spindle e (Fig. 5), takes hold. (See also Fig. 9).

In my next article I shall describe the remaining parts of the engine, and the assembling of the whole.

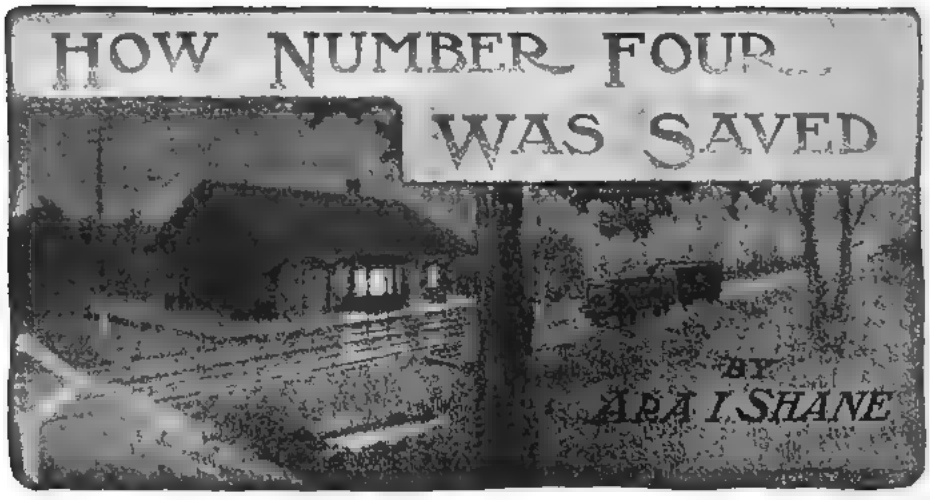
(To be continued.)

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

GRANDPA: "Ah! Nora, Nora! You're a funny little article."

NORA: "No, gran'pa, *I'm* not an article—I'm a pronoun."

Drawn by Gordon Browne, R.I.



Describing the exciting experience of a lady-telegraphist at a roadside goods depôt and telegraph office on an American railway.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARVIN WILCOX.

I.

THIRD-TRICK Despatcher Morissey was not in love with me. He had made this fact sufficiently manifest during the three weeks which had elapsed since my instalment as night-operator at Oakton. He had done what he could to make me regret my rashness in inducing the chief despatcher to transfer me to the Norwood district. He had been so far successful that I had already committed the indecorum of shaking my fist at the sounder some fifty or sixty times in lieu of his face—he being some thirty miles distant; while the mere thought of the despatchers on the Currie district, who had been uniformly kind to me, almost dissolved me in tears. But my resolution to remain on the Norwood district was unaltered. Even my first sight of the depôt at Oakton, situated half a mile from the town, near the bank of a sullen stream—a location sufficiently appalling to the heart of any night-operator, especially one of the feminine persuasion—had not shaken my determination, though my heart sank a little.

Second-trick Despatcher Watts was an old fellow who was good-humoured while things were going well, and trains running in good shape, and the reverse when they were otherwise. In the main, however, he appeared amiable in contrast with Despatcher Morissey. I knew him well, having met him at Currie, from which point he had been subsequently transferred to Norwood.

I was not personally acquainted with Mr. Morissey, nor did I desire that honour; my wire-acquaintance with him was quite sufficient—or I thought so in those days. Some of the trainmen volunteered the information that he was a nice fellow—an opinion which I ironically endorsed.

But, although I disliked him, I had not been many nights at Oakton before I knew that he was the most efficient train-handler on that division. The train-sheet was to him a mere chessboard; he moved his mighty men with confidence, and played out his nightly game with unerring skill and a swiftness I have never seen equalled. He could raise heavy blockades in the shortest time on record, and when trains were congested round the yard at Woodford Junction, and Despatcher Watts frantic in his efforts to get them out without delays, I learned to watch for the first stroke of midnight, and listen for the cool "OK. R.D.M.," which announced that Third-trick Despatcher R. D. Morissey had begun his watch, with a feeling of relief that the mental strain of my old friend Watts was over for the night.

Despite the heaviness of the work, Morissey found time to bully every operator along the line, upon occasion. As Oakton was situated on a two-mile stretch of level track, and was consequently a favourable point for the stoppage of freights, it was a heavy train-order station, and I came in for my full share of the bullying along with the rest. In fact, it soon dawned upon me that I received rather more than was justly my due. Whether things went wrong or

otherwise, the result was the same. When Second Eighty-one pulled out of the west track, her crew forgetting to close the switch, which was later unnoticed by Fourth Fifty-two, so that she ditched her caboose and tore up the switch-frog, Morissey insisted that I share the blame.

"'We need wideawake operators,'" he said, severely, "'who can use judgment—not deadheads! Why didn't you notice the target was set at red, and go out and close that switch?'"

He threatened to "write me up" to the chief for not answering my call on the telegraph-sounder, though I held the record for promptness on the Currie district. Upon several nights he made me go to the north end of the mile passing-track after trains which had been cleared, which I did in fear and trembling. In a word, I discovered that Despatcher Morissey was opposed to the employment of ladies in the service, and was trying to drive me back to the Currie district.

One evening, nearly a month after I had taken charge of the night-work at Oakton, I repaired to the depôt feeling somewhat depressed. For several nights preceding, business had suddenly slackened, and regular trains had moved pretty well on their schedules, rendering my work unusually light. Time dragged heavily when there was little to do, and I stopped at a book-store, purchased a novel and tucked it in my lunch-basket for reference when the small hours came on. It was not cold, but there had been rain, and the air was chilly. A prophetic bank of clouds darkened the west. I shivered as I stepped on to the platform and glanced round at the gloomy prospect. The station was fully half a mile from the town. No buildings were near, and it looked isolated. Some hundred yards south of it, spanned by a long trestle, Current River dragged its shining length. It was a narrow stream, and was reported very deep. A strange loneliness that was almost fear shook me again as I turned away and entered the office.

I was met at the door by Mr. Clapp, the agent. Mr. Clapp was a stout, good-humoured old fellow. We got on together excellently, and I had grown to like him very much. He greeted me with a smile.

"Bad night for owls, Miss Kitty," said he. "We've had a squally day, and the wires are all mixed up. Eighty-nine's in the ditch at Beauregard."

"Any one hurt?" I inquired, setting my basket on the desk, and divesting myself of my hat and mackintosh. Beauregard was the first station south of Oakton.

"Oh, no! Eighty-nine side-tracked there for the Eighty-twos, and got some cars off. The main line is all right, but the passing-track is tied up for the night. Shouldn't wonder if you had something to do when R. D. M. comes on and begins to raise that blockade at Woodford."

"Well, I dread it," I replied, glancing over the train-register sheet. "Not the work, but Mr. Morissey. He's bad enough when everything's going well!"

"Oh, R. D. M.'s all right when you get to know him!" Mr. Clapp answered. "We used to work together on the L. & N. He's crusty, and I don't think he likes ladies on the force. But he don't have any pets."

"If he has, I'm not one of 'em—that's certain!" I responded

"But once a friend, he'd stand by you," pursued Mr. Clapp. "He lost his job on the L. & N. through trying to shield one of his operators."

"He's trying to make up for it over here," I retorted, unsoftened. "He's not likely to lose his job shielding any of us! He's shaken my faith in despatchers. I used to think them pretty nice!"

Mr. Clapp laughed as he pulled out a drawer of the desk, exposing a shining revolver.

"In case," said he, meaningly. I tapped the pocket of my mackintosh.

"I've a gun here," said I.

"Good for you!" exclaimed my friend, heartily, turning to go. He paused on the threshold and looked back.

"I lit the red and white lanterns, and if you chance to need 'em they're just within the freight-room. And say, Miss Kitty, keep a sharp lookout after the switch-lights, and if any of 'em go out, be sure to light 'em—especially those at the end of the mile-track."

"Yes, I will!" I replied, ironically. Laughing, Mr. Clapp walked swiftly down the platform and passed out of sight.

I bolted the door, then seated myself at the operator's desk in the large bay-window and turned my attention to the wires.

Mr. Clapp was right; they *were* "mixed." But there were intervals when the wires "went down" altogether, and absolute silence reigned. During those intervals I felt lonely and nervous to an unwonted degree. I cared little for other company when the sounders were clicking. I placed some train-order pads handy in case of need, and, with my revolver on the train-register sheet before me, settled myself to read.

At ten-thirty, Lineman Edwards, who had been out on the road for hours, found part of the trouble between Cleves and Woodford Junction, and straightened Number Seven wire, though he failed to clear the other wires.

Directly the despatcher called me to report whether train Number Third Eighty-four had passed.

They were coming.

I leaned my face against the window pane and watched them rumble by. The conductor was standing on the rear end of the caboose of Third Eighty-four. He shook his lantern at me By its light, I saw something white flutter from his hand—his station-report. I reached for my revolver—I never stirred outside without it in my hand. A broad band of light fell from the window across the platform, and I did not think it necessary to take a lantern. I unbolted the door and stepped out to get the report, which was lying near the edge of the platform.

But I was not successful. I stepped back quickly, slammed the door and turned the key, for I had found myself face to face with a man, who was standing just without the pale of light.

Though not really frightened, I felt startled—it was so unexpected. The isolation of night-work had taught me watchfulness, but I had heard no footstep on the platform. A minute later I smiled at myself for allowing such a trivial incident to shake me. Still, I knew the value of caution in that lonely situation. I examined my revolver and saw that each chamber was loaded, before resuming my place at the desk. When I did so, I glanced outside. It was dark without, but the light falling over the platform rendered visible objects not directly illuminated.

The man was gone.

This fact did not render me more comfortable, but I took up my book and began reading. I was soon absorbed and, more than an hour later, when, after a long silence, the sounder on Number Seven suddenly lifted up its voice in my office-call, I positively started.

"ON— ON— WO—" Morissey was calling impatiently.

"I— I— ON," I answered. The storm had been gathering some time. I knew it would break.

"I want to know why I can't get a word out of you to-night!" Thus Morissey, deliberately laying aside abbreviation—something he never did in conversation save when extremely irritated—addressed me.

"I—," I began, but he cut me short.

"Yes u! Wy dnt u ans (Why don't you answer)?"

But the—" It was no use. He broke me again.

"I've bn atr (been after) u 40 mins!" snapped he. "Ts is no way to do biz, & I'm tired of it! Nw rpt (report) u're trains, & o if u can't ans up betr, or u'll get a letter wi a man in it!"

I obeyed with angry hand. He was raising the blockade at Woodford, for Fourth and Fifth Eighty-one had rolled by, and the sixth section was in sight

It was long past my usual lunch-time, and

"HE HANDLED HIS MIGHTY MEN WITH CONFIDENCE"

when the sixth Eighty-one had passed, I brought my basket to the desk, feeling unusually hungry. As I sat down a scratching noise at the window caused me to look up. A man's face was flattened against the pane—the face of the man at the door. The basket fell from my hand. I made a motion toward my revolver, and leaned forward.

"What do you want?" I called, sharply.

"When is Number Four due here?" The interrogation came swiftly and somewhat gruffly.

"At two-thirty," I replied.

"Two-thirty? Nearly an hour yet." He turned away, and a voice in the darkness muttered an indistinct reply. He was not alone!

I returned to my lunch, but my appetite was gone. I tried to keep a sharp lookout, but the wind had risen, and the panes were blurred by a dashing spray of rain. The two men retreated to a sheltered spot on the platform. They evidently had no intention of leaving. I could not see them, but I stole into the freight-room and located them by their voices.

I tried to resume reading, but could not fix my attention. The unknown men on the platform, the lonely situation, the unusual silence of the wires, all conspired to render me nervous. I sat still, straining to catch the slightest sound, yet inwardly rebuking myself. A rustling under the desk caused me to start and seize my revolver. I investigated, and discovered a rat. I laughed outright as I replaced the weapon and turned to the train-wire, resolved to shake off the creeping fears which beset me.

Eighteen and Seventy-one wires had no circuit, but the sounder on Number Seven was clicking busily. Woodford Junction was repeating an order from a conductor. I took up a pen, drew a pad toward me, and copied it idly.

"RD— RD— WO— 9—" Morissey called.

"RD— RD— RD— 9— RD— RD— 99999999 — WO—," he continued, furiously.

But RD (Beauregard) did not answer. Number Four was already over-due there. Clearly their engine was delaying them they were not making time. It was unusual to make a meeting-point between a freight and a fast mail, but Mr. Morissey was a bold despatcher. He took chances frequently, and rarely miscalculated. His motive was manifest. He could get First Fifty-one no farther than Oakton without the possibility of delaying Number Four. He could calculate with no certainty on Number Four's time, as she had lost steadily since leaving Bowes, and, as the shortest method, he had made a meeting-point between them at Oakton, intending to annul the order to Number Four at Beauregard, provided she did not reach that point before I reported First Fifty-one in the clear at Oakton—which she was not in the least likely to be, unless Fifty-one was accidentally delayed.

Failing to raise Beauregard, Morissey put out the order at Woodford Junction to avoid delaying Fifty-one, depending on getting it to Beauregard later. But he had reckoned without his operator. The night-man at Beauregard was new to the service—the night was rainy, and he had forgotten the importance of keeping the wires adjusted. Morissey continued calling for thirty minutes or more, interspersing his calls with characteristic epithets.

After a short interval, Beauregard broke in with . -

"I— RD— No. 4. by 3 :10— RD."

"Wr u bn?" demanded the irate Morissey.

"Here, but wire had gone dwn (down)," replied RD. "Yes & u're gng dwn next! To ON— have u're red lamp redy & flag 4 sure if 51 dnt get in b4 4 in site. Smtgs matr wi tt darn 51! Ain't ty in site?"

I replied in the negative. I had had no occasion to use either of the signal lanterns, and found them setting where Mr. Clapp left them, in the freight-room by the coal-bin. They burned clearly—their combined light struggling ineffectually to dispel the gloom in the long draughty room, and causing the crated buggies, boxes of crackers, empty egg-cases, and other heterogeneous articles of freight with which it was crowded, to cast long black shadows on the rough floor. I shivered when my eyes fell upon some nested coffins piled in a corner, and, catching up the lanterns, I turned quite hastily.

Then, just as I did so, I heard the sound of footsteps outside. I paused. I had forgotten the men on the platform. I heard them seat themselves on the floor, against the large freight-door, jarring it slightly. Their voices reached me plainly. Something one of them was saying held me as I was in the act of returning to the office.

"And there's nothing north ahead of Number Four. Fifty-one will be the first thing south, and it's tied up somewhere for Number Four. Number Four's engine is leaking—that's what's delaying her. I heard that much before we went to work."

So one of them was an operator, and had been listening by the window! With what object? Before they went to work—*at what?* A chill ran down my spine. I put the lanterns down softly, and crept closer to the freight-door.

"Are you sure old Spencer's along?" inquired a lower voice.

"Haven't I told you I heard a message that his car would be on Number Four's train?" returned the first, impatiently. "Didn't both

of us hear him tell the road-master he'd start for Currie to-night?"

"He'll never get there. That bridge wouldn't hold up a rat. Hang him, he'll never get another chance to kick a man out like a dog!"

"We've done the job this time, and it was dead easy with that girl here," was the reply. "I hate to ditch the train to get one man, but we'd never catch him any other way. That trestle was unsafe anyhow. It might have happened any time!"

"That's no lie! Why, the wood was actually rotten in spots," returned the other. "I don't see how it holds together now, with them timbers sawed through."

"It's likely to go in the river any minute. I never—"

But I heard no more. They were speaking of the trestle over Current River, I knew. I had listened thus far, paralysed with a horror which beaded my face and hands with cold perspiration. Then one thought leaped from the black chaos and disclosed itself with the suddenness of lightning. I alone stood between Number Four and destruction!

II.

I shook off the numbing spell, and stole swiftly back into the office, securing the lanterns on my way. I went to the window—a glance assured me that Fifty-one was not in sight. I dared not wait for them. I turned to the clock. It was three-fifteen—scarcely more than four minutes had passed since I left the room. Beauregard had reported Number Four by at three-ten. Number Four's schedule between Beauregard and Oakton covered twenty minutes. There was no time to think. I had sixteen minutes in which to act. I set my teeth as I extinguished the red lantern with a downward jerk of the wrist.

Morissey was calling "ON" frantically, signing the usually all-compelling "9," but I paid no heed. I took a small rubber match-case from my mackintosh-pocket and put it in my bosom. Then, the extinguished lantern on my arm, and Mr. Clapp's revolver in my hand, leaving my own gun lying on the register as a blind, I tiptoed to the back window, raised it softly, climbed through, drew down the shade, lowered it gently from without, and in a moment I was on the ground.

The wind was still blowing, but the rain had ceased. I scurried away toward the river, making a short circuit for fear of detection. The clouds had lifted, and, after the first minute, I could distinguish objects plainly. I ran my best. I was pitting my speed against that of the mighty engine Eleven Hundred and Six attached to Number Four, and I knew that in her failure to make time lay my only hope. Upon the issue of that unequal race hung the life of every human creature on the train. But, of the many upon Number Four that night, one life only was in my mind during that race against time.

"A MAN'S FACE WAS FLATTENED AGAINST THE PANE."

As I neared the river, I suddenly checked my headlong flight, braked up by an unconsidered

difficulty which the mistlike length, broadened by the recent rains, brought before me. How was I to get across? One of the wreckers had said the trestle would not hold up a rat, and, even if it were safe, I should not have dared attempt to cross it. They were doubtless on the watch, and might see me. I knew there were no boats nearer than the little landing, a quarter of a mile up the river. But I paused scarcely a second, and, in less than a minute, was scrambling down the bank, my feet sinking ankle-deep in mud with every step.

Once upon the very brink of the turbid water, I hesitated again and listened. I could hear nothing of Fifty-one, and my mind was made up. Many months' night-duty at lonely way-stations had inured me to facing situations before which women ordinarily shrink. I let the lantern fall from my arm to my hand, and a new difficulty struck me. Would a bath in the river render it unfit for signalling? There was no remedy; it must be risked. I tore a flounce from my underskirt, tied the lantern securely around my neck, and plunged into the river.

Fortunately, I was a good swimmer, yet I was taking a desperate risk—not for myself, for I had flung all personal fear to the winds, but I thought of the issue of the almost hopeless venture as it concerned that other life rushing toward destruction.

The water seemed liquid ice—the current was strong. The waves had risen with the strong wind, and billowed about me in little foamy hillocks. My dress clung in tight folds, and impeded the free use of my limbs. But, although I struggled desperately against these difficulties, despair hung heavy on my heart: and I realised that if I succeeded in reaching the opposite shore alive, in all probability it would be too late.

The very agony of haste under which I was labouring nearly defeated my object. I was floundering almost hopelessly in mid-stream, the water in my eyes and ears, when a long, hoarse, plaintive note sounded -engine Number Eleven Hundred and Six whistling for Devall's Gap, a "blind" siding between Oakton and Beauregard. It struck upon my ears like an unconscious cry for help, and sent the blood tingling to hands and feet numbed by the chill water. If I failed, within ten minutes Number Four would be at the bottom of the river. . . .

My strokes grew less furious and more steady. My breath grew laboured. I was forced to part my lips. The reaction after the wild run had begun to set in. But I buffeted doggedly on. I would save him or my own life should go out in the same muddy waves. For what would life be worth if I failed?

But I was not destined to meet death in Current River. Within a few moments—hours in the passing—my feet struck the river-bed, and almost directly I was splashing through water barely waist-deep. Soon, teeth chattering, streaming water, I stood on the shore.

There was not a second to waste. Despite my utmost efforts, the current had carried me some little distance down the stream. I climbed the soft embankment, dashed through a long wilderness of bushes and briars, and finally reached the barbed-wire fence which guarded the railroad "right-of-way." I parted the strands of wire as best I could and scrambled through, the short, sharp spikes with which it was studded tearing my skirt. Catching in my wet hair, they tore it loose from its fastenings; it fell in a dripping, tumbled mass over my neck and shoulders as I made my way up the steep incline, and stood at last upon the gravelled road-bed.

I had barely done so when there came a loud, cracking, grinding, thundering noise, followed by a jar which made the ground quake. All the water in the river seemed to leave its bed and rise in a tall spectral column, and then rush home with a sullen plunge. The large trestle had collapsed.

I turned and fled down the track. The wind was gaining strength, the clouds closing down. The semi-darkness grew suddenly intense. There was a flash of lightning—the trees skirting the "right-of-way" sprang into startling relief, and were immediately swallowed up in gloom. Once I fancied I heard heavy footsteps crunching the road-bed behind me, and my heart beat furiously. But it was only the plash of scattering raindrops upon the gravel.

I had not covered many yards when a bright round disc flashed suddenly into view far down the track. It was the head-light of Number Four's engine, more than a mile away. I redoubled my efforts, tearing the lantern from its fastenings as I ran. A minute later, the Eleven Hundred and Six lifted its deep voice in melancholy cadence at Scott's Crossing. The head-light grew momently larger; the rails stretched away and came together in a long glistening point, of which the light formed the shining apex. I shook the lantern violently, to clear it of water, and struggled with the bottom. The spring was stiff and resisted my fingers stoutly for a moment; then it gave way. I stopped abruptly in my flight. Fortunately, the match-case was waterproof; the matches were unharmed. One, two, three flared, mere blue sparks in the protecting hollow of my hand, sputtered and died out, refusing to ignite the wet, greasy wick. The fourth leaped to the wick, and in a trice the blaze was ensconced in the

globe, the bottom fitted on, and the lurid danger-signal swinging across the track as I ran toward the rushing train.

III.

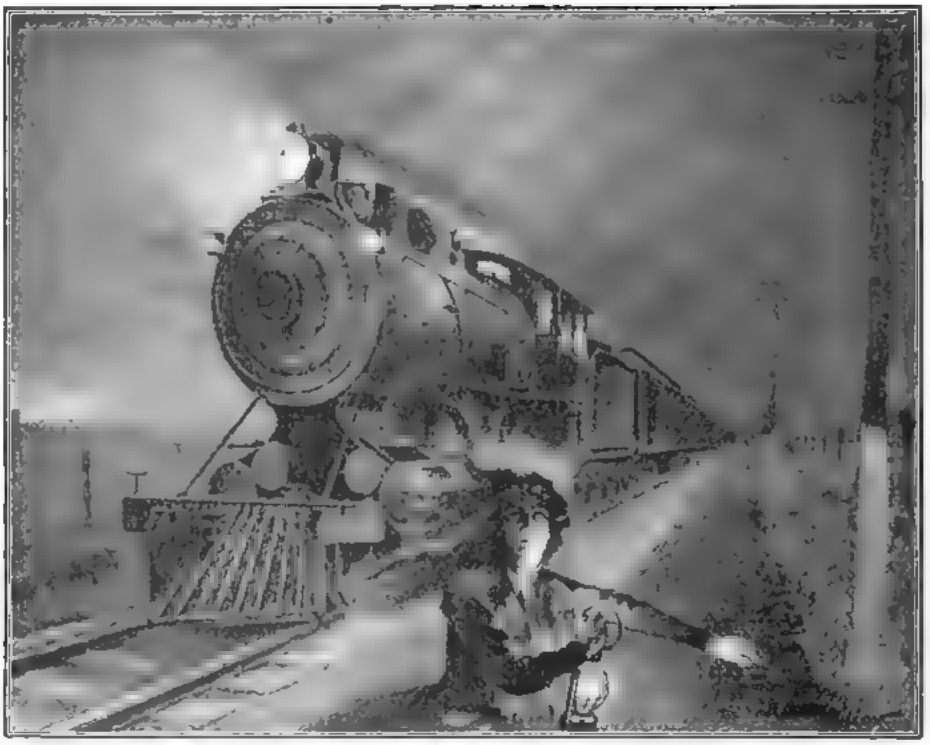
The Eleven Hundred and Six was vainly trying to save her reputation by making up some of her lost time. The flashing disc broadened rapidly; the steady, pulsing roar deepened in volume. I stopped short in the middle of the track and swung the lantern to and fro. Engineer Dodds had not seen the signal—that long into the muddy ditch skirting the road-embankment.

My lantern was extinguished by the fall.

I sat up in the mud, dazed. Then I climbed up to the track, and stared after Number Four's lessening markers. Merciful God! Would they go into the river after all?

Suddenly the markers became stationary. There was a pause, then a loud, angry snort from the Eleven Hundred and Six, followed by a quick succession of shorter, less violent blasts of the whistle.

The train was rapidly backing up. I



"I FLUNG MYSELF FROM THE TRACK NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON."

was clear. I raised it on high to attract his attention if possible. As I did so, a pistol cracked in the distance. The wreckers had seen the red warning. Number Four was barely more than a hundred yards distant. Would they never see it? I raised the lantern again, and shook it frantically to and fro. Then, as the train was almost upon me, there came two short notes from the Eleven Hundred and Six, and I flung myself from the track not a second too soon. With a hoarse scream for brakes, the train shot by. I had a reeling vision of the dimly-lighted sleepers as I tumbled almost head

struggled to my feet—I had been half-sitting, half-lying across the end of a cross-tie, my arms upon the rail. The rear car came to a standstill at a short distance. As I dragged myself toward it, a lantern shone out suddenly from the rear steps of a middle coach, and seemed to turn a somersault as its owner leaped down and hurried toward the engine. Presently another lantern flashed from that direction; Engineer Dodds was hurrying to the rear. A voice rang out, loud and clear,

"What's the matter down there, Dodds?" I recognised the voice.

"The trestle's down!" shouted Dodds, in reply.

"What?"

"Trestle's down! The pilot wasn't six feet from the bank when I got her stopped. If we hadn't been flagged we'd all be at the bottom of the river now!"

There was not a braver runner on the whole road than "Al" Dodds, but his voice was unsteady with excitement. Lights suddenly twinkled along the whole length of the train. Several windows were raised and frowsy heads thrust out.

The light from the baggage-coach fell full upon the grimy face and greasy blue overalls of Engineer Dodds, and the trim, uniformed figure of the conductor a figure that I knew well. The baggageman squatted in the door and eagerly listened to the excited dialogue.

"I tell you, boys, we'll never be any nearer passing in our checks than we've been to-night, until we really do the act!" Dodds was saying. "Who could have been up here at this time of night?"

"Must have been the night-operator," said Conductor Frazier.

"No, it wasn't." Thus the baggageman. "For I heard old Watts say yesterday that the night-operator here's a lady."

"Well, whoever it was, we must 'a' struck him," said Dodds. "I didn't see the light until we were almost on it, and it went over in the ditch as we passed."

"Then we'd better go back and look for him instead of standing here!" exclaimed Conductor Frazier, turning. "The fellow may be killed!"

"No, he's not! It's not a fellow—it's I, Frank!" I called out.

I was only a few feet distant now. "And I'm not——" "hurt," I was going to add, but I stopped abruptly, literally appalled by the look on Frank Frazier's face.

The lantern fell unheeded from his hand.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Engineer Dodds, his jaw dropping.

"What's the matter here?" demanded an authoritative voice, and a stocky, red-faced man brushed past me and stepped within the shaft of light. I recognised Division Superintendent Spencer, whom I had seen once or twice. "What does this——"

He broke off suddenly, as his eyes fell upon me, and stared as if petrified.

"The trestle is down. Two men sawed the timbers—I heard them talking about it on the platform just in time to save the train"

I delivered this explanation as well as my chattering teeth would permit, and shrank back into the darkness. For in the consternation, not unmixed with horror, vividly painted on the men's faces, I had a sudden revelation of my personal appearance. My dress was torn, from contact with the barbed wire and briars, and clung about me in wet folds, plastered closely with clay and sand. My hair fell in dripping strings about my grimy face. I felt my cheeks tingle, though I was shivering violently with cold.

But shrinking back availed me little.

Mr. Spencer caught up Frazier's lantern and held it up so that I was fully revealed.

"What—who is this?" he demanded, with an expression of amazement that was almost ludicrous.

"Why, if it isn't Miss Kelley!" cried Mr. Dodds, coming to my relief.

"Madam, did you flag this train?" inquired the superintendent.

I replied in the affirmative.

"But how did you cross the river? In a boat?"

"Kitty, you—surely you didn't swim that river?" cut in Frazier, sharply, before I could reply.

"Yes, I did! And I must get back to the office, somehow, directly, or that despatcher ——" The eager, excited faces of the men suddenly danced before me. I dropped the extinguished lantern, to which I had unconsciously clung, and pressed both hands to my head.

"She mustn't stand here any longer—she's dripping wet, and it's raining!" cried Mr. Spencer, making a motion as if to strip off his coat. Mr. Frazier had his about me in a trice.

"I'll take her into one of the coaches, but I'm afraid none of them are really warm!" he exclaimed.

"My stove's red-hot—just lift her up here!" called out the baggageman, and a moment later I was shivering in his chair beside the glowing stove.

It was some time before I could give a connected account to the eager superintendent, for my head was still whirling. He made no attempt to hide his astonishment.

"Miss Kelley, you are a heroine!" he exclaimed, emphatically, when I had finished. The rest were silent, but my hand was hanging limply over the chair-arm, and Mr. Frazier, who was close beside me, managed to press it unseen.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Spencer," I said quickly. "I was badly frightened, but I would not have been human if I had stayed quietly in the office without making any effort." Frank pressed my hand again.

A thought struck me, and I started up.

"That despatcher!" I explained, in consternation. "He was calling when I left the office!

I must get back there and explain—he'll write me up if I don't!"

"I have sent two men up the river to look for a boat," said the superintendent, in a tone which calmed me for the moment. "I don't think you need fear Morissey, Miss Kelley. I'll explain matters to him myself! Your conduct to-night shall not be forgotten."

A few minutes later Brakeman M'Guire and the train-porter arrived in a skiff which they had found at the landing. Dodds and his fireman, together with two or three armed passengers, were left in charge of the train. The remainder of the crew, with the exception of Flagman Murphy, who had been sent to the rear, entered the skiff. I insisted on accompanying them, despite some remonstrance from the superintendent and Mr. Frazier—they feared trouble with the wreckers. But my nerves were wrought up to such an unreasonable pitch, that, ridiculous as it may seem, I feared Despatcher Morissey more than any number of wreckers. They finally gave in, and I was bundled into the boat by the impatient superintendent. I noticed that they muffled the lantern to guard against bullets. None of the crew were practised rowers, and some minutes elapsed before we gained the opposite shore. The light in the depôt-window glimmered faintly through the mist of rain, and I recommenced shivering, despite the warm rugs and heavy overcoats in which Mr. Frazier had swathed me.

We reached the station without molestation. There was no trace of the wreckers—they had evidently decamped directly they found their fiendish scheme was baulked. The door was bolted as I had left it—the revolver lying on the register. Mr. Frazier went round to the window I had left unfastened, climbed in and opened the door. The first sound which met my ear upon the threshold was:—

"99— ON— ON — WO— 9—" I ran to the key and responded.

"Wts t matr wi u (what's the matter with you)!" snapped Morissey, wrathfully.

"Ntg (Nothing). I've——" I began, but he seized the circuit.

"Yes, u've delayed 1st. 52 35 mins at RD, tts wt u've done! I dnt like to rpt (report) ay 1 (any one), but I'll have to explain tt delay, & I'm gng to turn it in as it is. Wy hvnt u givn No. 4's sig to tt (that) Nine?"

Before I could reply, my hand was pushed from the key by that of the superintendent, and he took hold.

"I'll settle with him," he said. "Frazier, take Miss Kelley home, and rouse the authorities. Wake up Clapp; he can work the rest of the night."

I thanked Mr. Spencer briefly. I felt sick and dizzy. Mr. Frazier and myself left the depôt together. As we did so, we saw First Fifty-one heading into the mile passing-track. I learned later that they were delayed by pulling out a couple of draw-heads on the grade between Woodford Junction and Cleves.

We walked the whole way in silence, but at the gate Conductor Frazier paused a moment.

"It was all my fault—our quarrel, Kitty," he said, in a queer, choked voice. "I'm not fit to speak to you! Will you forgive me?"

"Don't think of it any more, Frank. It was your danger that made me brave to-night," I replied.

Two days later I received a large box of snow-white roses, with the card of the third-trick despatcher enclosed.

There was also a note, as follows:—

"DEAR MISS KELLEY,—

"I am grieved that your heroism has cost you an illness. Get well and come back to us. I have missed you, and will endeavour to render it more pleasant for you when you return. Sincerely,

"R. D. M."

Two weeks elapsed before I was able to report for duty; and long before I did so I learned that the wreckers, two Bowes yardmen, who had been discharged for intemperance by the superintendent, were captured at Norwood, and had confessed.

The day before I resumed work, I was surprised by a call from Mr. Morissey. Thereafter we became excellent friends; and I found the third-trick despatcher could be as pleasant over the wire as he had been the reverse.

But I did not work many more nights at Oakton. Mr. Spencer was as good as his word. Within a month the chief offered me the day-work at Woodford Junction—the best position on that district—with an intimation that it was a permanency. But I declined the generous offer, and, a few days later, resigned from the service.

The last night I worked at Oakton, Despatcher Morissey said: "Ty tell me u're gng to change u're sig., & leave us for a betr job."

"Do they?" I queried.

"Yes;" and then: "Wl, if u hdl (handle) the housekpn keys well as u do these, u'll be art (all right). It won't seem like t same old smile wn u're gone, but it's all in t play aywy!" said he, and it seemed to me that the sounder had taken on a lonesome tone.

INSIDE A TEST MATCH.

A TEST match has something in common with the idea of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." It is a great cricket battle, and it is one that, as far as concerns your newspaper or printed cricket reputation, either kills or cures you. You do really ride your bat to death or victory. Yet you are, all the same, a good, sound player, win or lose. Presumably so, or you would not have been picked.

Supposing you fail, you are on every right-minded cricketer's bookshelf with all the reasons down: "An utter failure—nerves forsook him," &c., &c. So, too, with "a missed catch." It takes so little to upset your show!

Think of the Test Match at Manchester in 1902—think of the prayers that floated and hovered all over that cricket pitch (turned for the moment into a great open-air prayer meeting), prayers that two men through the storm might withstand the onslaughts of two other men; prayers that the bat might conquer the ball. But the Australian ball just won!

It seemed so reasonable, too, to expect England's success. But the weather shifted it all over. That sky which had been so blue for Australia suddenly dressed itself lead colour for England. At the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, there are glass skylights, which, perhaps, admit light and air to the kitchen (through those same skylights I have eaten by proxy many a fried sole). Well, about 2 a.m., on England's morning, began that drip-drip which a keen, earnest, right-thinking cricketer dreads so humanly. A melancholy sound, that drip.

You do not read of it in the cricket reports; but that drip-drip alters your real gem of a bat into a very cheap piece of wood. Indeed, the very bat which before the drip-drip you knew was a certainty for four off the right sort, this self-same bat loses its head and its self-respect . . . . and the ball goes in the air. Ah, that Manchester drip-drip, it seldom ceases, but usually increases until it becomes a river, and sparrows bathe at Old Trafford in the bowler's footsteps. Then, probably a bit of bright sun comes out, and it is your turn to go in first. "Serve him right; now we'll see what he's made of," say the critics. Then the ball sits, stands, jerks, shoots, and speaks, and takes your leg-stump in tow with a twist which came in from the off. For convenience we will call it, "The drip-drip ball." It is a most inconvenient ball as bowled by Hugh Trumble in a test match, and it causes a hollow echo for miles round the countryside—an echo re-echoing in voices 15,000 miles away across the sea. To cut it short, that drip-drip meant that England should not win the rubber.

Old Trafford ground, in the light of a vast secular circular prayer meeting, was very curiously interesting. The benches were swamped. A few newspapers, reporting fine weather to come, tried to keep the wicked rain off. People stood huddled and careworn; but heedless of all save expectancy of nervous cricket—curious, the abandonment of self which occurs at crucial moments! Fine ladies prayed cricket prayers in the rain, with little water-spouts pouring on their straw hats and pretty flowers, and on their English gowns and feelings. There they sat ticking off the runs so—*1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1* and waiting for just those last three which never came. Sling, flick, whiz! Tate clean bowled by Saunders. And the Australians ran in, jumping with pleasure. Even solemn.

long, sad Hugh Trumble jumped, like a camel, as well he might. It was a terrible match. Australia won by three runs and the rain.

But Manchester was a gentle brown mouse compared with the London lion—at the Oval in the fifth and final Test of 1902. A great story, that final match, could one but tell it well. It would fairly take half-a-year's breath away were the tale told as Rudyard Kipling might tell it. But just for the fun of it, allow a mere looker-on to review the teams and their deeds.

About the Australians—they say it is the sun over there that quickens an Australian's legs from pavilion to wicket; he seems to have such well-regulated cheek and self-assurance. Trumper—when he goes to the wicket, goes out with a long, keen, muscular neck, and strong, well-filled legs inside skeleton pads. If he gets out it is a marvel, and you have missed a treat with his batting, and feel sorry for it.—Duff—he goes in as sturdy and ready to be aggressive as possible. And what a beautiful field! He tries to, and does, stop balls that would make many an Englishman's heart ache at the very thought of. We home-growns would be likely to get stitches in our sides from the effort even of thinking what it would feel like starting for such balls. Australia produces balance, a great feature in cricket. Duff is a beautifully balanced fielder. He gets to the ball with his weight in the right place. It is a great pleasure, even, if you fail to stop a ball to get to it in the right form; it gives the sort of feel which makes you cover a lot of ground and try very hard. The ordinary spectator would not understand this feeling, but it is a good one, and one that leads you to overcome difficulties.

Then, when Australia goes out to field, it does so with such self-possessed life. They are the only team, with the possible exception of Yorkshire, that goes out to field—well, I can liken it to nothing better than a real good, well-trained football team, all bounce and vigour. Australia seems to step forth to enjoy bowling, wicket-keeping, or fielding equally well, each in itself an art derived from the science of cricket.

Now, England goes out to bat more like this:—Arguing with itself over last year's fogs, and the chance of the day, knowing it is strong in batting yet certain of ill luck. You can tell, as it steps out, it has confounded its luck before it starts, over its pads or the bat that would not stand. England has some lovely bats with all cricket strokes, but she wants the sun (and less damp) to shine on her England bats, and she wants less rot written in the newspapers about their nerves. Their nerves are all right—as we shall see later on. Then, as a fielding side, Englishmen, with exceptions, go out, not as a springing ball all bound and bounce, but as something more after the style of a cricket ball with the cover slightly loose and the string just starting. They want tautening up somehow. And the fire of battle must pervade; the cricket pitch for the time being is a battle-field; and the side not ours must be beaten; it is what they are there for, to be defeated. If I were choosing a team, I should class them and weigh them up, and some of the qualifications besides being a thoroughly sound cricketer would be, a Strong Will, and an aptitude for not being "squashed" by newspapers or opposing side; an eye which loses sight of rain drops, but keeps a sight of the ball; a sunny nature that sees the sunshine beyond the rain clouds—a nature that will help his side from the very fact of his cheery "ever-trying" personality. Give me the team for a hard fight whose hackles are up, whose heads and hearts are trained and cool, and who, if ever so slightly behind in skill, will try—will never stop trying all the way at everything. That is the side to win matches, a co-operative team who save boundaries and use energy in throwing in. Such a side is worth a shilling a day to any one who likes to see cricket. Less would be heard of the dullness of cricket if the teams were all real triers.

One day in August, just an ordinary 1902 day, with the sun and all the rest of the things in the sky doing just the usual summer things, raining, snowing, freezing, easterly-galing, but not a bad sort of day in between—well, on this sort of day started the last 1902 Test Match—Australia playing just her ordinary county-beating team, England taking back Jessop and Hirst, who had been forgotten at Manchester. It was pretty generally understood by all around that Jessop was dead (in a cricket sense), killed by the Australian bowling, and that Hirst, beyond the size of his ripping heart, had lost his bowling and his batting. Still, there were plenty of bats on the side. England started just ordinarily. They lost the toss, and Australia had what "best" weather there was, though even at that some one suggested setting a match to yon great container of suppressed light, the Oval gasometer. Hirst

bowled well; Lilley caught magnificent catches; Maclaren, also, one beauty. Then England went in and only did fairly, and there was much lee-way for England to make up on the second tack. Australia had a moderately comfortable second innings, with just such incidents as Trumper run-out, through miscalculating Jessop's fielding. Trumble made sixty and eighty not out, and Noble chimed in. Saunders also made a run or two, and was out to a beautiful Tyldesley catch, a well-balanced, accurately started effort, which made the English heart rejoice. At the end of the Australian second innings it looked just fairly comfortable if we could altogether escape another drip-drip. But no! it came all right overnight, and it made the ball say and do extravagant things from the start. F. S. Jackson played a sound, comprehensive, "dare-to-be-a-Daniel" game, a great game for his side, much greater than the runs scored. Jackson goes out briskly with determined resolves, holding himself well in hand, to play every ball as near as possible as he wishes. However, despite Jackson, everything went wrong for England. The turf seemed growing green for the grave of England's cricket fame. Cremation had all but set in. All around you heard of the easiness of the wicket, and you heard floating talk about preparatory school boys for the next test team, children in arms, &c. And what was the good of Jessop? Jessop, an utter failure in Australia. And after him, we had only Lilley, Rhodes, Hirst, Lockwood, and those sort of oddments. England was beaten; it really was not worth waiting to see; people were sick of seeing England beaten. Colenzo all over again! Talk of reform, prepared wickets, &c., &c., why wasn't it all done? And why should Trumble be allowed to bowl? It wasn't fair.

Then like a bolt from the grey came G. L. Jessop, his head in the air, and a sturdy uptilted look about him, as much as to say—"Wait . . . . I've my square eye on me today for the ball you pull; I shall cut; I shall hit; I'm going to hit—I sha'n't miss the ball. I'll go out to Trumble; I'll hit him over the pavilion out of the ground; and I'll smash Saunders until he will cry to Darling to let him off. Give me the chance, I want it; I want to hit the Australian bowling; England shall not be beaten."

And so it happened. The runs began to come gallantly, and the air was one great Jessop, nothing but a magnificent full-throated musical sounding Jessop. It was a sight for an Englishman, that 100 made at that time. Clergymen preached their Sunday sermons, women lost their gloves and gave their opera glasses away, as their tears did not admit of sight. People used each other's handkerchiefs with joy and sorrow, and wiped each other's faces. They stood on each other's toes to see better; they even ate each other's lunches. And Jessop still kept on. Jackson got out after a fine staying innings. At last Jessop, the man who had dared, was out to a short-leg Noble catch. Then came Hirst, round and sturdy, and hit his hardest. But with about fifteen runs to get there was only Rhodes left the other end—only Rhodes, with a cool, pink nerve, who can stop a ball and hit one hard. But with grand Hirst at his own end all ended well. And that is how the last 1902 Test Match was won; and that is why cricket is such a grand game. Such things, from the inside, are memories.

II—Inside "W. G."

No, W. G. Grace does not smoke.

In the winter, "W. G." runs hard and keenly with beagles.

He has a marvellous eye to country; the same clear, knowing, watchful eye he has for a cricket ball; the same eye that has watched thousands and thousands of balls bowled by hundreds and hundreds of bowlers. He watches the hare with this eye, and also with his mind's eye. In consequence, he turns up where the hare is, by short cuts; and if the hare is not there, still, the spot is the spot to which any well-regulated hare would have run.

"W. G." does not care a jot how far he has to walk home when the day is over. He only thinks of distance when it's covered. He ducks his Jovine, familiar head, and starts off as cheery as if the day were just beginning. And it is this spirit that has spelt success for "W. G." It might be imitated wholesale with advantage.

There is method in "W. G." He watches young cricketers. Be the young 'un bowler or bat, "W. G." has spotted his points, and has made out how to develop them. Who taught L. C. Braund to bowl first-rate leg breaks instead of ordinary second-rate fast stuff? Why, "W. G." How much did Braund improve in his batting during the two years he played regularly for London County? Why, a very great deal. Who told C. B. Fry years ago he would some day be a decent bat in spite of his then stiff style? Why,

"W. G." Thank you, "W. G.," for your encouragement.

"W. G." plays bowls. He has an excellent set of greens at the Palace.

In the winter the London County ground is being relaid in places, the pavilion is being painted, and other things are going on. This all means method, and forethought, and energy, and they spell success.

The spirit that will walk home gladly after a long day with beagles at fifty-three years of age is the spirit of a very good sportsman. That is why, at fifty-three, "W. G." is no back number. Keep him in mind!

III.—Inside a Prize.

What would I give as a prize?

You say you want one of Messrs. Graves' fine pictures of Sceptre? You like that long racing neck, and keen, lean head?

Well, that is an unorthodox prize for you to want. Are you sure you are not misrepresenting yourself? I wonder what your "head" would say. Still, he is a sportsman as well as a parson, and a fine judge of an animal, and no one read the story of the Eclipse Stakes more keenly and appreciatively than he, I'll warrant. I dare say he values Sceptre's gallant heart and glorious stamina a great deal more than you do, my lad. And if he thought you would love Sceptre's gameness and Sceptre's pluck—well, what better prize would he give you?

But there is so much that hems even gallant Sceptre in, so much that is bad. All the idle betting and racecourse garbage. All this might make your headmaster hesitate. For it is no use to you.

The racehorse in itself is splendid. Splendid in its game, wholesome, regular life. But the racecourse and betting is no earthly use to a boy.

But Sceptre, she is a mass of perfection after her kind. No wonder you like her. *She* likes racing as much as—nay, more than you like football. She runs to win, with all her high-bred heart. My lad, if that is the part of Sceptre that you like, why, well you may. And no better prize could you have than her picture. The "all-out" spirit for the love of the game, if you copy that from Sceptre you'll not be far behind when England wants you for something better.

Failing Sceptre, you would like a good hunting picture?

Well, if you believe in keenness, in energy, in thorough enjoyment of hard going, you might do worse.

The first-class hunter so believes when the "gone away" sounds from that withy bed in the marsh. See his ears prick. Feel that grand swinging stride—know that no matter how high the fence, how wide the brook, his heart is on the other side—know he loves his work, bar nothing.

No whip, no spur, is taking that horse to within just the proper half-field distance from the hounds, running like a dappled tablecloth. No, he has the music in his blood, and he makes it in his gallop as they in their tongue.

It is the way to work or play. A fine picture for the eye that sees. A good prize, then. Hounds in full cry over a green-grass country.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. Holman. You might get a representation of the Australian badge from Wisden, Cranbourne Street, London; or possibly from Alfred Shaw, Queen's Square, Nottingham. The crest is a kangaroo and an emu (rampant, or couchant, or something), and the motto, "Advance Australia." You can see the badge, I think, on any Shaw and Shrewsbury cricket ball or bat.

Don Orsino (Cape Town).—Very pleased to get your letter. I still retain many happy memories of Cape Colony. Your preference for football is intelligible. One is much more sure of a long innings. But how you manage to play football on those brick-dust grounds, and to like it, passes my comprehension. I know you do, though.

F. M. Cundy.—Yours is an old question. The bowler can bowl with both feet behind the crease at the time of delivery if he likes. The rule means he must have at least one foot behind, not that he must have only one

M. W. G. Many thanks for the photo. It is quite good. Brownie or no Brownie. The thing about fixed-focus cameras is to avoid having the object inside the nearest limit of focus.

Enquirer.—Keep a cricket bat in a dry, cool place, where the temperature does not vary much, and oil it once a fortnight with a piece of waste dipped in one part of linseed and one part of olive oil, and squeezed nearly dry

G. H. R. Laird. If the striker drove the ball back full pitch into the non-striker's wicket off the bowler's hand, and the ball cannoned off the wicket into mid-off's hand, the non-striker would be run out. The ball would then be dead and the catch would not count

Fred Fielder and H. M. M'G.—Play slow leg-breaks thus: Give the ball plenty of time in the air. If you can reach it full pitch by running out or stretching out, do so and give the ball a thump with as straight a bat as possible. Never play forward at 'em. If they pitch a good length, watch the ball off the pitch and play back to it. The secret is, don't play forward or hit at the pitch of the ball. My "Book on Cricket" is out of print, but I see it advertised sometimes in the *Athletic News*. You seem a good sort.

C. B. Fry

ADDINGTON'S FATHER.

A SCHOOL STORY.

BY SCOTT GRAHAM.

I MUST say we were as jolly a lot of chaps at old Harrison's—"Sutherland House College for the sons of gentlemen" he called it in the prospectus—as you'd find anywhere. It was meant for the sort of boys who'd have gone to a public school if only their people could have run to it, and the Head wouldn't take just anybody, though his terms weren't high. He wasn't a bad old sort, though he was always gassing about our duty to our parents; and we fellows were all very chummy, and got up ripping games out of hours, which made up for all the grinding in school.

But when Ernie Addington came—he was fifteen, and had light hair, and a sort of "don't know you" expression on his face—he did nothing but run everything down, and somehow the school soon seemed a different place. He was beastly rich, too, and we were none of us too well off, sons of officers and parsons, and so on. We knew we should have to work for a living, and we wore ready-made suits, and boots with patches, as often as not—at least, on week-days. But after Addington came, somehow it didn't seem the thing never to sport our best togs except on Sunday, and old Mrs. Merritt, the matron, was always grumbling at the times she was asked to let us get our best jackets from the linen-room, where they were kept. But do what we would, we couldn't keep pace with Addington in dress, or anything else. The toffee and chocolate he contrived to smuggle into the school would have set up a confectioner's shop, and old Ellis, the doctor, was always sniffing round and wondering why there was such a sudden demand for Gregory. Then, Addington sported a gold watch and chain, which quite put all our Waterbury's into the shade, and his bat, and his tennis racket, and his fishing rods were all the best that could be bought for money—as he took care to tell us, pretty soon.

"Do you know, I don't think Addington can be quite a gentleman," my especial chum, Jim Turner, said one day, after Ernie had been bragging even more than usual about the dozens of horses and grooms his father kept, which was a very favourite subject of his. "He boasts too much about his father's oof, it seems to me. What *is* his father, anyway?"

"Oh, I suppose he just does nothing but keep a lot of horses and carriages, and ride and drive about. Very jolly, too, if you can afford it!"

"Humph!" grunted Jim. But he was just as civil as ever to Addington afterwards, I noticed, when Ernie came into the fives'-court with his pockets simply bulging with nougat. It was awfully good, that nougat!—really, I think I liked it almost as well as the peppermints and bulls' eyes we used to buy, before Addington voted them "low." Everything cheap was "low," according to him; but if it cost a lot, then it must be all right.

His birthday came soon after that. Instead of the hamper with a home-made cake, and some jam, and a bottle of ginger-wine, or something of that sort, which we used to get from home and share with our chums on our birthdays, Addington's father got permission from the Doctor to send in a supper for all of us from Benson's, the swell tuck-shop of the place. It would be easier to say what wasn't there than what was. Salmon, cold duck, lobster-salad, pigeon-pies, chickens, jelly, all sorts of cake, ice-cream, and goodness only knows what besides!

And the worst of it was that it made all the others, whose birthdays came afterwards, seem mean and shabby when they only had a ham, and a few sausage-rolls, and a pot of jam, or something of that sort from home. Now, my dear old dad is a parson with six children, and, until that year, I'd always been quite satisfied with some of our own strawberry-jam, and a couple of mater's Al 'soda cakes." But it all seemed so poor and beggarly after Addington's grand spread that I sneaked round to the tuck-shop, though I owed more than I liked to think about there already, and

ordered two pounds of boiled ham, and some oyster-patties, pretending they'd come in the hamper, too. And, after all, I couldn't enjoy the things a bit, thinking of that dreadful ham at two shillings a pound; and would you believe it, Addington said he didn't care for ham, and it was a pity mater hadn't sent a raised pie, or some prawns in aspic jelly! We'd none of us even heard of aspic jelly before, and Jim, who was getting to follow Ernie's lead in everything, ordered two lots of it at Benson's for *his* birthday, which came round that term, too. And I'm blessed if they didn't rook him of six shillings for two tiny little moulds of it that you could hardly see; and he used to lie awake at night, groaning, because he didn't know how on earth he was going to pay for it!

Yes, we were a pack of asses that term, all of us, and that's the long and short of it! I hate myself now when I think how I got into debt for expensive messes at the tuck-shop just to please that purseproud Addington! And all the time I knew there was my dear old dad at home, slaving away in the garden, and grooming the pony himself, and wearing his clothes until they nearly dropped to pieces, so that he might keep me at Sutherland House.

We only had a fortnight at Easter, and those of us who lived a long way off didn't go home. I was one, for I live in Westmoreland; but Addington went, first-class, if you please, with his silver cigarette-case handy to be taken out the instant old Harrison, who came to the station to see the chaps off, was out of sight. "I suppose you'll be riding and driving about all day, old man," I said, as I bade him good-bye, trying not to feel too envious of his luck! And he said he would. How beastly dull and shabby the school looked that day when we few fellows went back to it!—though it was holidays, and we had treacle and buns for tea. Treacle and buns, indeed! Apricot-jam and Buszard's cakes were more in our line now, and we wondered what sort of magnificent tuck Addington was having at his father's house. "Something better than stale old halfpenny-buns, you bet!" growled Jim to me. He came from British Guiana, and some of us thought it would only have been decent of Addington to invite him home for the holidays. But he didn't. He never asked anybody to go home with him.

When Addington came back, we were all gaping at one of the new boys, Dick Mortimer, who'd just come. It wasn't that he was at all a bad-looking chap, but his clothes were so awful, and his boots were so patched that we wondered how the doctor could admit such a scarecrow to Sutherland House. I don't mean, of course, he was in rags—he was quite clean and tidy, but his old suit was too small for him, and we found all his other possessions were to match. You can just imagine how Addington, who had come back with two portmanteaus full of swell new togs, turned up his nose at Dick, especially when he found that his mother, who was a widow, had just come to live in a little cottage in the town, and was too poor even to keep a servant, but had a charwoman to scrub, and all that. Dick introduced me to her one half-holiday, and she wore shabby things, too, though I thought she had a nice bright face, and was a lady, if ever I met one. But when I said as much to Addington, he said he was sorry for me, for it was quite clear I didn't know a lady when I saw one!

We never could get Dick to say much about his people. He said he couldn't remember his father. He went home every week from Saturday to Monday, and he never, by any chance, had a penny to spend at the tuck-shop. His mother couldn't afford him much pocket-money, as he honestly told us the first time we asked him to subscribe to something, and he got out of the way as far as he could, when there was any tuck going, for he didn't like to take it from other fellows without giving them any himself. I'm afraid we weren't very pressing with our offers after a while, for Addington chose to take a dislike to Dick at first, and was always sneering at his shabby clothes, or his poor little home. You see, it riled him because Dick never caved in to him on account of his riches, or seemed one bit impressed by his gold pencil-case and swagger watch-chain. When Addington was boasting about his father's carriages and horses, Dick would actually laugh in his face, though his toes were almost coming out of his boots. Well, I'm sorry to have to own it, but we were so much under Addington's thumb by this time, that because he said Mortimer was no gentleman, and ought to be sent to Coventry, we got into a way of leaving him out of our games, and not asking him to come for walks. It was beastly mean of us; but, you see, we nearly all of us owed Addington money, to begin with, and then he had it in his power to give us such jolly treats. Besides, we didn't like him

to think that we cared to associate with boys he didn't think good enough for him.

I'm afraid Dick hadn't a very good time of it that term, and, as he couldn't very well play games by himself, he just swotted, until he was the very apple of old Harrison's eye. Because of that, Addington disliked him more than ever. He hated grinding himself, and used to bribe fellows who were dabs at it to write his exercises for him. Of course, he'd never have to work for a living, and so it didn't matter a bit if he couldn't spell.

Well, we all went home for the summer holidays. My people were all going to the sea, and I was looking forward to a jolly time. Addington kept rather dark about his plans, but said perhaps he might go for a driving-tour. Of course, none of the rest of us could come up to that; and, for my part, I thought I'd be lucky to get a donkey-ride on the sands! Dick was the only one who wasn't going anywhere, but would just have to stay at home with his mother. He asked me in a shy kind of way if I'd drop him a line sometimes, and I'd have said "Yes," only Addington was looking on and grinning; so I said I was afraid I shouldn't have time. Then, when I saw how disappointed Dick looked, I'd have taken it back if Addington hadn't been there. I didn't want to offend him, because I hoped he'd ask me to go and see him some holidays, and perhaps take me for a driving tour, too. By-the-bye, we none of us knew exactly where his home was, beyond the fact that it was "up Manchester way." His father appeared to spend the whole year travelling about.

Well, we all went to Cliffby. It was a jolly place, three hundred miles from the school, with great high cliffs and a splendid shore, full of pools with all sorts of funny live things in them. You bet, we had a ripping time!

One day, all the place was stuck about with bills saying that Walker's World-Renowned Circus was coming, for two days. Then, of course, we all tried to get round dad to let us go, and he said we might. The show made a grand procession round the town first, in the morning, all the elephants and camels, and things, walking, and the band playing like mad, and the clown driving a gilt coach with twenty donkeys, and a young lady standing up on a high car, rigged out like Britannia. At least, I thought she was a young lady, but mater said she was forty-five, and painted an inch thick. Then, last of all, came Mr. Walker himself, a little fat man, driving a carriage with a beautiful

ADDINGTON TURNED UP HIS NOSE AT DICK.

pair of piebald ponies. He always did that at every town they came to, and some of the crowd recognised him, and cheered. My eldest brother said they were some of the circus-people disguised like labourers, so that he should have a good reception. I must say, I couldn't help envying him, thinking how ripping it must be to have a circus all of one's own, and be friendly with the clown, and the fellows who did the trapeze and walked up ladders leaning against nothing, and played the mandoline standing on their heads on the tight-rope. Then, how jolly it must be to have a whole menagerie of ostriches, and porcupines, and tigers, and things to play with all day, instead of rotten pets like silkworms and white mice!

The show was to begin at three. As we went back to our digs after the procession, I'm blessed if we didn't run upon Addington, of all people! Such a howler, too, in a new blue suit, and yachting shoes, and a Panama hat! I felt beastly sorry I'd only got my oldest togs on, which mater said were quite good enough for the beach. I must say, whether it was my shabby get-up or not, he looked pretty sick at seeing me, and didn't seem to like it when I asked if he'd come to stay at Cliffby with his father. He and his governor were only staying a night or two, he said; but he didn't say where they were staying, or ask me to look him up. I said we were all going to the circus, and asked him to come, too, if he didn't mind the shilling seats. He coloured up quite red, and said he hated circuses, which he considered vulgar. I said we'd seen Mr. Walker in the procession, and he looked a common old chap, certainly, but that was no reason why his show shouldn't be good, and it was a pity Addington wasn't coming, for there'd be a good band, anyhow, and a learned horse which could tell you anything you asked him. But before I'd half finished, Addington scooted down a side street, saying he'd just remembered something his father wanted him to do.

Well, we all went to the circus, and it was prime. I made up my mind that, if my people would let me, I'd be a clown; and Jack broke the towel-rail in our bedroom pretending it was a trapeze, and got into an awful row with the landlady next morning!

As I was running down to the beach to bathe that day, there, just before me, was Addington, in his swell blue-serge, with a little fat man I felt sure, somehow, I'd seen before. I ran after him, and clapped him on the back, and then the man he was with turned round, too, and it was nobody else but Mr. Walker of the circus! Addington looked completely dumbflustered when he saw me, but Mr. Walker seemed quite pleased. "One of your schoolfellows, Ernie, my boy!" he said, and held out his hand. But Ernie just looked very sick and said nothing.

I couldn't make things out at all. I was so bothered by the two names, and everything. "Are you Ernie's father?" I couldn't help asking. We had all heard so much at school about this wonderful governor of Addington's, with his endless carriages and horses, and grandeur, that I naturally wanted to find out all I could.

"Yes! I'm Ernie's father," said the little fat man.

"But aren't you Mr. Walker, of the circus, too?" I said. It seemed rather cheeky, perhaps, but then, it was all so queer, and so unlike what I'd have expected of Addington that I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels.

"Yes! I'm the proprietor of the circus, and Walker's my real name. But Ernie doesn't want people to know——"

"Is it likely?" burst out Addington, looking green and blue and yellow all at once. I expect he felt he'd like to pitch me over the cliff before I could ask any more questions.

"Well, it's true I'm a self-made man. I began life as a clown at Hengler's—but where's the harm of that? However, as Ernie doesn't like people to know about it, he called himself Addington when I sent him to school. It's his second name, after a gentleman who was very good to me when I was a poor ragged boy——"

"Father! If you say any more——"

"All right, my boy, all right." I could see Addington had got his father pretty well under his thumb; and yet, if you ask me, though he wasn't a bit of a gentleman in one way, in another old Walker seemed to me far less of a bounder than his son. He was a very good-natured old chap, anybody could see that. I thought how Addington had taken us all in at school by his airs, and made us waste our money, and sneered at Dick Mortimer; and I felt so mad, I should have liked to give him a jolly good licking then and there!

Well, Addington, or Walker, or whatever you choose to call him, fairly hauled his governor off, after that; and I don't doubt he gave the poor old chap beans when he got

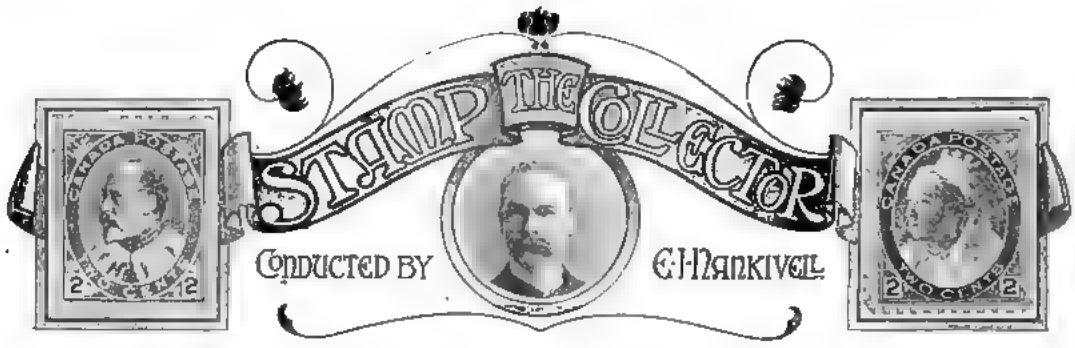
him all to himself. I felt awfully mad to think what an ass I'd been, and yet it was so funny I couldn't help laughing. I don't know why, but something made me think of Dick. I felt I'd been pretty mean to him, for he'd have liked to be my chum if I'd have let him. So, what did I do, the very

wouldn't forget him. As for Addington, he said, he'd always known he wasn't a gentleman. No fellow could be, who put on such airs; and how he happened to know was that the gentleman who'd befriended old Walker was an old pal of his mother's, and had let out that his godson, old Walker's

"YES! I'M ERNIE'S FATHER," SAID THE LITTLE FAT MAN.

first wet day, but write him a long yarn, telling all about Addington and his father. I got such a jolly answer back, you can't think, saying he was awfully glad I'd written to him, and though, perhaps, he mightn't be at school when the fellows all came back, he'd always remember me, and he hoped I

boy, was at Dr. Harrison's. I couldn't help thinking how decent it was of Dick never to blab, when Addington was sneering at his clothes, and saying all sorts of spiteful things about his mother. He could have turned the tables on him so splendidly—and yet, he never did! Pretty decent of him, eh?



ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

SOME of the most interesting stamps of the world are those that mark the great struggles that have taken place between nations and peoples, and amongst these the quaint stamps of Alsace and Lorraine, issued by the German Army of Occupation during the great Franco-German War of 1870, are by no means the least interesting.

These little souvenirs of a great struggle for life between two of the greatest European Powers are sometimes classed as stamps issued for the use of the German Army, just as our recently issued Indian stamps, overprinted "C.E.F.", were intended for the use of our army in China, sent to relieve the Legations. But that is a mistake. They were designed for an altogether different purpose. As the Germans invaded France, they took sole possession of the administration of the post and telegraph services, and for the convenience of their administration they designed and issued the so-called Alsace and Lorraine postage stamps. As will be seen from our illustration, those stamps in no way indicated the march of a triumphant army. They bore no sign of their German origin. The only words printed on them were in French. And besides those two words, "Postes" and "Centimes," there was only the numeral of value. Nothing could be more simple. They quietly and effectually took the place of the previously current French stamps. They were issued solely to take the place of those stamps, and were not used for the military correspondence, which was all forwarded by the military authorities. They were, of course, first used in Alsace and Lorraine, which were the first portions of French territory to come under the administration of the invading German army, but Mr. Westoby tells us that they were subsequently employed as far as Le Mans, on the west, and Amiens on the north. Still, they will always be known as the stamps of Alsace and Lorraine, for they originated in those provinces, and were mostly used there, though to be strictly correct they should be termed the stamps of the German Army of Occupation. Many years ago they were given a separate heading in our catalogues; now they are always included under the general heading of Germany.

Mr. Westoby tells us that they were manufactured at Berlin, and as there was urgent need of them "it was necessary to resort to some simple design, which, at the same time, should not be capable of being imitated. The stamps of the North German Confederation, then in use in Prussia, were underprinted with a network of fine, lined curves, which, being printed with a preparation of lead, was not visible except when exposed to fumes which produced oxidation. It was resolved to print the same network in colour upon the sheets for the new stamps, and to overprint a design in type in similar colour." The design, as will be seen, was confined to the numerals of values, and the word "Postes" above and "Centimes" below. The network in the ordinary issue points upwards, but it is found printed with the points downwards, owing to the sheets having been put through the machine the wrong way up. Hence, there are what is termed two sets, one with the normal printing, and the other with the network inverted. As will be seen from the appended list, the inverted network is much the scarcer of the two.

The stamps were issued in September 1870, and continued in use till March 1871. There were seven values in all, as follows :—

With points of network upwards.

	Unused. £ s. d.	Used s. d.
1c. olive green	1 3	7 6
2c. brown	6 0	8 0
4c. grey	3 0	3 6
5c. green	1 3	0 9
10c. bistre	1 0	0 3

20c. blue		1	6	1	0
25c. brown		2	6	3	0

With points of network downwards.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
1c. olive green	50	0	50	0
2c. brown	8	0	40	0
4c. grey	10	0	7	6
5c. green	—		35	0
10c. brown	10	0	1	6
20c. blue	50	0	15	0
25c. brown	60	0	22	6

It will be noted from this list of values that cancelled copies are very highly prized by collectors. Some make a feature of getting all the obtainable dated cancellations showing the various towns and districts in France in which the stamps were used, and naturally those with the postmarks of places outside Alsace and Lorraine are particularly sought after. As most of the cancellation was done with dated postmarks, a collection of neatly cancelled specimens of these historical stamps is much prized by specialists. Though issued so long ago as 1870, the prices of some of the values are still within the scope of the small collector. But they are every year getting scarcer

The Cistafile.

The Cistafile, a novel and ingenious invention, is intended to do away with all sorts and conditions of albums. It is designed to be a permanent and easily adaptable arrangement which will enable the collector to go as he pleases, to begin and end where he pleases, and to collect just what takes his fancy. It is, in fact, an adaptation of the popular card-filling system of America to the arrangement and preservation of stamps.

In neat little drawers of excellent workmanship are a number of cards. These cards are kept in their place by a simple rod, all the cards being threaded on to this rod by means of a central hole at the bottom of each card. A card is allotted to each stamp, with a neatly-arranged table at the back, on which to record the pedigree of the stamp affixed to the front, its year of issue, its catalogue price, its watermark, perforation, when purchased, of whom, &c. All this is very systematic, but the real adaptation of the ingenious plan to the daily practice of stamp collecting will modify the extravagance of much of this plan. The average stamp collector will make each card hold its full number of four stamps, and, so modified, the plan will be found to have many excellent advantages to recommend it. A drawer of 500 cards can thus be made to hold a collection of no less than 2,000 stamps. The tray costs 1s. 9d., and 500 cards 7s. In other words, any young collector may set himself up with a compact permanent album to hold a collection of 2,000 varieties for 8s. 9d. The cards may be arranged or rearranged at the collector's pleasure. The rod which holds them together works on a screw, and can be withdrawn, and so releases any or all of the cards for separate inspection or rearrangement. The stamps, when held fast in their drawer, are as easily examined as in an album.

A further development of the Cistafile to the needs of the larger collector and specialist is in course of preparation. Of this more important adaptation I shall have more to say when I have given it a practical trial. Meanwhile, I am bound to admit, as one who knows something of the great advantages of the card filing system and its great adaptability to all manner of purposes, that I am inclined to believe the Cistafile has come to stay in stamp collecting. The makers are Messrs. Lawn and Barlow, 99 Regent-street, London.

Notable New Issues.

A VERY interesting departure is promised in Russian stamps. We are to have early in this year a new series with a portrait of the Czar instead of the arms design which Russia has used since her first issue in 1858. Of all the countries of Europe, Russia is one of the most interesting from a stamp collecting point of view; and the greater number of its pretty stamps are, at least in the used form, well within the reach of most enthusiastic young collectors. I hope to make it the subject of a special article in a future number of THE CAPTAIN. Panama having broken away from its federation in the Colombian States and having formed itself into an independent republic, we may expect a new series very shortly. Meanwhile, I hear that the map stamps have been overprinted "Republica de Panama," to indicate the change of Government. From Chili we are to have another provisional. This time it is to be a 10 centavos, the stock of that value having been exhausted. The 30c. orange is to be surcharged 10 centavos to tide over the waiting time for a supply of the exhausted value. According to *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News*, the actual surcharge will be "Diez Centavos." Our West Indian friends seem to be determined to get all the revenue they can out of stamp collectors. The latest venture in this direction is announced from Trinidad, which proposes to issue a commemorative series of three values, 3d., 6d., and 1s., showing respectively the Asphalt, or "Pitch Lake," "the Governor's House," and a "Dock Scene."

British Somaliland.—In September last I

chronicled the Queen's head series of Indian stamps, overprinted "British Somaliland." As that series is being used up, the current Indian series of King's heads is being similarly overprinted. So far, I have only received the ½a. and 1a. of the King's heads.

Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

Indian Stamps: King's Heads.

½a. pea-green.
1a. carmine.

Cape of Good Hope.—We have now received the 3d. King's head, a very effective design, printed in magenta. This makes the series complete all but for the 2d. and 2½d. values.

King's Heads.

Wmk. Cabled Anchor.

Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. rose.
3d. magenta.
6d. mauve.
1s. ochre.
5s. orange brown.

Ceylon.—Another of the series of King's heads which are being issued one by one in this colony has made its appearance. This time it is the 6 cents, carmine, which we illustrate. So far the series issued is as follows, completing the set up to 30c.

King's Heads.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

2c. orange brown.
3c. green.
4c. orange and ultramarine.
5c. lilac.
6c. carmine.
12c. sage-green and rosine.
15c. blue.
25c. light brown.
30c. violet and green.

China.—The colour of the current 5 cents has been changed from salmon to yellow, but this change is said to be an error of colour.

Costa Rica.—Here are three gorgeous new issues of the portrait class for this little Central American Republic. Costa Rica has always been partial to portrait issues, and as they are

the work of Messrs. Waterlow, the finest steel plate engravers in the world, they are of more than ordinary interest, for the portraits are certainly works of art, and of late the name of each individual has been printed under his portrait.

Perf. 14.

4c. mauve, portrait black, *Jose M. Canas*
8c. olive green, portrait black, *Julian Volio.*
25c. pale blue, portrait sepia, *Eusebio Figueroa.*

East Africa and Uganda.—These two protectorates have been combined for postal purposes, and consequently we have a new series of the King's head design inscribed "East Africa and Uganda Protectorates." As yet we have seen only the 2d. value, but presume it will run on all fours with British Central Africa, with the higher values in larger size. It will be seen that the design is the same as that for B.C.A

Wmk. CA. Perf 14

2a. magenta, head in purple

Egypt. *Sudan.*—To supply a shortage of 5 milliemes, 60,000 of the 5 piastres value have been surcharged "5 milliemes" in black. According to *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* the issue commenced in September, and ended about the third or fourth week in October last.

Wmk. Maltese Cross. Perf. 14

"5 milliemes" in black on 5 piastres brown and green.

Paraguay.—This South American Republic has started a new series dated 1903, which we illustrate. As yet I have seen only the 1 centavo, and 5 centavos, but no doubt this same design, as before, will be reproduced in the full series of values.

Perf. 11½.

1 centavo, green
5 centavos, blue

Sierra Leone.—The full set of King's heads for this colony has been received up to the 1s. value, as per following list. All are of the one design illustrated.

King's Head

Wmk. CA. Perf 14

½d. purple, name and value green.
1d. purple, name and value carmine.
1½d. purple, name and value black.
2d. purple, name and value orange.
2½d. purple, name and value blue.
3d. purple, name and value green.
4d. purple, name and value carmine.
5d. purple, name and value black.
6d. purple, name and value purple.
1s. green, name and value black.

Sweden.—An 8 öre value has been added to the current series.

Wmk. Crown. Perf. 13.

8 öre. purple

Trinidad.—*Meekel's Weekly Stamp News* (American) states that "of the 4d. lilac and orange of 1896, some 75,000 were issued, of which number 25,000 (remaining on hand when the new 4d. was issued a few weeks ago) were burned. The old 4d. stamp was used principally for fiscal purposes, and it is reported that of the 50,000 used, 10,000 will be a conservative estimate of those that performed postal duty."

United States.—The much talked-of new design of the 2c. value has just been received, and I think it will be admitted that it is an improvement upon the former design of the 2c., which has been literally howled out of use by

public opinion in America. Here are the old and the new for comparison.

New Design.

2 cents, carmine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G. (Edinburgh).—The catalogue value of the Madeira 1868-70, 240 reis, unused, is 40s. I don't know of this value with inverted surcharge. It is not catalogued, and, if genuine, should be valuable.

A. V. (Westminster).—Your Hong Kong has probably been overprinted "D.P." by a private firm to prevent dishonest use of their stamps. It is a very general practice in Eastern countries. Well, I can't say that I am one of the big collectors who keep a bottom drawer for young collectors, though I have done a little in that direction, for busy writers have little time for such pleasures.

G. L. P. (Lewisham).—English officials are now catalogued only in their used condition. The Army official, Queen's head set, used, is only worth a few pence.

F. P. N. (Bradford).—We should more literally have spoken of Christopher Columbus as a Genoese, but the great work he did was as a Spaniard. There is no question as to his nationality. He was born in Genoa, probably in 1446.

C. S. McD. (Belfast).—See reply to H. A. J.

H. A. J. (London).—The 4½d. English, Queen's head, is catalogued at 1s., but no dealer is likely to give you more than face, as there are plenty about. Your Persian is a current surcharge, and, therefore, of only current issue value. It has not yet got into the catalogue. I don't know any one, dealer or collector, who will value collections, for it has been found that the expense of valuing is generally out of all proportion to the average value of collections submitted. If you get a good catalogue you can do it yourself.

A. H. D. (Newbury).—I cannot say anything about two or three thousand old English until I know what they are. If they are common sorts they are of little use in any quantity.

R. C. K. (Southport).—Each stamp in the sheet had different corner letters, and you can so collect them if you choose, but it is not usual to do so unless you are specialising. There are two sets of Transvaal stamps, one showing the wagon with shafts instead of disselboom. This was subsequently corrected to a wagon with one shaft. The series are as follows:—

WAGON WITH SHAFTS.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d. grey	0	4	0	2
1d. carmine	0	9	0	1
2d. bistre	1	6	0	2
6d. blue	1	6	2	6
1s. green	12	6	12	6

WAGON WITH POLE.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used. s.	d.
½d. grey	0	3	0	1
1d. rose-red	0	6	0	1
2d. bistre	0	6	0	1
3d. mauve	5	0	1	0
4d. olive black	2	0	2	0
6d. blue	3	6	0	6
1s. green	12	6	3	6
5s. slate	45	0	10	0
10s. pale brown	40	0	5	0

C. J. N. (Erith).—Your Natal is a fiscal, not a postage stamp, of the value of which I cannot speak. *Stanley Gibbons' Monthly Journal* undoubtedly.

J. H. Y. (Dorking).—I cannot say when the ugly profile on our English stamps may be improved. Even rumour is silent just now on the matter. I am afraid I cannot answer such a general question as "What stamps of new Colonial issues do you recommend me to buy?" As a collector you must consult your own preferances. Any English Colony is worth collecting.

O. W. P. (Cardiff).—Unused stamps without gum are certainly not worth as much as with gum. The nearer a stamp is to the actual condition of a perfect stamp when issued the more valuable it is. The best plan with your small general collection will be for you to continue the collection of those countries for which you have a preference, and sell or exchange the others as chance offers.

H. C. (Stoke Newington).—The "Old Fag" would probably order me to be hung, drawn, and quartered if I were to insert your suggested paragraph about an exchange club. If he had known you for some sixty years or more, I might broach the matter. Better seek members amongst your friends. It is risky placing strangers on exchange clubs.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

R. Pittilo, jun. (Burntisland).—British Somaliland, ½d.

W. H. Peckitt (London).—Costa Rica, 4c., 6c., and 25c.; East Africa and Uganda, 2a.

Whitfield, King, and Co. (Ipswich).—British Somaliland, 1a.; Cape of Good Hope, 3d.; Ceylon, 6c; China, 5c.; Costa Rica, 4c., 6c., and 25c.; Sudan, 5m. on 5p.; Paraguay, 1c. and 5c.; Sierra Leone, set, ½d. to 1s.; United States, new 2c.

THE GOLD BAT

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY
BY
P·G·WODEHOUSE
AUTHOR OF "THE POTHUNTERS" "THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS" ETC.

THE "gold bat" from which this story takes its title is a small ornament worn by Trevor, captain of the Wrykyn School XV., on his watch-chain. This bat Trevor has lent to O'Hara, an unruly Irishman, who, whilst employed on a midnight expedition whereof the object is tarring and feathering the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses the little bat, and thereby fills Trevor with consternation, for, should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, Trevor sees that he will be placed in an exceedingly awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand Brown, a big three-quarter in the Second XV., would seem to be the most likely selection, but he is observed to funk badly in a trial match, and so Trevor overlooks him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third XV. Soon after this, the school learns that a mysterious League has been formed by a number of fellows unknown who intend to enforce their views and wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor in an anonymous letter that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play for the First XV. Trevor disregards the letter and the League retaliates by mutilating his books, smashing his pictures, and turning his study upside down. Suspicion falls on Rand Brown, but it is pointed out that he could not have wrecked the captain's room, at least, since he was in the field at the time the latter outrage was perpetrated. Late one night a boy named Leather-Twigg (otherwise "Shoeblossom") is passing the study of Milton, a prefect, when he is startled to see a white figure glide out of the room in question, and disappear into a certain dormitory. On the following morning Trevor receives another letter informing him that the gold bat is in the hands of the League. In spite of the sinister warning conveyed in the letter, he continues to play Barry for the First XV. By spraining his ankle in a house-match, Barry loses his chance of taking part in the great Ripton match—after which it is the custom to present colours to those members of the First who have not got them. Rand-Brown takes Barry's place against Ripton, but plays so badly that Trevor ignores his claim to distinction, and confers colours on Barry.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WATCHERS IN THE VAULT.

FOR the next three seconds you could have heard a cannon-ball drop. And that was equivalent, in the senior day-room at Seymour's, to a dead silence. Barry stood in the middle of the room leaning on the stick on which he supported life, now that his ankle had been injured, and turned red and white in regular rotation, as the magnificence of the news came home to him.

Then the small voice of Linton was heard.

"That'll be six d. I'll trouble you for, young Sammy," said Linton. For he had betted an even sixpence with Master Samuel Menzies that Barry would get his first fifteen cap this term, and Barry had got it.

A great shout went up from every corner of the room. Barry was one of the most popular members of the house, and every one had been sorry for him when his sprained ankle had apparently put him out of the running for the last cap.

"Good old Barry," said Drummond, delightedly. Barry thanked him in a dazed way.

Every one crowded in to shake his hand. Barry thanked them all in a dazed way.

And then the senior day-room, in spite of the fact that Milton had returned, gave itself up to celebrating the occasion with one of the most deafening uproars that had ever been heard even in that factory of noise. A babel of voices discussed the match of the afternoon, each trying to outshout the other. In one corner Linton was beating wildly on a biscuit-tin with part of a broken chair. Shoeblossom was busy in the opposite corner executing an intricate step-dance on somebody else's box. McTodd had got hold of the red-hot poker, and was burning his initals in huge letters on the seat of a chair. Every one, in short, was enjoying himself, and it was not until an advanced hour that comparative quiet was restored. It was a great evening for Barry, the best he had ever experienced.

Clowes did not learn the news till he saw it on the notice-board, on the following Monday. When he saw it he whistled softly.

"I see you've given Barry his first," he said to Trevor, when they met. "Rather sensational."

"Milton and Allardyce both thought he deserved it. If he'd been playing instead of Rand-Brown, they wouldn't have scored at all probably, and we should have got one more try."

"That's all right," said Clowes. "He deserves it right enough, and I'm jolly glad you've given it him. But things will begin to move now, don't you think? The League ought to have a word to say about the business. It'll be a facer for them."

"Do you remember," asked Trevor, "saying that you thought it must be Rand-Brown who wrote those letters?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, Milton had an idea that it was Rand-Brown who ragged his study."

"What made him think that?"

Trevor related the Shoeblossom incident

Clowes became quite excited.

"Then Rand-Brown must be the man," he said. "Why don't you go and tackle him? Probably he's got the bat in his study."

"It's not in his study," said Trevor, "because I looked everywhere for it, and got him to turn out his pockets, too. And yet I'll swear he knows something about it. One thing struck me as a bit suspicious. I went straight into his study and showed him that last letter—about the bat, you know, and accused him of writing it. Now, if he hadn't been in the business somehow, he wouldn't have understood what was meant by their saying 'the bat you lost.' It might have been an ordinary cricket-bat for all he knew. But he offered to let me search the study. It didn't strike me as rum till afterwards. Then it seemed fishy. What do you think?"

Clowes thought so too, but admitted that he did not see of what use the suspicion was going to be. Whether Rand-Brown knew anything about the affair or not, it was quite certain that the bat was not with him.

O'Hara, meanwhile, had decided that the time had come for him to resume his detective duties. Moriarty agreed with him, and they resolved that that night they would patronise the vault instead of the gymnasium, and take a holiday as far as their boxing was concerned. There was plenty of time before the Aldershot competition.

Lock-up was still at six, so at a quarter to that hour they slipped down into the vault, and took up their position.

A quarter of an hour passed. The lock-up bell sounded faintly. Moriarty began to grow tired.

"Is it worth it?" he said, "an' wouldn't they have come before, if they meant to come?"

"We'll give them another quarter of an hour," said O'Hara. "After that —"

"Sh!" whispered Moriarty.

The door had opened. They could see a figure dimly outlined in the semi-darkness. Footsteps passed down into the vault, and there came a sound as if the unknown had cannoned into a chair, followed by a sharp intake of breath, expressive of pain. A scraping sound, and a flash of light, and part of the vault was lit by a candle. O'Hara caught a glimpse of the unknown's face as he rose from lighting the candle, but it was not enough to enable him to recognise him. The candle was standing on a chair, and the light it gave was too feeble to reach the face of any one not on a level with it.

The unknown began to drag chairs out into the neighbourhood of the light. O'Hara counted six.

The sixth chair had scarcely been placed in position when the door opened again. Six other figures appeared in the opening one after the other, and bolted into the vault like rabbits into a burrow. The last of them closed the door after them.

O'Hara nudged Moriarty, and Moriarty nudged O'Hara; but neither made a sound. They were not likely to be seen—the blackness of the vault was too Egyptian for that—but they were so near to the chairs that the least whisper must have been heard. Not a word had proceeded from the occupants of the chairs so far. If O'Hara's suspicion was correct, and this was really the League holding a meeting, their methods were more secret than those of any other secret society in existence. Even the Nihilists probably exchanged a few remarks from time to time, when they met together to plot. But these men of mystery never opened their lips. It puzzled O'Hara.

The light of the candle was obscured for a moment, and a sound of puffing came from the darkness.

O'Hara nudged Moriarty again.

"Smoking!" said the nudge.

Moriarty nudged O'Hara.

"Smoking it is!" was the meaning of the movement.

A strong smell of tobacco showed that the diagnosis had been a true one. Each of the figures in turn lit his pipe at the candle, and sat back, still in silence. It could not have been very pleasant, smoking in almost pitch darkness, but it was breaking rules, which was probably the main consideration that swayed the smokers. They puffed away steadily, till the two Irishmen were wrapped about in invisible clouds.

Then a strange thing happened. I know that I am infringing copyright in making that statement, but it so exactly suits the occurrence that

perhaps Mr. Rider Haggard will not object. It *was* a strange thing that happened.

A rasping voice shattered the silence.

"You boys down there," said the voice, "come here immediately. Come here, I say."

It was the well-known voice of Mr. Robert Dexter, O'Hara and Moriarty's beloved housemaster.

The two Irishmen simultaneously clutched one another, each afraid that the other would think—from force of long habit—that the housemaster was speaking to him. Both stood where they were. It was the men of mystery and tobacco that Dexter was after, they thought.

But they were wrong. What had brought Dexter to the vault was the fact that he had seen two boys, who looked uncommonly like O'Hara and Moriarty, go down the steps of the vault at a quarter to six. He had been doing his usual after-lock-up prowl on the junior gravel, to intercept stragglers, and he had been a witness from a distance of fifty yards, in a very bad light —of the descent into the vault. He had remained on the gravel ever since, in the hope of catching them as they came up; but as they had not come up, he had determined to make the first move himself. He had not seen the six unknowns go down, for, the evening being chilly, he had paced up and down, and they had by a lucky accident chosen a moment when his back was turned.

"Come up immediately," he repeated.

Here a blast of tobacco-smoke rushed at him from the darkness. The candle had been extinguished at the first alarm, and he had not realised—though he had suspected it—that smoking had been going on.

A hurried whispering was in progress among the unknowns. Apparently they saw that the game was up, for they picked their way towards the door.

As each came up the steps and passed him, Mr. Dexter observed "Ha!" and appeared to make a note of his name. The last of the six was just leaving him, after this process had been completed, when Mr. Dexter called him back.

"That is not all," he said, suspiciously

"Yes, sir," said the last of the unknowns.

Neither of the Irishmen recognised the voice. It's owner was a stranger to them.

"I tell you it is not," snapped Mr. Dexter. "You are concealing the truth from me. O'Hara and Moriarty are down there—two boys in my own house. I saw them go down there."

"They had nothing to do with us, sir. We saw nothing of them."

"I have no doubt," said the housemaster, "that you imagine that you are doing a very chivalrous thing by trying to hide them, but you will gain nothing by it. You may go."

He came to the top of the steps, and it seemed as if he intended to plunge into the darkness in search of the suspects. But, probably realising the futility of such a course, he changed his mind, and delivered an ultimatum from the top step.

"O'Hara and Moriarty."

No reply.

"O'Hara and Moriarty, I know perfectly well that you are down there. Come up immediately."

Dignified silence from the vault.

"Well, I shall wait here till you do choose to come up. You would be well advised to do so immediately. I warn you you will not tire me out."

He turned, and the door slammed behind him.

"What'll we do?" whispered Moriarty. It was at last safe to whisper.

"Wait," said O'Hara, "I'm thinking."

O'Hara thought. For many minutes he thought in vain. At last there came flooding back into his mind a memory of the days of his fagdom. It was after that that he had been groping all the time. He remembered now. Once in those days there had been an unexpected function in the middle of term There were needed for that function certain chairs. He could recall even now his furious disgust when he and a select body of fellow fags had been pounced upon by their form-master, and coerced into forming a line from the junior block to the cloisters, for the purpose of handing chairs. True, his form-master had stood ginger-beer after the event, with princely liberality, but the labour was of the sort that gallons of ginger-beer will not make pleasant. But he ceased to regret the episode now. He had been at the extreme end of the chair-handling chain. He had stood in a passage in the junior block, just by the door that led to the masters' garden, and which—he remembered—was never locked till late at night. And while he stood there, a pair of hands—apparently without a body had heaved up chair after chair through a black opening in the floor. In other words, a trapdoor connected with the vault in which he now was.

He imparted these reminiscences of childhood to Moriarty. They set off to search for the missing door, and, after wanderings and barkings of shins too painful to relate, they found it. Moriarty lit a match. The light fell on the trapdoor, and their last doubts were at an end. The thing opened inwards. The bolt was on their side, not in the passage above them. To shoot the bolt took them one second, to climb into the

passage one minute. They stood at the side of the opening, and dusted their clothes.

"Bedad!" said Moriarty, suddenly.

"What?"

"Why, how are we to shut it?"

This was a problem that wanted some solving. Eventually they managed it, O'Hara leaning over and fishing for it, while Moriarty held his legs.

As luck would have it—and luck had stood by them well all through—there was a bolt on top of the trapdoor, as well as beneath it.

"Supposing that had been shot!" said O'Hara, as they fastened the door in its place.

Moriarty did not care to suppose anything so unpleasant.

Mr. Dexter was still prowling about on the junior gravel, when the two Irishmen ran round and across the senior gravel to the gymnasium. Here they put in a few minutes' gentle sparring, and then marched boldly up to Mr. Day (who happened to have looked in five minutes after their arrival), and got their paper.

"What time did O'Hara and Moriarty arrive at the gymnasium?" asked Mr. Dexter of Mr. Day next morning.

"O'Hara and Moriarty? Really, I can't remember. I know they *left* at about a quarter to seven."

That profound thinker, Mr. Tony Weller, was never so correct as in his views respecting the value of an *alibi*. There are few better things in an emergency.

O'HARA FISHED FOR THE BOLT, WHILE MORIARTY HELD HIS LEGS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

O'Hara Excels Himself.

IT was Renford's turn next morning to get up and feed the ferrets. Harvey had done it the day before.

Renford was not a youth who enjoyed early rising, but in the cause of the ferrets he would have endured anything, so at six punctually he slid out of bed, dressed quietly, so as not to disturb the rest of the dormitory, and ran over to the vault. To his utter amazement he found it locked. Such a thing had never been done before in the whole course of his experience. He tugged at the handle, but not an

inch or a fraction of an inch would the door yield. The policy of the Open Door had ceased to find favour in the eyes of the authorities.

A feeling of blank despair seized upon him. He thought of the dismay of the ferrets when they woke up and realised that there was no chance of breakfast for them. And then they would gradually waste away, and some day somebody would go down to the vault to fetch chairs, and would come upon two mouldering skeletons, and wonder what they had once been. He almost wept at the vision so conjured up.

There was nobody about. Perhaps he might break in somehow. But then there was nothing to get to work with. He could not kick the door down. No, he must give it up, and the ferrets' breakfast-hour must be postponed. Possibly Harvey might be able to think of something.

"Fed 'em?" inquired Harvey, when they met at breakfast.

"No, I couldn't."

"Why on earth not? You didn't oversleep yourself?"

Renford poured his tale into his friend's shocked ears.

"My hat!" said Harvey, when he had finished, "what on earth are we to do? They'll starve."

Renford nodded mournfully.

"Whatever made them go and lock the door?" he said.

He seemed to think the authorities should have given him due notice of such an action.

"You're sure they have locked it? It isn't only stuck or something?"

"I lugged at the handle for hours. But you can go and see for yourself if you like."

Harvey went, and, waiting till the coast was clear, attached himself to the handle with a prehensile grasp, and put his back into one strenuous tug. It was even as Renford had said. The door was locked beyond possibility of doubt.

Renford and he went over to school that morning with long faces and a general air of acute depression. It was perhaps fortunate for their purpose that they did, for had their appearance been normal it might not have attracted O'Hara's attention. As it was, the Irishman, meeting them on the junior gravel, stopped and asked them what was wrong. Since the adventure in the vault he had felt an interest in Renford and Harvey

The two told their story in alternate sentences like the Strophe and Antistrophe of a Greek chorus. ("Stoichomuthies," your Greek scholar calls it, I fancy. Ha, yes! Just so.)

"So ye can't get in because they've locked the door, an' ye don't know what to do about it?" said O'Hara, at the conclusion of the narrative

Renford and Harvey informed him in chorus that that *was* the state of the game up to present date.

"An' ye want me to get them out for you?"

Neither had dared to hope that he would go so far as this. What they had looked for had been at the most a few thoughtful words of advice. That such a master-strategist as O'Hara should take up their cause was an unexampled piece of good luck.

"If you only would," said Harvey.

"We should be most awfully obliged," said Renford.

"Very well," said O'Hara.

They thanked him profusely.

O'Hara replied that it would be a privilege. He should be sorry, he said, to have anything happen to the ferrets

Renford and Harvey went on into school feeling more cheerful. If the ferrets could be extracted from their present tight corner, O'Hara was the man to do it.

O'Hara had not made his offer of assistance in any spirit of doubt. He was certain that he could do what he had promised. For it had not escaped his memory that this was a Tuesday —in other words, a mathematics morning up to the quarter to eleven interval. That meant, as has been explained previously, that, while the rest of the school were in the form-rooms, he would be out in the passage, if he cared to be. There would be no witnesses to what he was going to do.

But, by that curious perversity of fate which is so often noticeable, Mr. Banks was in a peculiarly lamb-like and long-suffering mood this morning. Actions for which O'Hara would on other days have been expelled from the room without hope of return, to-day were greeted with a mild "Don't do that, please, O'Hara," or even the ridiculously inadequate "O'Hara!" It was perfectly disheartening. O'Hara began to ask himself bitterly what was the use of ragging at all if this was how it was received. And the moments were flying, and his promise to Renford and Harvey still remained unfulfilled.

He prepared for fresh efforts.

So desperate was he that he even resorted to crude methods like the throwing of paper balls and the dropping of books. And when your really scientific ragger sinks to this he is nearing the end of his tether. O'Hara hated to be rude, but there seemed no help for it.

The striking of a quarter past ten improved his chances. It had been privily agreed upon beforehand amongst the members of the class that at a quarter past ten every one was to sneeze simultaneously. The noise startled Mr.

Banks considerably. The angelic mood began to wear off. A man may be long suffering, but he likes to draw the line somewhere.

"Another exhibition like that," he said, sharply, "and the class stays in after school. O'Hara!"

"Sir?"

"Silence."

"I said nothing, sir, really."

"Boy, you made a cat-like noise with your mouth."

"What *sort* of noise, sir?"

The form waited breathlessly. This peculiarly insidious question had been invented for mathematical use by one Sandys, who had left at the end of the previous summer. It was but rarely that the master increased the gaiety of nations by answering the question in the manner desired.

Mr. Banks, off his guard, fell into the trap.

"A noise like this," he said curtly, and to the delighted audience came the melodious sound of a "Mi-aou," which put O'Hara's effort completely in the shade, and would have challenged comparison with the war-cry of the stoutest mouser that ever trod a tile.

A storm of imitations arose from all parts of the room. Mr. Banks turned pink, and, going straight to the root of the disturbance, forthwith evicted O'Hara.

O'Hara left with the satisfying feeling that his duty had been done.

Mr. Banks' room was at the top of the middle block. He ran softly down the stairs at his best pace. It was not likely that the master would come out into the passage to see if he was still there, but it might happen, and it would be best to run as few risks as possible.

He sprinted over to the junior block, raised the trap-door, and jumped down. He knew where the ferrets had been placed, and had no difficulty in finding them. In another minute he was in the passage again, with the trap-door bolted behind him.

He now asked himself—what should he do with them? He must find a safe place, or his labours would have been in vain.

Behind the fives-court, he thought, would be the spot. Nobody ever went there. It meant a run of three hundred yards there and the same distance back, and there was more than a chance that he might be seen by one of the Powers. In which case he might find it rather hard to explain what he was doing in the middle of the grounds with a couple of ferrets in his possession when the hands of the clock pointed to twenty minutes to eleven?

But the odds were against his being seen. He risked it.

IN ANOTHER MINUTE HE WAS IN THE PASSAGE AGAIN.

When the bell rang for the quarter to eleven interval the ferrets were in their new home, happily discussing a piece of meat—Renford's contribution, held over from the morning's meal,—and O'Hara, looking as if he had never left the passage for an instant, was making his way through the departing mathematical class to apologise handsomely to Mr. Banks—as was his invariable custom—for his disgraceful behaviour during the morning's lesson.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Mayor's Visit.

SCHOOL prefects at Wrykyn did weekly essays for the headmaster. Those who had got their scholarships at the 'Varsity or who were going up in the following year used to take their essays to him

after school and read them to him—an unpopular and nerve-destroying practice, akin to suicide. Trevor had got his scholarship in the previous November. He was due at the headmaster's private house at six o'clock on the present Tuesday. He was looking forward to the ordeal not without apprehension. The essay subject this week had been "One man's meat is another man's poison," and Clowes, whose idea of English Essay was that it should be a medium for intemperate frivolity, had insisted on his beginning with, "While I cannot conscientiously go so far as to say that one man's meat is another man's poison, yet I am certainly of opinion that what is highly beneficial to one man may, on the other hand, to another man, differently constituted, be extremely deleterious, and, indeed, absolutely fatal."

Trevor was not at all sure how the headmaster would take it. But Clowes had seemed so cut up at his suggestion that it had better be omitted, that he had allowed it to stand.

He was putting the final polish on this gem of English literature at half-past five, when Milton came in.

"Busy?" said Milton.

Trevor said he would be through in a minute.

Milton took a chair, and waited.

Trevor scratched out two words, and substituted two others, made a couple of picturesque blots, and, laying down his pen, announced that he had finished

"What's up?" he said.

"It's about the League," said Milton.

"Found out anything?"

"Not anything much. But I've been making inquiries. You remember I asked you to let me look at those letters of yours?"

Trevor nodded. This had happened on the Sunday of that week.

"Well, I wanted to look at the post-marks."

"By Jove, I never thought of that."

Milton continued with the business-like air of the detective who explains how he did it in the last chapter of the book.

"I found, as I thought, that both letters came from the same place."

Trevor pulled out the letters in question.

"So they do," he said, "Chesterton."

"Do you know Chesterton?" asked Milton.

"Only by name."

"It's a small hamlet about two miles from here across the downs. There's only one shop in the place, which acts as post-office and tobacconist and everything else. I thought that if I went there and asked about those letters, they might remember who it was that sent them, if I showed them a photograph."

"By Jove," said Trevor, "of course! Did you? What happened?"

"I went there yesterday afternoon. I took about half-a-dozen photographs of various chaps, including Rand-Brown."

"But wait a bit. If Chesterton's two miles off, Rand-Brown couldn't have sent the letters. He wouldn't have the time after school. He was on the grounds both the afternoons before I got the letters."

"I know," said Milton; "I didn't think of that at the time."

"Well?"

"One of the points about the Chesterton post-office is that there's no letter-box outside. You have to go into the shop and hand anything you want to post across the counter. I thought this was a tremendous score for me. I thought they would be bound to remember who handed in the letters. There can't be many at a place like that."

"Did they remember?"

"They remembered the letters being given in distinctly, but as for knowing anything beyond that they were simply futile. There was an old woman in the shop, aged about three hundred and ten, I should think. I shouldn't say she had ever been very intelligent, but now she simply gibbered. I started off by laying out a shilling on some poisonous-looking sweets. I gave the lot to a village kid when I got out. I hope they didn't kill him. Then, having scattered ground-bait in that way, I lugged out the photographs, mentioned the letters and the date they had been sent, and asked her to weigh in and identify the sender."

"Did she?"

"My dear chap, she identified them all, one after the other. The first was one of Clowes. She was prepared to swear on oath that that was the chap who had sent the letters. Then I shot a photograph of you across the counter, and doubts began to creep in. She said she was certain it was one of those two 'la-ads,' but couldn't quite say which. To keep her amused I fired in photograph number three—Allardyce's. She identified that, too. At the end of ten minutes she was pretty sure that it was one of the six—the other three were Paget, Clephane, and Rand-Brown—but she was not going to bind herself down to any particular one. As I had come to the end of my stock of photographs and was getting a bit sick of the game, I got up to go, when in came another ornament of Chesterton from a room at the back of the shop. He was quite a kid, not more than a hundred and fifty at the outside, so, as a last chance, I tackled him on the subject. He looked at the

photographs for about half-an-hour, mumbling something about it not being 'thicey 'un' or 'that 'un,' or 'that 'ere tother'un,' until I began to feel I'd had enough of it. Then it came out that the real chap who had sent the letters was a 'la-ad' with light hair, not so big as me——"

"That doesn't help us much," said Trevor.

"—And a 'prarper little gennlemun.' So all we've got to do is to look for some young duke of polished manners and exterior, with a thatch of light hair."

"There are three hundred and sixty-seven fellows with light hair in the school," said Trevor, calmly.

"Thought it was three hundred and sixty-eight myself," said Milton, "but I may be wrong. Anyhow, there you have the results of my investigations. If you can make anything out of them, you're welcome to it. Good-bye."

"Half a second," said Trevor, as he got up; "had the fellow a cap of any sort?"

"No. Bare-headed. You wouldn't expect him to give himself away by wearing a house-cap?"

Trevor went over to the headmaster's revolving this discovery in his mind. It was not much of a clue, but the smallest clue is better than nothing. To find out that the sender of the League letters had fair hair narrowed the search down a little. It cleared the more raven-looked members of the school, at any rate. Besides, by combining his information with Milton's, the search might be still further narrowed down. He knew that the polite letter-writer must be either in Seymour's or in Donaldson's. The number of fair-haired youths in the two houses was not excessive. Indeed, at the moment he could not recall any, which rather complicated matters.

He arrived at the headmaster's door, and knocked. He was shown into a room at the side of the hall, near the door. The butler informed him that the head-master was engaged at present. Trevor, who knew the butler slightly through having constantly been to see the head-master on business *viâ* the front door, asked who was there.

"Sir Eustace Briggs," said the butler, and

HE LOOKED AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS, MUMBLING SOMETHING ABOUT "THICCY 'UN OR THAT 'UN."

disappeared in the direction of his lair beyond the green baize partition at the end of the hall.

Trevor went into the room, which was a sort of spare study, and sat down, wondering what had brought the mayor of Wrykyn to see the head-master at this advanced hour.

A quarter of an hour later the sound of voices broke in upon his peace. The head-master was coming down the hall with the intention of

showing his visitor out. The door of Trevor's room was ajar, and he could hear distinctly what was being said. He had no particular desire to play the eavesdropper, but the part was forced upon him.

Sir Eustace seemed excited

"It is far from being my habit," he was saying, "to make unnecessary complaints respecting the conduct of the lads under your care." (Sir Eustace Briggs had a distaste for the shorter and more colloquial forms of speech. He would have perished sooner than have substituted "complain of your boys" for the majestic formula he had used. He spoke as if he enjoyed choosing his words. He seemed to pause and think before each word. Unkind people who were jealous of his distinguished career—used to say that he did this because he was afraid of dropping an aitch if he relaxed his vigilance.)

"But," continued he, "I am reluctantly forced to the unpleasant conclusion that the dastardly outrage to which both I and the Press of the town have called your attention is to be attributed to one of the lads to whom I 'ave—*have* (this with a jerk) referred."

"I will make a thorough inquiry, Sir Eustace," said the bass voice of the head-master.

"I thank you," said the mayor. "It would, under the circumstances, be nothing more, I think, than what is distinctly advisable. The man Samuel Wapshott, of whose narrative I have recently afforded you a brief synopsis, stated in no uncertain terms that he found at the foot of the statue on which the dastardly outrage was perpetrated a diminutive ornament, in shape like the bats that are used in the game of cricket. This ornament, he avers (with what truth I know not), was handed by him to a youth of an age coëval with that of the lads in the upper division of this school. The youth claimed it as his property, I was given to understand."

"A thorough inquiry shall be made, Sir Eustace."

"I thank you."

And then the door shut, and the conversation ceased.

CHAPTER XX.

The Finding of the Bat.

TREVOR waited till the head-master had gone back to his library, gave him five minutes to settle down, and then went in.

The head-master looked up inquiringly.

"My essay, sir," said Trevor.

"Ah, yes. I had forgotten."

Trevor opened the note-book and began to read what he had written. He finished the paragraph which owed its insertion to Clowes, and raced hurriedly on to the next. To his surprise the flippancy passed unnoticed, at any rate, verbally. As a rule the head-master preferred that quotations from back numbers of *Punch* should be kept out of the prefects' English Essays. And he generally said as much. But to-day he seemed strangely preoccupied. A split infinitive in paragraph five, which at other times would have made him sit up in his chair stiff with horror, elicited no remark. The same immunity was accorded to the insertion (inspired by Clowes, as usual) of a popular catch phrase in the last few lines. Trevor finished with the feeling that luck had favoured him nobly.

"Yes," said the head-master, seemingly roused by the silence following on the conclusion of the essay. "Yes." Then, after a long pause, "Yes," again.

Trevor said nothing, but waited for further comment.

"Yes," said the head-master once more, "I think that is a very fair essay. Very fair. It wants a little more—er—not quite so much—um—yes."

Trevor made a note in his mind to effect these improvements in future essays, and was getting up, when the head-master stopped him.

"Don't go, Trevor. I wish to speak to you."

Trevor's first thought was, perhaps naturally, that the bat was going to be brought into discussion. He was wondering helplessly how he was going to keep O'Hara and his midnight exploit out of the conversation, when the head-master resumed. "An unpleasant thing has happened, Trevor——"

"Now we're coming to it," thought Trevor.

"It appears, Trevor, that a considerable quantity of smoking has been going on in the school."

Trevor breathed freely once more. It was only going to be a mere conventional smoking row after all. He listened with more enjoyment as the head-master, having stopped to turn down the wick of the reading-lamp which stood on the table at his side and which had begun, appropriately enough, to smoke, resumed his discourse.

"Mr. Dexter——"

Of course, thought Trevor. If there ever was a row in the school, Dexter was bound to be at the bottom of it.

"Mr. Dexter has just been in to see me. He reported six boys. He discovered them in the vault beneath the junior block. Two of them were boys in your house."

Trevor murmured something wordless, to show that the story interested him.

"You knew nothing of this, of course——"

"No, sir."

RUTHVEN SPRANG FORWARD, BUT CLOWES DASHED THE POKER AGAINST THE LOCK

"No. Of course not. It is difficult for the head of a house to know all that goes on in that house."

Was this his beastly sarcasm? Trevor asked himself. But he came to the conclusion that it was not. After all, the head of a house is only human. He cannot be expected to keep an eye on the private life of every member of his house.

"This must be stopped, Trevor. There is no saying how widespread the practice has become or may become. What I want you to do is to go straight back to your house and begin a complete search of the studies."

"To-night, sir?" It seemed too late for such amusement.

"To-night. But before you go to your house, call at Mr. Seymour's, and tell Milton I should like to see him. And, Trevor."

"Yes, sir?"

"You will understand that I am leaving this matter to you to be dealt with by you. I shall not require you to make any report to me.

But if you should find tobacco in any boy's room, you must punish him well, Trevor. Punish him well."

This meant that the culprit must be "touched up" before the house assembled in the dining-room. Such an event did not often occur. The last occasion had been in Paget's first term as head of Donaldson's, when two of the senior day-room had been discovered attempting to revive the ancient and dishonourable custom of bullying. This time, Trevor foresaw, would set up a record in all probability. There might be any number of devotees of the weed, and he meant to carry out his instructions to the full, and make the criminals more unhappy than they had been since the day of their first cigar. Trevor hated the habit of smoking at school. He was so intensely keen on the success of the house and the school at games that anything which tended to damage the wind and eye filled him with loathing. That anybody should dare to smoke in a house which was going to play in the final for the House Football Cup made him rage internally, and he proposed to make things bad and unrestful for such.

To smoke at school is to insult the divine weed. When you are obliged to smoke in odd corners, fearing every moment that you will be discovered, the whole meaning, poetry, romance of a pipe vanishes, and you become like those lost boings who smoke when they are running to catch trains. The boy who smokes at school is bound to come to a bad end. He will degenerate gradually into a person that plays dominoes in the smoking rooms of tea shops with friends who wear bowler hats with frock coats.

Much of this philosophy Trevor expounded to Clowes in energetic language when he returned to Donaldson's after calling at Seymour's to deliver the message for Milton.

Clowes became quite animated at the prospect of a real row

"We shall be able to see the skeletons in their cupboards," he observed. "Every man has a skeleton in his cupboard, which follows him about wherever he goes. Which study shall we go to first?"

"We?" said Trevor

"We," repeated Clowes firmly. "I am not going to be left out of this jaunt. I need bracing up I'm not strong, you know—and this is just the thing to do it. Besides, you'll want a bodyguard of some sort, in case the infuriated occupant turns and rends you."

"I don't see what there is to enjoy in the business," said Trevor, gloomily. "Personally, I bar this kind of thing. By the time we've finished, there won't be a chap in the house I'm on speaking terms with."

"Except me, dearest," said Clowes. "I will never desert you. It's of no use asking me, for I will never do it. Mr. Micawber has his faults, but I will *never* desert Mr. Micawber."

"You can come if you like," said Trevor; "we'll take the studies in order. I suppose we needn't look up the prefects?"

"A prefect is above suspicion.' Scratch the prefects."

"That brings us to Dixon."

Dixon was a stout youth with spectacles, who was popularly supposed to do twenty-two hours' work a day. It was believed that he put in two hours sleep from eleven to one, and then got up and worked in his study till breakfast.

He was working when Clowes and Trevor came in. He dived head foremost into a huge Liddell and Scott as the door opened. On hearing Trevor's voice he slowly emerged, and a pair of round and spectacled eyes gazed blankly at the visitors. Trevor briefly explained his errand, but the interview lost in solemnity owing to the fact that the bare notion of Dixon storing tobacco in his room made Clowes roar with laughter. Also, Dixon stolidly refused to understand what Trevor was talking about, and at the end of ten minutes, finding it hopeless to try and explain, the two went. Dixon, with a hazy impression that he had been asked to join in some sort of round game, and had refused the offer, returned again to his Liddell and Scott, and continued to wrestle with the somewhat obscure utterances of the chorus in Aeschylus' "Agamemnon." The results of this fiasco on Trevor and Clowes were widely different. Trevor it depressed horribly. It made him feel savage. Clowes, on the other hand, regarded the whole affair in a spirit of rollicking farce, and refused to see that this was a serious matter, in which the honour of the house was involved.

The next study was Ruthven's. This fact somewhat toned down the exuberances of Clowes's demeanour. When one particularly dislikes a person, one has a curious objection to seeming in good spirits in his presence. One feels that he may take it as a sort of compliment to himself, or, at any rate, contribute grins of his own, which would be hateful. Clowes was as grave as Trevor when they entered the study.

Ruthven's study was like himself, overdressed and rather futile. It ran to little china ornaments in a good deal of profusion. It was more like a drawing-room than a school study.

"Sorry to disturb you, Ruthven," said Trevor

"Oh, come in," said Ruthven, in a tired voice.

"Please shut the door; there is a draught. Do you want anything?"

"We've got to have a look round," said Clowes.

"Can't you see everything there is?"

Ruthven hated Clowes as much as Clowes hated him.

Trevor cut into the conversation again.

"It's like this, Ruthven," he said. "I'm awfully sorry, but the old man's just told me to search the studies in case any of the fellows have got baccy."

Ruthven jumped up, pale with consternation.

"You can't. I won't have you disturbing my study."

"This is rot," said Trevor, shortly, "I've got to. It's no good making it more unpleasant for me than it is."

"But I've no tobacco. I swear I haven't."

"Then why mind us searching?" said Clowes.

"Come on, Ruthven," said Trevor, "chuck us over the keys. You might as well."

"I won't."

"Don't be an ass, man."

"We have here," observed Clowes, in his sad, solemn way, "a stout and serviceable poker." He stooped, as he spoke, to pick it up.

"Leave that poker alone," cried Ruthven.

Clowes straightened himself.

"I'll swop it for your keys," he said.

"Don't be a fool."

"Very well, then. We will now crack our first crib."

Ruthven sprang forward, but Clowes, handing him off in football fashion with his left hand, with his right dashed the poker against the lock of the drawer of the table by which he stood.

The lock broke with a sharp crack. It was not built with an eye to such onslaught.

"Neat for a first shot," said Clowes, complacently. "Now for the Umustaphas and shag."

But as he looked into the drawer he uttered a sudden cry of excitement. He drew something out, and tossed it over to Trevor.

"Catch, Trevor," he said quietly. "Something that'll interest you."

Trevor caught it neatly in one hand, and stood staring at it as if he had never seen anything like it before. And yet he had—often. For what he had caught was a little golden bat, about an inch long by an eighth of an inch wide.

(To be concluded.)

THE CYCLING CORNER.

CYCLING AS A SPORT.

AS regards path-racing, *bonâ-fide* sport is almost non-existent. There is plenty of racing, it is true, but I grieve to say that a very large proportion of its amateur (so-called) exponents of note, at any rate, compete rather for what they can make out of it than for the pure love of the thing. It is sad for one like myself, who has been closely associated with cycling from the time when it first took its place among our national sports, to recall the days when Oxford and Cambridge Universities were two of its chief nurseries, and clubs like the London, Amateur, Pickwick, and others of a similar class, were composed of men against whose amateurism not a breath of suspicion could be raised. But these halcyon days did not last long. Slowly the cycle manufacturers began to realise that racing successes, especially by amateurs, were an extremely valuable advertisement, and the result was such an influx of men who were subsidised by, or engaged in, the trade, that the racing path soon became swamped by them. To such a pitch did the scandal rise that even a fourth rate amateur could not only command the loan of a cycle and a certain sum for each success, but also a weekly salary from some maker or other. Even the local agents and "assemblers" (those who put together the parts supplied by firms like the Birmingham Small Arms Co.), thought it an aid to business if they could secure a win or two on a machine they had constructed. The larger makers, however, went about their business still more openly, and filled their depôts and offices with young men, whose only qualification was that they had a turn of speed. As may be expected,

THE TRUE AMATEURS BECAME FEWER AND FEWER,

every year, until cycle-racing at the 'Varsities was not "considered the thing," and, save

in the case of a few enthusiasts, who are always to be found in every sport, Oxford and Cambridge cyclists confine their path-racing to closed events. The National Cyclists' Union was quite as helpless to stop the wave of sham amateurism which swept over our racing tracks, as was Canute to check the incoming tide. A few of the most glaring offenders were certainly made an example of, but the difficulty of legally proving that a man had infringed the amateur law was great, although there was no moral doubt about the matter. Had, however, the leading clubs followed the example of the London Athletic Club, and refused the entries of all against whom the finger of suspicion pointed, the amateur character of the sport might have been preserved. But no! there was the "gate" to be considered, and the officials shielded themselves behind the Union licenses. Even now that trade assistance, except in very special cases, is not forthcoming, there are very few men of good social standing on the racing path. We see riders whose position in life is little above that of a working man, or a junior clerk, racing all over the country, and marvel how they are able to afford it. There are

THREE SOURCES FROM WHICH MONEY CAN BE PROCURED

for this purpose; from the trade, the sports promoters (in the shape of appearance money), and, worst of all, from the betting men. It seems a pity that the last-named are allowed to ply their trade at amateur sports, but in the present state of the law, I fail to see how they can be stopped. The in and out racing of more than one rider in the neighbourhood of London, this year, suggests that "Mr. Arrangement" has been present. There are a few men racing now whose amateurism cannot be questioned, but at the same time, I should be very sorry to see a son of mine adopt cycle racing on the path as his hobby. A good class youngster would start well, but he would have to be very strong-minded if he could resist the temptations to which he would certainly be subjected if he raced regularly. "Evil communications corrupt good manners"—at least, we were taught so when I was at school, and I don't think things, in this respect, have changed since those far-off days. But if any of my young friends would enjoy an honest sport I would recommend them to go in for racing on the road, and join one of the chief road clubs. The road racer is, *malgré lui*,

COMPELLED TO BE AN AMATEUR,

because he has no opportunity of making anything out of his riding. The trade in the old days did throw its fell influence over road racing, and scotched it for a time, but it has risen, Phœnix-like, from its ashes, and now provides the only real sport connected with cycling. Excepting in some very rare cases, the prizes are only of nominal value, while the races, which are rarely shorter than fifty miles, are decided over lonely routes where they do not interfere with the other users of the road, and are run on the time test. That is, there is an interval of five minutes between each competitor, and pacing will subject a man to disqualification, while even "hanging on" to another competitor is strictly forbidden. Again, every precaution is taken to prevent the name of the maker of the winning machine becoming public property; indeed, save the actual result of the race, no details appear in either the cycling or public press. Now, what is the result? A road-racing man must necessarily be one who races for the love of the thing. His expenses, too, are far heavier than is the case with the path-racer, especially should a record be attempted, when, though against the dictum of the National Cyclists' Union, to whom he owes no allegiance, he considers it a point of honour to pay the out-of-pocket expenses of his fellow club-mates who turn out to render him such assistance as following up with a spare machine, seeing to his feeding arrangements, &c. There is also a strong social side to all our road clubs, hence considerable care is exercised in the election of members. I fear I may be considered unduly prejudiced in favour of what is undoubtedly, in the strict letter of the law, an illegal practice, but for the last three or four years there has not been a single complaint in the respective districts where the recognised road clubs held their competitions, although where the use of the same roads was abused the police were our most deadly enemies. To sum up, I think I have fully shown that while genuine cycling sport flourishes on the road, on the track, though not quite non-existent, it is almost swamped by "business" considerations.

NATURALIST'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

TREE FROG, &c.—In answer to "Tree Frog" (Malvern), (1) I should think the tree frog would do very well in a larva breeding cage, provided you supply it with a growing plant in a pot, and a pan of clean water, so that he can climb the one and moisten his skin in the other. (2) I am sorry my acquaintance with the mollusca of the French coasts is not sufficient to enable me to determine the species of your *Tellina* from a brief description.

Name of Caterpillar.—Dorothy G. sends me a beautiful caterpillar for identification. It is an inch and a half long, of a pale green colour, covered with curved yellow hairs, whilst on its back stand up four brushes of stiff yellow hairs. These brushes are separated by slashes of rich black, and minute black dots and a few short black lines are scattered over its sides. Just in front of the tail

HOP-DOG—NATURAL SIZE.

is a curved plume of dull red. This caterpillar, Dorothy, is generally known as the Hop Dog. It is the larva of the Pale Tussock Moth (*Dasychira pudibunda*). It feeds on various trees, such as oak, hazel, lime, and sweet chestnut. The specimen you sent was just beginning to spin a little silken tent in which to change to a hairy chrysalis, in which condition it will remain until next May, when I shall expect to see a brown-banded, grey-winged moth emerge. I am sorry to tell you that it is not the rarity you supposed, the caterpillar being quite common, though the moth is seen less frequently.

Book on Birds, &c.—In reply to "Shooter" (Lancaster), who asks (1) for name of a "first-class natural history, specially referring to birds," I would recommend *British Birds*, written by several authorities and giving large figures of all the species by F. W. Frohawk. It is published by F. Warne and Co., in 6 vols., at £3 12s. This is the book for your purpose, but if you merely desire a small volume, get Saunders' *Handbook of British Birds* (Gurney and Jackson). (2) You do not say whether your tortoise is the land or freshwater species. The food and habits of each are quite different. There have been several replies in recent CAPTAINS dealing with both. Kindly look these up. (3) Lists of my books sent by post as desired.

Weedy Paths.—The garden walks of W. A. Adams (Edinburgh) are "gye bad" with weeds, and he wishes to know of a good killer. The weeding-knife and hand-picking is the best remedy, but salt strewn on the affected parts in dry weather (if we ever again get dry weather) has good results. It should be remembered, however, that salt is also a fertiliser, and strong rooted weeds that are able to survive a strong application may be invigorated by the same salt when rain has weakened it. The gardening papers contain advertisements of several special preparations for the purpose. Among these are "Weedicide" (Thames Chemical Co., 50 Fenchurch Street, London), "Climax" weed killer (Boundary Chemical Co., Liverpool), "Thanatos" (Silicate Co., Hemel Hempstead), Harrison's "Reliable" (118 Broad Street, Reading). These are all of good repute. Care must be taken in applying any of them to keep clear of turf edgings, as they are destructive to grass as well as to weeds.

Ferret.—"P. J." (Aberdeen) gives me dimensions of the hutch in which he keeps his ferret, and wishes to know if I think he will winter successfully so far north if kept outside. The ferret is a native of Africa, and I fear that it is not likely to stand a northern winter out of doors. Can you not accommodate his hutch in some shed or outhouse? The dimensions of hutch are satisfactory. Great cleanliness and proper feeding are of the highest importance if you wish to keep your ferret healthy. It is a carnivorous beast; and you should make arrangements with your local poulterer to save you the heads from freshly-killed fowls, &c. To this add rats, mice, scraps of raw meat, &c., and plenty of clean water. The sleeping compartment should be thickly carpeted with peat-moss litter, frequently changed, and on this fresh straw and wood-shavings for the bed. I fear your description of the sore places on your ferret's back indicates "scab." Anoint the sores with a mixture of equal parts of Spratt's Mange Lotion and Glycerine. I cannot do better than ad

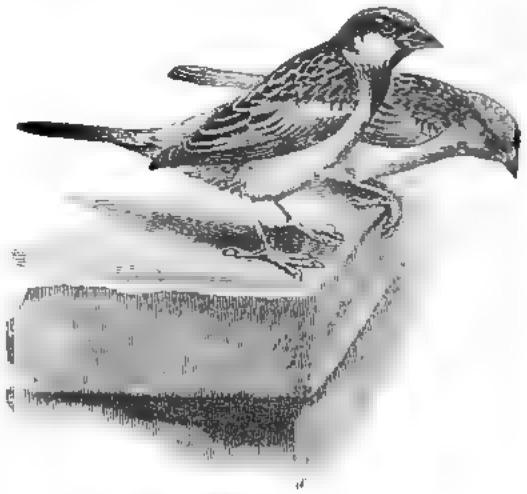
vise you to study *Ferrets and Ferreting* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.).

Book on Wild Flowers.—The book required by C. J. Fearfield (Nottingham) is my *Wayside and Woodland Blossoms*, but, unfortunately, it is at present out of print. You could almost certainly borrow it from one of the town libraries.

Maidenhair Fern.—"Lover of Books" (Battersea) wishes to know (1) how to keep maidenhair ferns in a room. That is quite a simple matter, though many make a difficulty of it. The pot should have a good thick layer of bits of broken pot at the bottom to secure efficient drainage, and then be filled with a mixture of fibrous peat, loam, and silver sand. The soil must be kept moist, but no water should be allowed to remain in the saucer. They should not be kept in a room where much gas is burnt, as this causes the foliage to turn brown and shrivel; neither can they endure a draught. Most of the failures to grow these beautiful ferns in rooms are due to the practice of standing them in front of windows with the bottom sash raised. The draught thus caused is bad for most plants—especially so for maidenhair fern. (2) I dare say there is a boy's club or guild in your neighbourhood where your CAPTAIN numbers would be welcomed; if not, they would probably be acceptable at the Free Library.

Jerboas.—J. B. I. Mackay (Cheltenham) has several queries relating to the Egyptian Jerboa. I have never kept Jerboas, but if I did I think I should accommodate them much on the lines adopted for fancy mice, allowing, of course, for their larger size. A cage constructed on the plan of the mouse cage should suit them (they are really members of the mouse family). The question whether the sleeping chamber should be on the level or above the "living room" is a matter of individual taste. I do not think the Jerboas are likely to have a preference. I should not put Jerboas and Squirrels together: I fancy the Jerboas would suffer. In a state of nature they live upon leaves, roots, and seeds; so that with oats, corn, maize, nuts, apple, carrot, and the leaves of garden vegetables, you can easily provide them with a well varied dietary. I am not aware of their breeding in this country; neither do I know of any hand-book on their care and management.

Sparrows.—J. Digby (Catford) asks my opinion on the great Sparrow question: are they useful or destructive in gardens? Fierce battles have been fought over the Sparrow, and there are many people, especially among gardeners, who think that the most intense black is the only colour in which to paint his portrait. Naturally he is a seed-eater, but he has become civilised, and all sorts of fare is acceptable to him. I should imagine that a Sparrow never dies from starvation, and as he has learned to find his meals even in crowded city roadways, he flourishes more than any other bird. As an amateur gardener I am sure that he does a good deal of damage; but as a naturalist I feel equally certain that he does far more good than harm. Shoot him in autumn or winter, and you will probably find his crop largely occupied by seeds, not entirely valuable seeds. But when there is a young family in the nest—and there nearly always



HOUSE SPARROWS.

is a young family—the crop is mostly distended with insects, for it is upon insects that the young are chiefly reared. There are people who are willing to receive favours, but who grudge to make any return. I fear many gardeners are of this stamp; they are painfully aware of the damage done by many of their wild friends, but resolutely shut their eyes to the valuable services rendered by the same creatures.

Query as to Skylark.—Miss Veitch (Neville's Cross) wishes to know whether skylarks ever sit on railings? I should not like to say dogmatically of any animal that it *never* does such and such a thing; but so far as I have observed the skylark it is not addicted to perching. It is mainly occupied in soaring into the heavens and walking through the grass. I suppose this question has been asked because some one has heard that a skylark was seen sitting on a railing, and some one else has said "Impossible!" So I have been elected as referee. Without going so far as saying "Impossible!" I would suggest an error in identification. The woodlark, that sings whilst perched on the branches of trees, is more likely to be seen sitting on a railing than is the skylark.

All about Dogs.—There is no mistaking the liberal views entertained by readers as to what is covered by the description "naturalist." Here is

A. H. E. Jones (Woodford), who wishes to take up the breeding, rearing, and training of dogs—evidently on business lines—and wishes me to put him in the right way. Well, I think that a business can only be satisfactorily learned from a man actually in it, and that I have never been. A certain part of the work comes within the range of the veterinary surgeon, and on this head I should consult a "vet." in your own neighbourhood. In regard to books, there is a pretty extensive literature devoted to dogs. Here are the titles of a few:—*The Dog*, by "Stonehenge" (F. Warne and Co.); *All About Dogs*, by C. H. Lane (John Lane); *British Dogs Ancient and Modern*, by Hugh Dalziel (L. Upcott Gill); *Breaking and Training Dogs*, by "Pathfinder" (Gill); *Diseases of Dogs*, by H. Dalziel (Gill); *Kennel Management*, by W. D. Drury (Gill), &c. Then a good deal of interest each week will be found in *The Kennel News*, *The Field*, *Land and Water*, and *The Bazaar*. Read also Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *Variations of Animals and Plants* (J. Murray). All these things will certainly help you to an intelligent knowledge of the subject; but this is as far as I can go. When you have assimilated the literature, seek the aid of a practical breeder.

Mungoose.—In answer to Douglas Johnstone (Dumfries), the Mungoose is a carnivorous beast and "death on rats" and other small mammals; it also feeds on birds, reptiles, and the larger insects. Your butcher or poulterer would, no doubt, keep you supplied with odds and ends for a trifle. It does not object to cooked food, so the waste from the table may be utilised, but whether cooked or raw it will refuse anything tainted, so only fresh food should be offered to it. If you are at all troubled by rats or mice a trap would help you to solve any difficulty about food supply. An occasional egg will be appreciated.

Skeleton Leaves.—"T. G. B." (Liscard) asks for a method of skeletonising leaves, and for a suggestion as to the best subjects. Almost any leaf may be tried, and the greater the variety the better will be the results; but those of trees and shrubs will be found the best, as the fibres forming the skeleton of these are firmer. Some leaves, as those of the oak, elm, and birch, contain chemical elements which greatly retard the decomposition of their soft tissues, and so make the process a long one. Begin on lime, maple, sycamore, plane, poplar, or holly, selecting full-sized, perfect, and mature leaves, and lay them in flower-pot-saucers of rain-water, out of doors where they will be exposed to the sunshine. After about a week examine them daily; those that appear soft should be carefully removed by slipping a piece of stiff note paper or thin card beneath. Place in a saucer of clean water, and with a soft paste-brush carefully remove all the soft matter. Wash in gently running water, and if it is desired to bleach the skeletons, give them a further bath of water in which a very small quantity of chloride of lime has been dissolved previously. As soon as sufficiently bleached the skeletons must be removed and washed in running water, then dried between blotting paper and pressed.

Museum Assistant.—A. H. Brett (Loughborough) has biological tastes and would like to get on the staff of a museum. To my knowledge there are large numbers of young naturalists who have similar ambitions, and the Natural History Department of the British Museum is the principal goal aimed at. To enter it is necessary first of all to get a nomination from one of the trustees of the B.M. That secured, the nominee has to submit to an examination, which is, I believe, the usual Civil Service examination modified to suit the special requirements of museum work. But everything turns on your being able to secure a trustee's nomination, for which, of course, family or friendly influence is necessary.

Microscopical.—In answer to R. Williams (Putney), (1) I cannot undertake to answer queries relating to the optics and mechanics of microscopy, but will always do my best to give information on the natural history side of it. (2) You should have little difficulty in obtaining *Coleps hirtus*, as it is tolerably plentiful in well-established ponds among the duck-weed that covers the surface.

Lizards Hibernating.—Yes, E. J. Solomon (W. Kensington), in common with most of the reptiles, lizards in late autumn seek some sheltered crevice, where, among dead leaves, they can sleep away the cold winter months. You do not say in what kind of a house or cage you keep your lizards, but wherever it may be it should be put away into some cool but frost-proof room, where unusual warmth will not disturb the sleeper. Some dry moss covered with pieces of virgin cork should provide a suitable retirement for them.

Tortoise in Winter.—We have already given several answers on this point in recent issues, and must refer M. G. D. (Aberdeen) to them. There is no necessity to take tortoises indoors for the winter, for, if the ground is turned up in a sheltered corner of the garden, they will bury themselves there and sleep comfortably until returning warmth awakens them.

Query as to Snake.—"Bunnie" (Eastbourne) asks for information about a "Spanish Glass Snake," which he has been feeding on snails. I do not recognise the name, which is probably a fancy one coined by the dealer. Anyway, "Bunnie" need not be alarmed because "he hasn't eaten anything for nearly a week." Snakes differ from boys and some other creatures in the fact that they are not always ready for a meal. Try him with a small live frog or mouse, which you will find more in his line than snails, and one such meal in two or three weeks will suffice.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Last day for sending in, February 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Feb. 18th.

The Results will be published in April.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—**The "C. A. C."**—Form an athletic Cabinet to meet once a month and discuss affairs of an athletic nature, settle disputes, &c. The following are the twelve vacancies to be filled in

THE "CAPTAIN" ATHLETIC CABINET.

President	
Minister of Cricket	
Minister of Football	
Minister of Sports	
Minister of Hockey . ..	
Minister of Net Games	
Minister of Swimming ...	
Minister of Cycling ...	
Minister of Gymnastics	
Referee-in-Chief	
Handicapper-in-Chief	
Secretary to Cabinet	

No age limit. 1st Prize, a Two Guinea "Croquet" Phonograph; 2nd Prize, a 12*s.* 6*d.* Sandow Developer; 3rd Prize, a Gradidge Football. (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

No. 2.—**"Portrait Competition."**—This is a competition for photographers. Send a portrait (your own work, of course) of a boy or girl, full-length, or head and shoulders. Prizes: Six Photograph Albums "Sunny Memories," handsomely bound, to contain about 150 Prints of all sizes. Two to each class. (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II	Age limit. Twenty.
Class III. ...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—**"Change of Name."**—If you had to change your name, what name would you prefer to have in its place? I have no doubt that the majority of you are well satisfied with your names, but you must imagine, please, that an Act of Parliament has been passed compelling every one in the country to change his or her name to something else. You are also to imagine that you have got to alter your Christian names. Write your full name and address on a post-card, and then put underneath: If I had to change my name I should prefer it to be . The Competition Editor will award the prize—A New Columbia Graphophone, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page—to the sender of what he considers the happiest change.

One Age limit ... ... Twenty-one.

No. 4.—**"Drawing of a Chair."**—For the three best sketches of any sort of chair, in pen, pencil, or colours, we will award Six Hockey Sticks, by the City Sale and Exchange; two in each class (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.)

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"People who Read My 'Captain.'"**—Of course we know (to our sorrow!) that THE CAPTAIN is largely lent; in fact, one copy of THE CAPTAIN often goes all round a small school. With a view to ascertaining how wide a publicity THE CAPTAIN attains in this way, we will award a Half-Guinea Set of Hobbies' Fretwork Outfit, one to each class, and Six All Cane Hockey Sticks (supplied by Cook's Athletic Company) to the next six best competitors who send the longest lists of names and addresses of people by whom their CAPTAIN is read. (See THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit. Twenty.
Class III. .	Age limit: Fifteen.

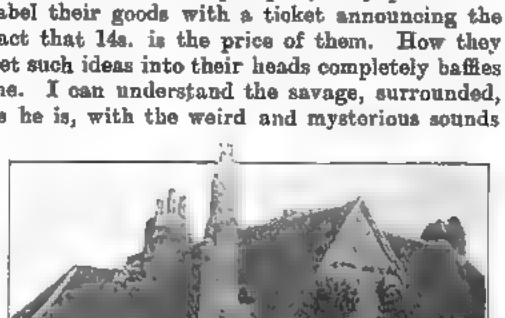
No. 6.—**"A Competition for Mothers."** Particulars of this will be found in the "Editorial," page 479. No Age limit.

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to "W. Bee," "Ciq," and "Jack L." Each prize-winner is requested to forward his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Luck.

"SUPERSTITION dies hard," says somebody. We know it does. Why don't people tell us something new, something we haven't heard of before? or else tell us nothing at all! We all know that a horse-shoe in a house is supposed to bring good luck. But do we all believe it? I for one have lost all faith in the wonderful powers such a bent piece of iron is said to possess. We had one in our house once, but father trod on it in the dark with his bare feet, and it brought anything but peace and good-luck to our family circle. I think father must have mistaken it for a boomerang, because he nearly demolished the house by throwing the thing about. And yet there are scores of people who fancy that nothing but good can come by keeping such an article in the house. Perhaps they don't leave it on the floor. I never was a firm believer in the methods usually employed by superstitious persons to bring about good luck. The way I disregard the warnings of well-disposed relatives, by refusing to pick up every horse-shoe or pin I see in the street, has caused me to be looked upon as a downright reckless person, and I am always being lectured in consequence. Walking under a ladder, they say, is sure to bring misfortune in its wake to the unlucky person who happens to commit this foolish act. So, one day, I took to heart the warnings of an aunt of mine, and stepped off the pavement to avoid passing under one. A bicycle happened to be going by at the time, and when some sympathetic bystanders had extracted me from the wreck I made a vow that I would thenceforth walk under every ladder I could find. Some people pretend to think that it is unlucky to start any enterprise on a Friday, and so they have an excuse for a day's holiday, or rest. Others think that thirteen is an unlucky number, and, if they are shopkeepers, they proceed to label their goods with a ticket announcing the fact that 14s. is the price of them. How they get such ideas into their heads completely baffles me. I can understand the savage, surrounded, as he is, with the weird and mysterious sounds



MILTON'S HOUSE, NEAR HARROW.
Photo by E. King Fordham.

which echo through the jungle, becoming superstitious, but I fail to see why the people of this civilised and enlightened country should connect a black cat with luck (good or otherwise). I have just been reading in the paper about a gentleman who was going on a journey. He wanted to make his will before he went, but his wife wouldn't let him, on the grounds that it would bring him ill luck. The man got killed, and in consequence his wife was left penniless somehow. I suppose the money went to a society for the prevention of cruelty to cricketers or some such philanthropic institution. As I have said before, I have no faith in such fancies of good luck being insured by old horse-shoes and what not. This desirable possession will only be

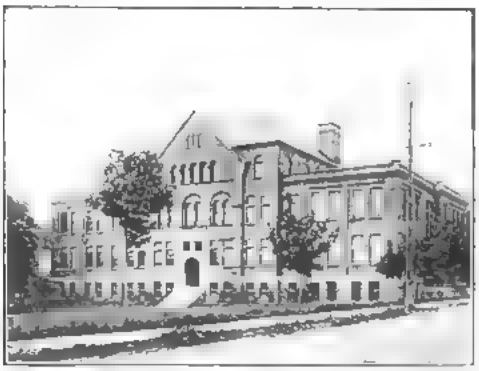
gained by him who rises early and digs for it, and not by the one who hangs a horse-shoe behind the door and goes to sleep happy in the belief that that old hoss's footgear will ward off all manner of ill-luck evermore! W. Bee.

THE CATTLE MARKET, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.
By Herbert Grapes.

A Peregrine Falcon's Eyrie.

A purple moorland stretches away from our feet in gentle curves, then vanishes abruptly where the sheer granite cliff rises from the breakers far below.

Cautiously our party, consisting of M—, Joe the fisherman, and myself, advance to the brink and peer over. Far below us a pair of ducks rise quacking from the rocks and hurry seawards; suddenly a grey spot darts from the precipice on our right. It is a peregrine falcon, and somewhere on one of those narrow ledges are



WESTMOUNT ACADEMY, WESTMOUNT, MONTREAL, WHERE SEVERAL OF OUR CANADIAN READERS ARE AT SCHOOL.
By E. Dowie, Montreal.

her eggs, the object of our search. But we scan the face of the cliff in vain. We retire among the gorse to the left to wait and watch. For half an hour our patience is unrewarded, then suddenly the falcon shoots from the sky and takes a turn to see if we remain. Then she darts across and settles on a narrow ledge. I keep the glass upon her. For a moment she stands motionless, then, stooping down, she creeps along the ledge, two feet in width, and disappears behind a tuft of brambles. We hurry round to get a better view, and see her crouching upon her eggs, for nest there is none save a hollow in the earth that covers the ledge. A crowbar is driven into the ground, and the first rope is put under M 's shoulders, while the second is made fast to a boulder at one end and then flung over the edge. At last, with a harsh "kek, kek," the falcon rises and swoops

A TYPICAL STREET IN THE ARABIC QUARTERS OF AL [illegible] IN THE FOREGROUND IS A NATIVE WOMAN GOING SHOPPING.
By Walter R. Rose

over our heads, threatening to attack M— as he slowly makes his way down the precipice. Inequalities in the rock, tufts of grass, and narrow ledges afford him a foothold, and at last he stands safely upon the ledge. The three eggs are safely packed in cotton wool, and the ascent begins. From a point where I can watch M—, I call to Joe, "Haul up," "Haul up." Joe repeats, "Steady," "Steady," as some projecting rock is passed, till at last M—'s face appears over the brink, and he steps into safety.

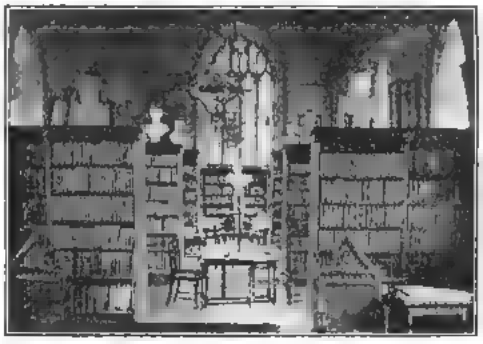
"Collector."

Picture Postcards.

OF all hobbies none is so popular as picture-postcard collecting. From the point of view of one who has collected stamps and postcards, the latter are far more fascinating and instructive. There are three great groups of postcards in colour, black and white, or plain photographic reproduction—views, pictures, and "photo and type" cards. The first-named form the chief element in most collections, and from the educational side are invaluable. A boy learns far more of a city when its streets and buildings are portrayed on favourite P.C.'s, and involuntarily enquires where such and such a little bit of picturesque scenery is situated, thus dispensing with the geography book. Articles of attire and quaint utensils before only names become realities when one sees the likeness of a real "Roumanian Peasant," or "Aged Kaffir Woman." Through one of the many exchange clubs now organised the collector may obtain these and any other kind of foreign postcard, but, to the mind of the writer, "types" are best of all. Posted in far-off lands, and printed by strange brown fingers, representing, as they do, the offspring of some curious race, these cards transport the mind of the beholder from the realms of easy-chair and album to lands of snow and sunshine, veldt and valley. In addition, there are photographs of our English actors and actresses, writers and statesmen, all worthy of a special album. Indeed, postcards show to far better advantage when arranged separately, according to their different subjects—ordinary pictures from designs by Louis Wain to reproductions of Hassall posters, all alone; views divided into their respective countries, side by side, and so on. It is true that cards are at present worth no more than their cost and postage, but, some day, if the craze increases, out-of-the-way specimens are sure to be valuable. The fortunate possessor of the "Portuguese Indian Diamond Jubilee Celebration Card" may revel in the fact some twenty years hence. "The Bavarian Officials" may prove small fortunes to their owners. CIG.

Photography on Silk.

IN a recent number of THE CAPTAIN there appeared an article on "How to Print a Photo on a Handkerchief." The following may be of interest to readers of THE CAPTAIN who are photographers:—Pour 20oz. of boiling water on 100gns. of chloride of ammonium and 60gns of Iceland moss. When nearly cold, filter, and immerse the silk in it for 15mins. To sensitize, immerse the silk in a 20gn. solution of nitrate of silver for 16mins. Let the nitrate bath be rather acid. When dry, prepare for printing by attaching the silk to a piece of cardboard a little smaller than itself, by turning the edge over and fastening with small pieces of gum-paper, slightly over print. Wash in two or three changes of water, and tone in a bath made thus:



SHERBORNE SCHOOL LIBRARY.
Taken by a Sherborne "Brownie."

—29oz. of water, 2drms. acetate of soda, 4grns. chloride of gold, and a few grains of whiting. Filter and keep for 24hrs. before using. Let the prints be toned slightly bluer than they are required to be when finished. Rinse them in

WEST GATE, CANTERBURY.

This famous gateway was built by Archbishop Simon, of Sudbury, in 1380, and when the High Street was being widened it was suggested that the West Gate be pulled down. Then some one thought of the idea of making the road round to the left, and so it is to-day, as will be seen in the photo by J. O'Neill.

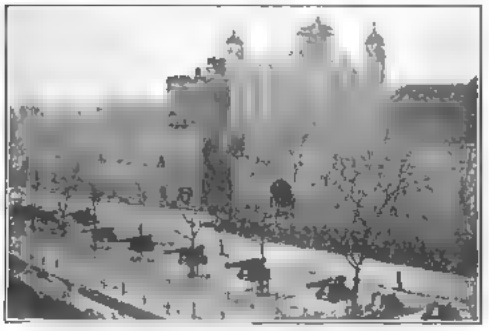
water and fix in a solution of hypo., 4oz. to the pint of water. 20mins. is ample time for fixing. Wash well. JAMES STEWART (Glasgow).

Talyllyn, North Wales.

MANY of Nature's most beautiful spots are destined, by some far-seeing Providence, to occupy Nature's most out-of-the-way corners. So it is with Talyllyn, North Wales. Far away from the "madding crowd," from city and from town, from crush and from crowd, from tram and

THE FAMOUS SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE.
By John Garrido.

from train, nestling between the multi-coloured sided mountains, lies Talyllyn Lake, peeping shyly unto the world like an infant from its cot! The beauty of the spot is superb, colossal! We look upon nature, we converse with nature, we stand in the midst of nature—and wonder! Grim, stern Cader Idris frowns down upon us, a formidable, silent sentinel, guarding its precious charge! In summer the sun's rays transform the face of the placid water into a thousand merry, mysterious, dancing colours.



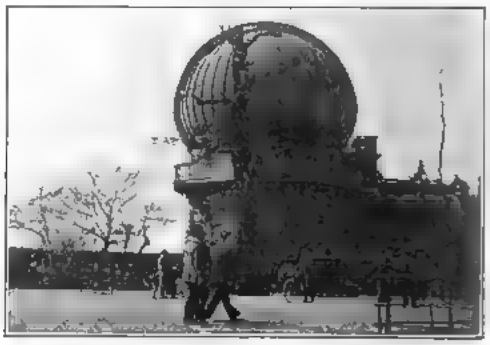
MOUNTED GUNS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.
By Herman W. Cutbill

Even surly Cader smiles. We wander round the lake, admiring the wondrous beauty of the magnificent panorama spread before us, then suddenly diverge into a mountain path, 'midst the bramble and the bracken. Our hearts are gladdened, and we shout for sheer joy.

The scene is changed. Winter comes, and sullen Cader looks down upon the ice-bound water from underneath its snow-capped head. The picture is vast, grand, majestic! We stand in awe, as if before some great and terrible monarch—small, mean, and petty! Blessed nature! "GENERAL."

A Wireless Telegraphist.

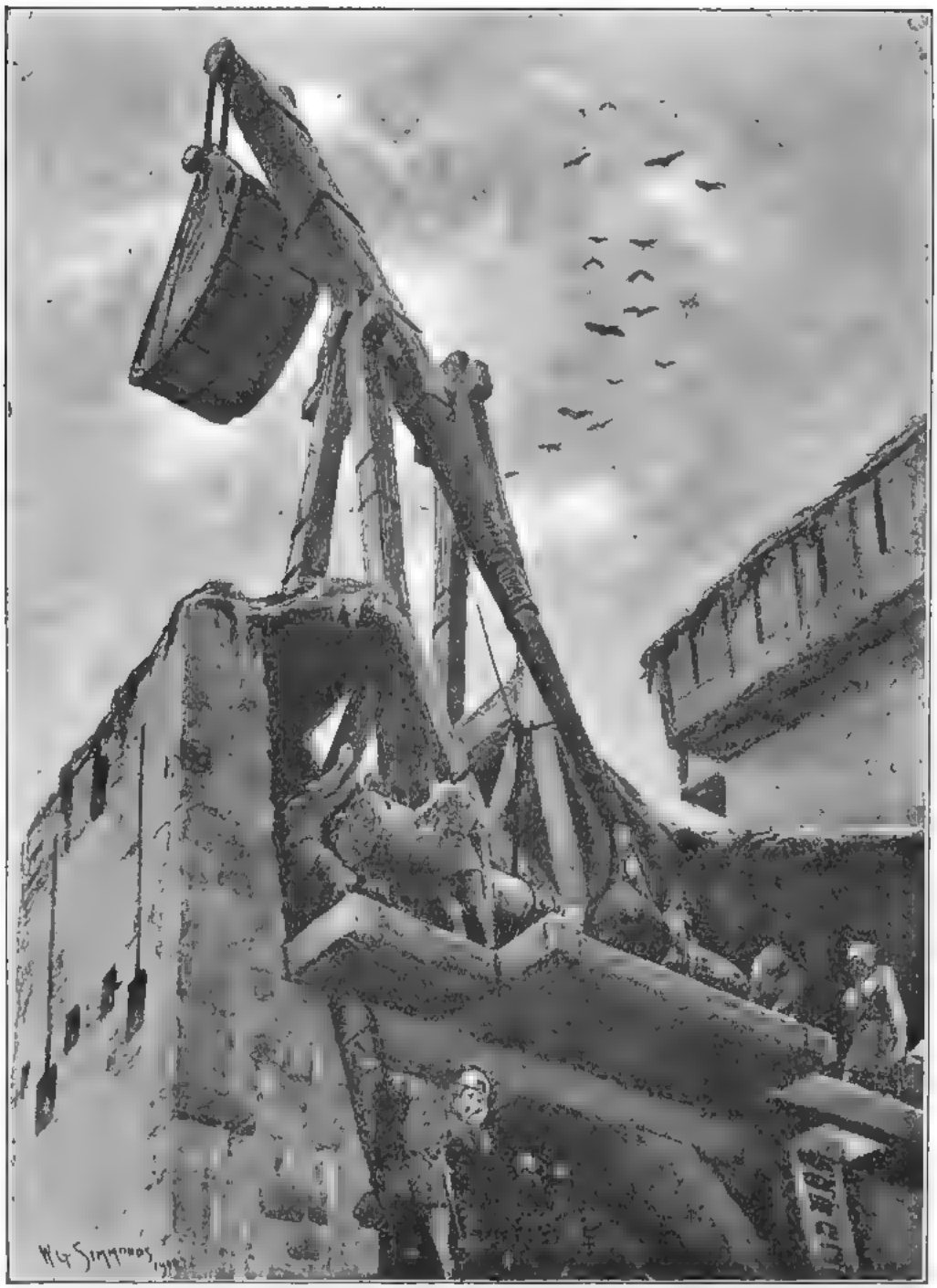
GENERALLY speaking, Signor Marconi is spoken of as the inventor of wireless telegraphy, but the real inventor was a Scotchman—James Bowman Lindsay. He was born at Carnylie, a few miles from Dundee, in the year 1799, his father being a weaver of that village. He attended college at St. Andrews, working as a weaver during the recess. Some time after this he removed to Dundee to a small room near the docks. In the year 1835 he installed in this room the electric light. This was the first use of electricity for lighting purposes. Nineteen years later he patented an invention for telegraphing without



THE DOME AT GREENWICH OBSERVATORY
Photo by "Know All."

wires, and experimented at Portsmouth and London with his apparatus. In 1859, he telegraphed across the Tay at Glencarse, and afterwards read a paper on this subject before the British Association at Aberdeen. He had to economise in every way to buy wire and material for his experiments. Every battery used had to be made by himself, and he had even to insulate his wires. In one of his experiments he had five miles of wire. This meant years of skimping, denying himself everything save the bare necessities of life. One can only wonder what marvels he would have accomplished had he lived to continue his experiments. He died at the age of 63 in the midst of compiling a dictionary in fifty languages. JACK L.

My readers may remember that the honour claimed for Lindsay belongs to Sir Oliver Lodge, according to Prof. Silvanus Thompson.—Ed.]



THE CATAPULT.

A weapon used in the twelfth century for attacking, or, placed on a tower, for defending a fortress. The box uppermost in the illustration is weighted with large stones, which pull the shaft down when the operator releases the thin end, upon which is a bag of leather containing the missile, which is thrown in a similar manner as from a sling.

13 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"Howlers" are always mirth-provoking, and those entered for the competition which we recently set on this subject, kept the Competition Editor chuckling all one afternoon. Latin and French "howlers" (I see from the list which has been prepared for me to quote from) were sent in as well as English ones, and in connection with the first-named class there arrived quite the best "howler" I have ever come across, "splendide mendax" being glibly translated as "*lying in state*"! Another earnest student of the Latin tongue was asked for the derivation of "Pontifex." "It is derived," said he, "from *pons*, a bridge, and means the Chief Priest, just as we say *Arch*bishop." It was probably a boy in the same class who, with his head full of pontifical matters, informed an astonished form-master a little later on that "a vacuum was the place where the Pope lived." Touching other matters Roman, a boy was desired to explain who Titus was. His face lit up, and there came an intelligent sparkle into his eyes as he made answer: "Titus was a Roman General. He wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews." "Indeed!" said the form-master, "can you tell me anything else about him?" "Yes, sir," returned the boy, promptly and eagerly, "*his other name was Oates.*" Whereupon uprose a laugh such as old Stentor might have given.

We all remember certain biblical and historical personages by certain curious deeds or speeches. For example, none of us can forget the sad case of the English king who died from surfeiting himself with lampreys, simply because "lampreys" is an unusual word which sticks in the memory. The name "Rider Haggard" stands out memorably because it is a peculiar one; the same may be said of *Æsop*, another author. Again, every boy-student of the Old Testament has a vivid recollection of the little transaction between Jacob and Esau, when the latter was filled with a craving for food. Sometimes, however, a confusion of ideas and memories contributes to a sad mixing up of facts. "Who was Esau?" was once a question on an examination paper which elicited this reply: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." It might not be out of place if I repeated here another strange biographical jumble which I quoted in THE CAPTAIN some years ago. In this case the question ran "Who was Sir Isaac Newton?" and one of the candidates (a girl, this time) took up her pen and wrote: "Sir Isaac Newton was the greatest orator and statesman England ever produced. His greatest oratorio is called 'The Messiah.'"

It is not often that a student of the Gallic tongue picks a phrase to pieces and translates it so literally as did the boy who rendered "So woebegone!" in French as "Si triste, allez-vous en!" Turning to "howlers" of the General Knowledge paper type, I find that a "mosquitoe" was once described as "a child of black and white parents," and that a "volcano" was represented by a certain intelligent youth (probably about the time of the Boer War) as "a hole in the ground out of which come smoke and ashes and stuff they call 'laager.'" Presumably it was whilst struggling with a General Knowledge paper that a boy declared "saccharine" to be "a kind of hair-oil which the Israelites used when anointing their kings and rulers." This gentleman, however, was hardly more nebulous in his ideas than the scholar who wrote: "The Sublime Porte is a rich, rare old wine; it comes from Constanti-

nople." Evidently he recollected in a vague sort of way that the Turkish government was called the "Porte," but he also knew that there was a wine with a name having exactly the same sound. Hence his ingenious compromise! The word "invincible," uttered in a slovenly manner, was certainly hovering in the brain of a boy who wrote: "Sir Walter Raleigh was just playing golf when the *invisible* Armada came in sight." (Pictures of the historic occasion represent Sir Walter playing with somewhat large *golf*-balls, methinks!) Galileo, we know, was an astronomer, but *I* never knew (before this competition was set) that he "*washed* the stars by night." A cold job, pore feller! They've twinkled all the better for it ever since, apparently. "The chief parts of an insect," wrote an Indian student, in a natural science exam., "are the head, thorax, and abdomen, and the last contains the vowels a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y." He did not mention when the eccentric insect he referred to decided to wear his two extra "vowels." He left it to the imagination of the examiner.

I am thoroughly convinced that the majority of the "howlers" submitted for this competition were thoroughly genuine, simply because they were too clever to have been manufactured, but I have my suspicions of the authenticity of the last one on my list. The question was: "Say what you know of Henry VIII." And the reply begins: "Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived." Well, it is possible that some Fourth Form boy once wrote that, and firmly believed it. He was right, too, for Henry VIII.'s claim to the title can only be challenged by Bluebeard, who has no real *status quo*, being only a fairy tale widower. However, let us proceed with the answer: "He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and executed; the second revoked." It is at this juncture that our suspicion deepens to absolute conviction that Miss Maud Sanderson, who sent this "howler," was having a joke with us on her own account. And so we read on, and at last reach the concluding statement to the effect that "Henry VIII. was succeeded by his grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel" . . . . Oh, fie, Miss Sanderson, fie! Fancy trying to "spoof" the poor, worried Competition Editor with such a howling howler as that!

"A Competition for Mothers."

A Cheltenham lady, after making certain remarks about THE CAPTAIN which bring a blush to my withered cheek, suggests that we should have a competition for Mothers. Very well; I agree readily. I want Mothers to send me a letter on the subject of "What School Does for a Boy." I want them to give me their confidence and to write from their hearts. Their observations on the subject should be very valuable. To the sender of the best letter I shall award A HANDSOME WORK-BASKET (one of those that stand on legs by one's chair), and to the senders of the next six best letters, autographed copies of "J. O. Jones." The letters should be written only *on one side of the paper*, and should not exceed 400 words in length.

"Captain" Prize Competitions:

"Penn," a reader who started with our first number, has been comparing the prizes offered for competition in Volume I. with those in Volume IX. Here is the result of his labours:—

It might interest readers of THE CAPTAIN to know that in the first volume there were 121 successful competitors, while in the volume most recently completed—No. IX.—155 readers received prizes.

In Volume I., 97 prize-winners resided in England, 14 in Scotland, 5 in Ireland, 3 in Wales, and 1 abroad; there was also 1 incomplete address.

In Volume IX., 117 successful competitors lived in England, 18 in Scotland, 2 in Ireland, 6 in Wales, 1 in the Channel Isles, 10 in the Colonies, and 1 abroad. This shows a fairly general increase, though it may be noticed that the number of winners in Ireland has decreased in Volume IX, while those abroad remain as in Volume I.

The following articles were given away as prizes in Volume I.:—£90 9s. divided as several prizes, 1 camera, 6 fountain pens, 1 silver watch, 1 clock, 6 stamp albums, and 1 gold brooch.

In Volume IX, the prizes were more numerous and varied, as will be seen by the list given below.

No fewer than 4 bicycles, of different makes, 1 going to Birmingham, 1 to Glasgow, 1 to Hassocks, and 1 to Talgarth, Wales. £5 5s. 6d. divided up into several prizes, 6 sets of boxing gloves (4 to the set), no fewer than 36 cameras, 3 fountain pens, 5 sets of drawing materials, 26 cricket bats, 1 solid silver watch, 4 photograph outfits, 11 Sandow's developers, 28 printing outfits, 12 post-card albums, and 2 tennis rackets.

There were 31 competitors who received "Consolation Prizes" in Volume I., compared with 115 in Volume IX.; while 765 readers were classed under "Honourable Mention" in the first volume, to 934 in the ninth. Also 17 competitors in the first volume received the honour of being "Very highly commended."

Finally, 17 books by CAPTAIN authors were presented to budding poets, artists, and authors, who

contributed to the C.C. pages in Volume IX. This attractive "Corner" did not exist in the first volume.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Motor.—Certainly the motor-car business is a good one to take up. I do not know of any firm which would receive you as an apprentice, but should advise you to look through "The Car," and other motoring papers, and see whether any firms are advertising for pupils. Posts of this sort are nearly always obtained by private recommendation. Tell all your motoring friends what you wish to do, and no doubt one of them will be able to help you.

An Australian Girl-Reader tells me that there never was such a tale as the "Long 'Un." They used to fight for the CAPTAIN in her house when it arrived in order to read about Jim and Koko. I must tell the author this. If "An A. G.-R." had seen him perspiring over some of the monthly instalments she would have felt real sorry for him, poor chap! "Ernest Brown" writes

SEE "INSIDE A TEST MATCH."

similarly, and Samuel Brown, brother to above, describes the "Long 'Un" as the finest tale he has ever read, in fact, "a regular snorter." Now, Mr. Bell, sir, got any blushes left? The Brown family will no doubt be pleased to hear, sir, that, Providence permitting, you will contribute a story to our next volume.

W. B. Faull.—Many thanks for your second list of newsagents who do not stock the CAPTAIN. I have no doubt that your list is quite genuine, but I am sorry to say that, in the Competition which we set on this subject, we received a number of names of newsagents who *do* stock the CAPTAIN. We wrote to all the newsagents mentioned, and received a series of replies, couched in warm language, from certain of these newsagents, stating that they took dozens of copies every month. Under the circumstances, therefore, seeing that we have been misinformed in a considerable number of cases, I will not trouble you or any other reader to send in any more lists.

Edie Mayflower has a brother who wants to run away to sea. He has confided his ambition to Edie, and she wants to know whether it would be a breach of trust if she told her parents. I advise Edie to tell her brother that, much as she desires to keep faith with him, if he persists in his intention of running away, she will be compelled, for his own good, to tell Papa and Mamma what is brewing in his mind. No doubt they will agree to his going to sea when they know how "set" on it he is.

Porangi Potae.—Many of the incidents in "Tales of Greyhouse" are drawn from life—buying tuck at "Mother Cadby's," for instance. I agree that the "Top Room" is unduly lugubrious. In book-form, however, the tale is altered, and ends humorously. Thanks for the illustrated paper and your good wishes.

City Clerk.—I know nothing whatever about the company you speak of. I should very much doubt their ability to get you a post of £5 a week after six months' tuition. If you want a little sound advice, send a letter and stamped envelope to Mr. E. Leman, Advertisement Department, CAPTAIN office.

"The Pages," the old Brackleians' chronicle, reached me again just before Christmas. This is a lithographed magazine brought out by Mr. Frank A. Garratt, to keep old Brackleians in touch with one another. A good idea. Our best wishes to "The Pages."

Enquirer.—(1) To be copyright in America, a story or book must appear in the States simultaneously with or prior to its publication in this country. If it is published in this country only, any American journal can "pirate" it, *i.e.*, publish it without paying the author anything. It would hardly be worth your while to copyright one short story. Send a stamped envelope if you want any further information. (2) A magazine story may fetch anything from £3 3s. to £1 0s. 0d., according to the popularity of its author. It all depends on the magazine and the length of its purse.

"A Dog with a Bad Name."—I have read your letter with much interest, and quite sympathise with your position. The only thing you can do is to "live down" what appears to be (from your own account) your present unpopularity. Go straight on, work hard and play hard, and thus, in time, you will make the other fellows see that you are really a decent chap. I fancy that you must be very sensitive, and "mind" things too much. You must learn, however, to take hard knocks with fortitude. You are sure to find a good friend sooner or later. Meanwhile, write again as soon as you like, and, if I can help you with a bit of advice, I will certainly do so.

How to Make a Model Sailing-Boat (author of).—Sorry we cannot find room for this. For some time we shall be dealing with steam models, you see.

Shuttleworth Club.—Particulars to hand with regard to this club inform me that its clubhouse is in Fye Foot lane, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. It is chiefly intended for young men and women engaged in the City. The President is the Rev. C. N. Kelly, M.A., and the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Perry, who will forward further particulars to any one desirous of the same. Cinderella dances, social evenings, smoking concerts, debates and billiards, whist, bridge, and chess tournaments are held during the winter. The annual subscription is 21s. for

men, 15s. for women, and 12s. 6d. for junior members under the age of 23.

G. T. Lucas.—I cannot undertake to criticise essays by post. Send something quite short to the CAPTAIN Club, and take your chance of getting a criticism along with all the others. Any decently-read friend would glance through your essay on George Eliot, and give you a pretty sound opinion, but I may tell you that that sort of work is not saleable, as George Eliot has been discussed and criticised in all sorts of papers and reviews, in hundreds and hundreds of articles.

"Foreign Languages."—The Indian Civil Examination is held every August, and candidates must be between 21 and 23 years of age on the 1st of January preceding it. You can obtain a set of papers set in recent examinations for 1s. from any bookseller. We had an article on the I.C.S. in August, 1900. This number is out of print, but you might be able to gain access to the volume it appeared in—No. III. Sorry I cannot arrange an "exchange" for you into a French home. This sort of thing is quite beyond our range.

How to Become an Engineer.—Referring to my editorial note on this subject, W. A. Coates writes: "You suggested going into the works as an apprentice, and taking technical classes in the evening. Personally, I should not advise doing the two at once. It would mean a heavy strain on a growing lad. Far better, I think, would it be to go into works and then into a training college, or *vice versâ*. There is not much to pick and choose between the two. If only one of the two can be done, the lad should go into works, unless he wishes to become a consulting engineer, when a technical college would be best. This opinion is very common among embryo engineers, I find."

[W. A. C. can obtain full information concerning the London Matric. from the Secretary, London University.]

W.-B. Volunteer.—(1) The Government grant an allowance of £5 for camp only in the case of Imperial Yeomanry, but not Mounted Infantry. For drills you have to supply your own horse at own expense. (2) It all depends on the corps you intend to join. (3) Members of yeomanry or mounted infantry corps must take lessons at their own expense. It is best to go to military riding establishments, as the instructors are qualified, and they are cheaper. (4) Yes. In the yeomanry you are bound to attend the annual training of not less than fourteen days in each year of service. In default a fine is imposed if due notice was given to the C.O. of inability to attend, but if you absent yourself without giving any notification you are liable to be arrested as a deserter and treated accordingly. Service in the Imperial Yeomanry is for three years, but you may re-engage every three years if you wish.

Chemist.—It is advisable, before entering business, to pass a general knowledge examination, a specimen of which can be obtained from the Secretary, Pharmaceutical Society, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. You should then be apprenticed for a period of not less than three years to a chemist and druggist. Premiums vary from £40 to £100, but in Scotland no premium is necessary, as a rule. During your apprenticeship you should study for the Pharmaceutical Society's "Minor" Exam., which must be passed when you are twenty-one. Full particulars as to subjects and fees may be obtained from the Secretary, as above.

"Hannibal."—One cannot become a purser all at once. As in all callings, one has to start at the bottom rung of the ladder, and the post is attained by the display of good business ability. If you have influence, however, and can bring it to bear on one or other of the steamship companies, you might obtain your desideratum, but I must point out to you that the number of men and boys who would like a job of this sort are more than plentiful.

"How to Build a Catamaran."—Several correspondents have written with regard to this query. Straff Lewis says: A catamaran is a kind of float or raft, used by various peoples. It consists usually of several pieces of wood lashed together, the middle piece or pieces being longer than the others and having one end turned up in the form of a bow. It is used on the coasts of Coromandel, and particularly at Madras, for conveying letters, messages, etc. through the surf to the shipping in the Roads. Any craft with twin hulls, the inner faces of which are parallel to each other from stem to stern, which is propelled either by sail or by steam, is called a catamaran. In New Guinea catamarans usually consist of three or more logs lashed together with rattan. I may add that an article on the subject appears in "What a Boy Can Make and Do," published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., price 6s.

Letters, &c., have also been received from:—"An Abbess," R. H. P. Hick (have handed your letter on "Ants" to Mr. Step, who will probably comment on it next month), E. J. Patterson (sorry, but we don't advertise exchanges), H. S. Melsey (will send autograph if you send stamped envelope), "Fretworker" (cannot at present), "Nemo" (very glad to hear from you—best wishes!), "A Reader" ("let bygones be bygones"), "Cadet" (they keep you at it pretty hard—still, there's nothing like work!), "Penn," "A Mere Girl," "Reader of CAPTAIN" (if you look through your back numbers you will see I have referred to Colonial competitions several times), A. G. M. (sorry, no space), "Captainite" (we cannot reprint Volumes I—VI.), W. Willis, jun., L. A. Kent (may find room for verses in a future number), C. S. Hanson, H. B. Gunn, P. W. Bennett, Hugh Morrison, S. G. Cotes, P. F. Foster, F. Delafond.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of December Competitions.

No. I.—"My Favourite Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE": Tom Bullough, 454 St. Helen's Road, Daubhill, Bolton.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: J. M. Luck, 106 Pembury Road, Tonbridge; Owain Ogwen, 21 Hawarden Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Emilie Bray, Frances Whittingham, D. L. Selvey, John Y. Morris, Lewis R. Ferrier, John Brown, J. J. Oldham, Alfred Judd, Edwin H. Rhodes, John Leigh Turner, Florence Hughes Hallett, Marian Hewitt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE": W. B. Faull, Mevagissey, Cornwall.

SETS OF HARBUTT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: Cyril Stackhouse, Vanbrugh House, Harrogate; H. W. F. Long, Kilmersdon, near Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Chas. Haray, E. Inga Bull, H. Harding, Alexander Mackenzie, Leonard C. Cooper, Herbert W. Morton, Walter Hartill, W. B. Huntly, Wilfrid H. L.

Gronow, O. W. Parrington Jones, Henry J. German, Edward H. Wain, George L. Clue, Robert W. Stuart, H. C. Smith.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE": Percy Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.

SETS OF HARRITT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: B. F. Lawrance, Mitford Cottage, Archbold Terrace, Newcastle-on Tyne; Matthieson Reid, 1 Grange Place, Alloa, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Henry E. Maunder, Adam Steedman, Richard J. House, Arnold Peach, H. J. Howland, Christian E. Kirkpatrick, W. H. Bathe, S. M. Jinks, Francis R. Hopkins, W. F. Haward, E. W. Jephcott, C. W. Stewart, C. M. Dawson.

No. II.—"Drawing of a Loaf."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALLS: T. Gillott, Upland's House, Eastwood, Notts.; H. Atwell, 73 Sefton Park Road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joseph Johnston, Albert Rhodes, C. Crossley, Mary McCance, John Brown.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICK) has been awarded to: Horace Arthur Rainbow, Flodden House, Kingston Hill, Surrey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: William Bingham, 173 Wells Road, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICKS) have been awarded to: Grace Donne, c/o Colonel Donne, C.B., The Hut Barracks, Chichester; W. T. O. Zeroni, 96 Sistova Road, Balham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Peggy Hunt, Kitty C. Barker, E. Langford, Alfred W. Batt, R. M. Langdale-Smith, B. H. Leach, Harold Simpson, Nina Murray, Dorothy M. Snow, Margery Baxter, Thomas Bates, Edith Stabington, Clifford S. Maile.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: Tom Gibbons, 25 Great Western Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cyril Cole, W. Russell, David M'Cartney, Charles E. Wilson, George F. Drummond, S. W. Maxwell.

No. III. "Comic Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNERS OF "BENETFINK'S" HOCKEY STICKS: John L. Turner, 152 Shaw Heath, Stockport; A. G. Franklin, 28 The Parade, Cricklewood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Richard O'Neill, B. C. Liller, Evelyn Byrde, Lewis R. Ferrier, W. C. Sims, Stella Vaudin, Frank L. Leslie, Tibbie Kirkpatrick, Marion Dodd.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF "BENETFINK'S" HOCKEY STICKS: Walter Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs; E. Soulsby, 104 Joan Street, New Benwell, Newcastle-on Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. P. Curtis, Robert W. Stuart, Owen E. Howse, W. E. Kew, Henry Hall, H. Johnson, Victor Towers, W. Gill, Hubert P. Willis, D. C. Urquhart, Alan V. Denning.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNERS OF "BENETFINK'S" HOCKEY STICKS: Eric Davies, 1 The Esplanade, Waterloo, Liverpool; Mabel H. Morley, 16 Gordon Square, Whitley, Northumberland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Berry, R. H. Newsome, G. H. Onchterlong, C. Hill, J. W. Wright, Arnold Rogers, George Dacre, Basil H. Binks, Kenneth B. Allen, R. Knosse.

No. IV.—"Photographic."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Owen Ogwen, 21 Hawarden Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICKS) have been awarded to: R. Hollins, Greyfriars, Preston, Lancs.; R. C. Higginson, 16 Beaconsfield Villas, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Ledeboer, John Winn, J. I. Shorrock, J. J. R. H. Oldham, W. Paterson, H. J. Brough, H. Hives, O. Dixon, W. L. Southern, Edith Dixon, Cyril J. Ridout.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Fred Carter, 89 High Street, Hartlepool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (JOHN PIGGOTT HOCKEY STICK) has been awarded to: W. E. Gundill, 14 Orchard Street, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Kay, Frank Millington, E. G. Caldclough, Daisy Adamson, John H. Young, F. H. Kelly, B. Rae, William L. Taylor, Harold Chamberlain, Herbert Shaw, Henry Kingscote, Robert Henry Bacon, S. J. Higgs, E. Goodman, B. S. Arnold, William Watt, W. Edward White, C. Parnell, W. N. Bagshaw, E. Pearson, W. J. Jones, E. V. McQuilkin, L. Lewis, Maurice Peterson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: V. H. Seymour, c/o P. H. Kempthorne, Esq., Wellington College, Berks.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Harold Hill, Exmoor, Minstead Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham; Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury; F. Colin Sutton, 6 Grosvenor Gardens, Willesden Green, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. Gardner Smith, S. Newcombe, E. L. Turner, Cyril Clarke, Harold Ormerod, Norman Johns, E. C. Malsch, Alfred H. Burns, Alexander W. Mather, F. N. Ryalls, A. Herbert MacIlwaine, F. L. Goodman, Lady Marjorie Cochrane.

No. V.—"The Poets and the Sea."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: M. E. Hamer, Trethill, Carparvon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: K. M. Light, 71 Talbot Road, Highgate, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Wheeler, Alfred Judd, Myrtle Deering, R. Bruce Beveridge, Evelyn Byrde, A. F. Divine, J. H. Long, Edith M. Tucker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: W. F. Curtis, Hatch Cottage, Tisbury, Wilts.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Austin Pinkerton, "San Remo," Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. G. Bales, H. W. Maldon, B. C. C. Clarke, Ethel L. Brooks, Gertrude Rodwell, Richard J. Howse, Ada P. Fogg, M. E. Long, May Yates, Annie Edeson.

No. VI.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "BENETFINK" FOOTBALL: F. F. McMullen, 17 Giltspur Street, E.C.

SETS OF HARRITT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: M. I. Sunderland, Te Kaiaugn, Petersfield; Hans Victor Lord, 103 Redman's Road, Stepney Green, E.; William Pape, Milbourne Lane, Esher, Surrey; Chas. C. Norbury, 6 Stoulhaven Terrace, Stanley Road, Wakefield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. J. Davis, Francis B. Hopkins, Alice J. B. Carre, Harold Shaw, Ernest J. Morris, G. H. Shaw, R. S. Thorburn, C. H. Ford, E. J. Tupholme, Leslie Vey, Thomas B. Standring, Edward Cutts, J. Metherell, F. Adams, Percy Bushby, Bernard Salmon, Wilfrid Green, Ida Hersey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "BENETFINK" FOOTBALL: Boydell Lloyd, 1 St. Mawer Road, Bedford.

SETS OF HARRITT'S "PLASTICINE DESIGNER" have been awarded to: Douglass C. Herring, Chez-nous, Belmont Road, Wallington, Surrey; Edward A. Sims, 10 Campbell Street, St. Paul's, Bristol; Sidney J. Cottle, Taunton School, Taunton; Thomas B. Johnson, 61 Selsdon Road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Chas. J. Comins, L. B. Payne, Marshall Hewlett, Bernard Comins, Fred Brown, W. Reynolds, H. M. Wharry, D. C. McCready, C. N. Paris, Bessie Noble, Hubert A. Clayton, Arthur V. Nicolle, Leslie Ball, Clifford Dimsdale, Hector McLeod.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the December Competitions.

No. I.—The favourite competitions seem to have been the picture competitions or Ribbon Books, &c., and after these, essays, photography, and drawing, while a certain number of competitors sent in fairly original suggestions for new ones, which will be carefully considered.

No. II.—Some exceedingly well-observed drawings of a loaf were sent in, the majority of them being very carefully coloured.

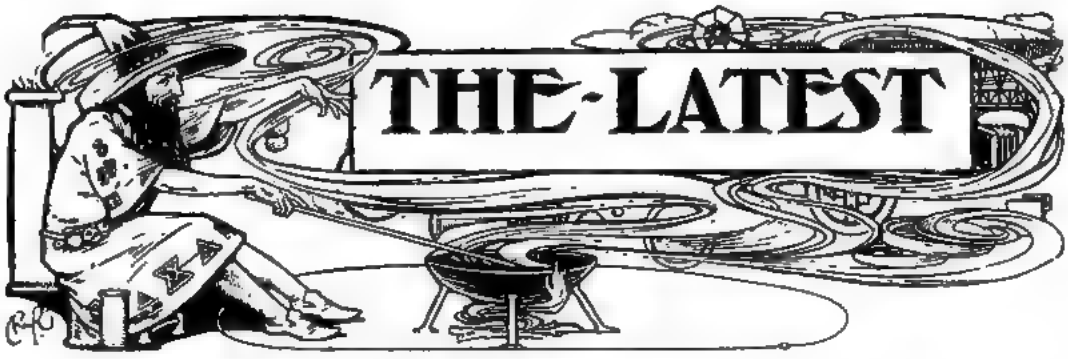
No. III.—The following, a prize-winner in Class II., is a very fair specimen sentence: "Macintosh's extra cream toffee destroys all microbes and disease germs, it's clean, easy to handle, and can be used over and over again. An ideal present for a boy." (!)

No. IV.—The most noticeable feature this month was the artistic manner in which most of the photographs were mounted. Many printing processes were represented, and the choice of subjects was by no means hackneyed.

No. V.—Many very beautiful quotations from Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Kipling, were sent in.

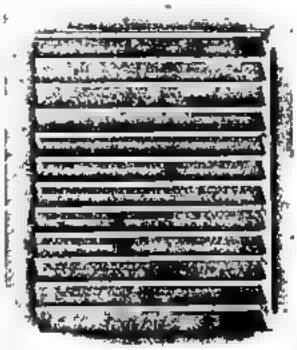
No. VI. Excellent specimens of handwriting were, as usual, submitted, especially in Class II.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



Prismatic Rolled Glass.

It will be news to many readers to hear that the effective lighting of a schoolroom, playroom, or workshop depends not only on the number of windows, but also to a large extent on the nature of the glass used. In their Prismatic Rolled Glass, Messrs. Pilkington Bros., the well-known glass manufacturers of St. Helens, Lancashire, on the principles of the prism concentrate, so to speak, many rays of light into a small space. The improvement to be effected by the use of this glass is strikingly illustrated by the two photographs at the foot of this page, showing the same store-room when lighted by ordinary glass and when lighted by "Prismatic Rolled Glass."



PRISMATIC GLASS.

The Chamberlain Game of Chess.

Something quite novel in the way of chessmen has recently been brought out by Messrs. Fraenkel Bros., of Houndsditch, London. One set of chessmen is carved to represent the free-traders, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and so forth, whilst the others represent Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, &c.

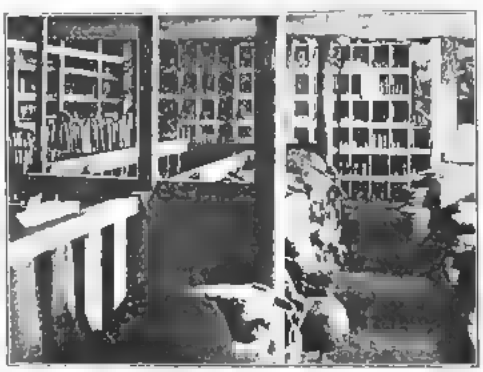
Postcards for Numismatists.

The very latest in pictorial postcards is the series which the Photochrome Company, of 35 and 36 Hosier Lane, Snow Hill, E.C., have just sent to us. The series deals with old coins of almost every description, dating so far back as 100 B.C. These cards ought to be of interest to all readers who collect coins.

A Chain-Making Machine.

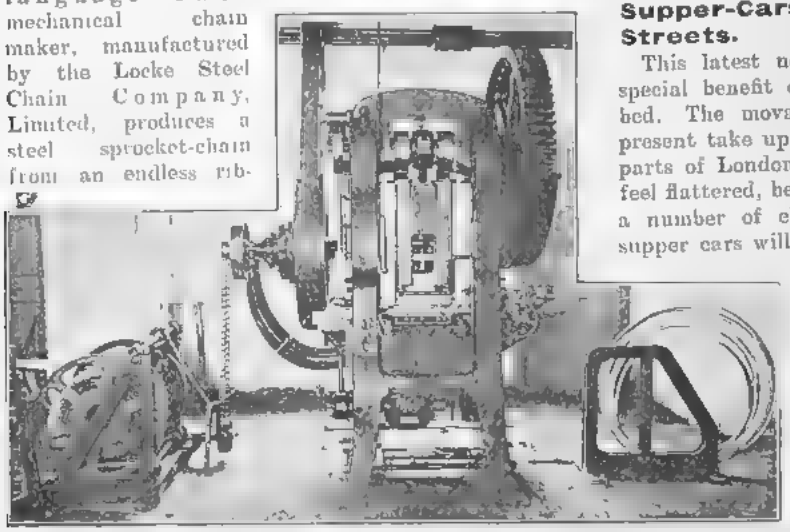
We have all heard of the wonderful machine, located somewhere in Chicago, which, fed with pigs at one end, turns out a string of sausages at the other. The machine shown on the next page is somewhat of the same genesis as that ingenious contrivance which, we have a suspicion, really exists only in

ROOM LIGHTED WITH ORDINARY GLASS.



THE SAME ROOM LIGHTED WITH PRISMATIC GLASS.

the fertile imagination of some American pork butcher; but it is no less wonderful. In fact, existing engineering definitions have not been found adequate to describe it. In untechnical language this mechanical chain maker, manufactured by the Locke Steel Chain Company, Limited, produces a steel sprocket-chain from an endless rib-



THE WONDERFUL CHAIN-MAKING MACHINE

bon of steel. The upper portion of the machine looks very much like a steam hammer. Both this and the anvil move in unison, and easily accomplish the cutting and linking. The coil is then tempered by being passed through a tank of hot oil. In the ordinary way the manufacture of a belt-chain from malleable cast iron involves seventeen mechanical processes, and the labour of five or six men. This machine, whilst requiring only one man to watch it, can turn out 2,000 feet of chain a day.

Shelter for Outsiders.

It is invariably more interesting to ride outside than inside a tramcar, but our variable climate often makes inside seats much sought after, and in really bad weather reduces the carrying capacity of a car to just half its normal amount. The Ilford Town Council, to remedy this state of affairs, have adopted in their latest tramcars a design whereby there are no longer any outside passengers in the old sense of the word, the upstair seats being as weather-proof as those down below.

A Motor Car Train.

In Paris, considerable interest has recently centred in a motor car train, the invention of Colonel Renard. Long distances have been successfully and quickly covered by this "road train," which consists of a series of motor cars coupled together, but so arranged that all of them are steered and controlled by the man in charge of the foremost car.

Supper-Cars for London Streets.

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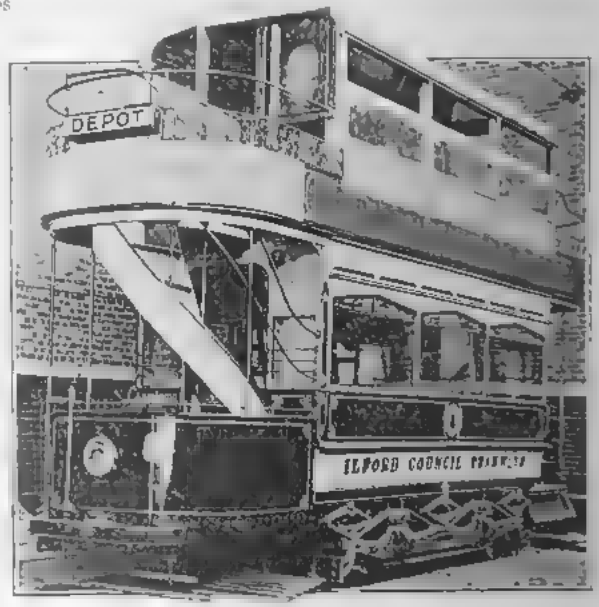

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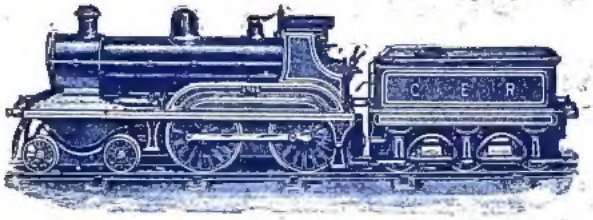

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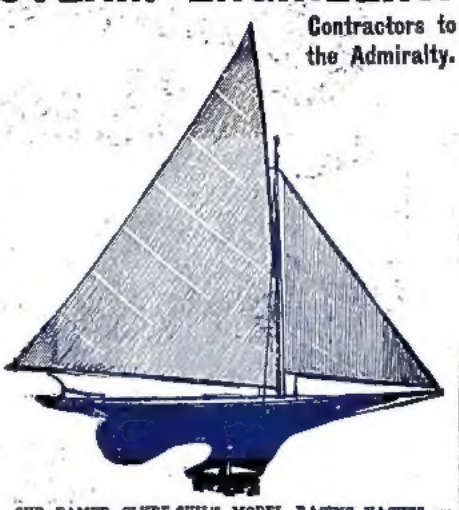

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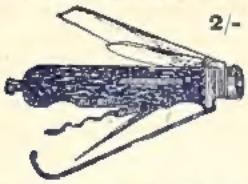

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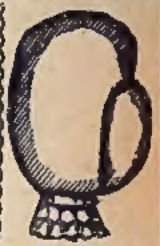

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